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NEWTON BOOTH

OF CALIFORNIA

HIS SPEECHES AND ADDRESSES

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY

LAUREN E. CRANE

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NEWTON BOOTH

OF CALIFORNIA.

INTRODUCTION.

PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS AND TRAITS.

EVERY man who during his lifetime has been a public servant and educator, whose speeches and writings have been of such high character and permanent interest as to deserve preservation, has written and spoken his own biography.

The record of the main incidents in his career are, however, an aid to an understanding of character, while the portrayal of characteristics gives a better knowledge of the man. There have lived men who commanded respect and fame for intellectual qualities only; others who were admirable also for the cardinal virtues; and a smaller number possessing high qualities both intellectual and moral, and gifted besides with attributes that endeared them personally to multitudes. Such men are rare, and when they pass away many are eager to learn all that may be told of them.

In person Newton Booth was a singular blending of grace and power. At first glance he impressed one as tall, slightly built, and almost fragile; at second, he presented an effect of proportion and of action, with shoulders relatively broad, chest deep, and a sinewy ease of movement suggesting muscles of flexible steel. The earlier impression was that of a scholarly presence almost delicate; the later, of possible strength allied with tireless energy.

He bore himself constantly with a peculiar air of deliberate leisure, even when physical toil was necessarily great, and mental work almost incessant.

His countenance, never a mask—always the reflex of his mood, was expressive and remarkable. When in repose, or alight with merriment, the ample forehead was white, the complexion almost fair; at periods of intense thought, with features set to immobility, the eyes grew darker, and the tints suggested the face of a sun-browned traveller.

Both his brown hair and full beard of auburn were slightly inclined to curl. His brow was the visible sign of power, his lips expressive whether active or silent.

His gray eyes were large, luminous, and grave, and lighted up lineaments expressive both of purity of thought and of strength of character. He impressed one as always prepared to look at both sides of every question which confronted him. His eyes were like his mind—steady, fearless, and persuasive; now sparkling with the fire of oratory, again radiant with the relish of humor or appreciation of literary excellence, or with flashing abhorrence of shams and corruption, or scorn of malignant partisan work.

He never faltered in his keen, deliberate contemplation of the future by the light of all past history, or in his faithful thought for the welfare of his countrymen, whose political perils were his ceaseless dread and inspiration to action, and whose defence against these perils the mainspring of his work and hope.

So decided were his convictions, and so incisive and disturbing his fearless declarations of them, that he was declared by his enemies to be "an agitator, a demagogue, an alarmist, a communist." His magnificent defence against his detractors may be found in one of his speeches.[1]

[1] *Railroad Problem in American Politics.*

The following extract from another will illustrate the nature of his communistic tendencies—it is on a plane of thought which characterizes all of his utterances:

"It is strange that, in a country where there are hundreds of millions of acres of unsettled land; in an age when mechanical inventions have tenfold increased the power of production, daily bread and comfortable homes should not be easily within the reach of all. And if it be true now, as is evidenced by the frenzied protests of 'strikes,' and the wailing cry of distress that goes up from cities over a speculative advance in coal, what will be the condition of affairs when our vacant leagues of territory shall swarm with teeming population? Would you behold the saddest spectacle of this age? See it in the strong man seeking in vain for a place to earn his daily bread by daily toil. Would you discover the danger that threatens social order? Find it in the boys of our cities growing up in voluntary or enforced idleness, to graduate into pensioners or outlaws. Whoever will look open-eyed into the future will see that the 'labor question'; the question of directing the rising generation into channels of useful employment; the question of the equitable distribution of the burdens and rewards of labor, so that the drones shall not live upon the workers, and honest industry may be certain of its reward; the question of making labor in fact, what we call it in speech, honorable—not only honorable, but honored, is the social problem, far more important than political questions, to which our age should address itself. It must be intelligently solved, or like the blind Samson it will bring the temple down upon our heads." [1]

It is strange that any one should venture to call such philosophy and warning "demagogism."

In personal appearance, at least, and in every attribute, he was the reverse of the typical communist. He dressed so faultlessly that none ever recalled to mind his costume.

Genial always with his friends—careless as a rule of his foes—such was his innate and outward dignity that in a land where it was customary to salute roughly and to use abbreviated Christian names, rarely did any one venture to place a hand upon his shoulder or to greet him other than as "Mr. Booth"; yet his natural dignity was tempered to the social atmosphere in which he lived, and he rarely gave to ignorance or presumption a rebuke graver than a warning look.

[1] Address delivered in Sacramento, May 10, 1871.

Few were ever so serene in manner at all times—few so modest, quiet, void of self-assertion. Yet he was often reticent to the verge of exasperating those who did not know him intimately. So natural were these inborn traits that, with a few exceptions, the members of the community in which he lived scarcely realized his full worth and essential greatness until he was gone!

Affable, courteous, willing always to accord to others the full measure of their deserts, he was yet an ever ready champion in the lists against men and influences which he thought dangerous to free institutions.

In repose he was the embodiment of all that was gentle without being feeble, gracious without being pliant. When aroused to antagonistic action, on the rostrum or in the forum, conscious of integrity of purpose and of his own powers derived from study and thought, and conscious also of the high and broad principles which actuated his every pulsation and utterance, he was

> "Fierce as the midnight, moonlit
> Nubian desert, with all its Lions up."

His political friends learned to revere—his enemies to fear him.

Never a politician in the narrow sense of the word, he could fairly be described as a Statesman. He sought and accepted office as the incident, not the aim of his life-work. The pleasure he may have found in public life was that of patriotism more than of gratified ambition. The emoluments of office were no temptation to one whose resources were ample; the distractions of it a burden to him whose choicest pleasure lay in his library.

From boyhood he was a thinker as well as a student, ambitious to become an orator and a leader of men, enamored of learning, steadfast in literary culture. In mature manhood he blended success in each field of action into

consistent effort against the wrong and in defence of the right, being too thoroughly patriotic to keep silent in the presence of public danger.

In his addresses and orations he began always in a clear, strong voice, sustained to the close. If the modulated tones were studied, they were void of affectation. The strains of high eloquence were not artificial but natural, although always artistic. Describing Edmund Burke, he said:

"His speeches are like lenses in receiving the scattered light of the past and concentrating it in a glowing focus upon the future; like prisms in giving to common subjects the beauties of rainbow tints; like mirrors, reflecting the images of all time and all nature."

In the same lecture occurs the following:

"There are accomplished debaters, brilliant speakers, able party-leaders —but where is the orator?—the man whose very presence is magnetic, whose soul is so refulgent with his theme that it glows in his eyes, beams in his face, transfigures his person, blends voice, action, manner, language, thought into a supreme harmony, fuses reason, passion, imagination into one power —that ethereal fire which makes speech electric?"[1]

Such was his ideal of oratory. Many times he nearly attained to it—at times he did so quite. Strong personal magnetism was enhanced by evident earnestness of purpose. It was not in his nature, and was beyond his power to simulate, his individuality being too fixed. In Sacramento once, to aid a great charity he consented to play in amateur theatricals a leading part in a noted drama. Easy enough it was to commit the text, to understand the character, to master the "stage business"; but—one rehearsal was enough—he abandoned the effort in laughing despair!

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[1] Lecture on Fox.

A successful merchant, an orator by reason of natural eloquence well cultivated, a lawyer from early choice whose legal mind would have made him famous if constant to his profession, a scholar of such reading and assimilation that he would have gained the front rank among literary contemporaries if he had devoted himself to literature alone,—he would have failed as an actor. The rugged gold of his nature, refined in the crucible of thought, moulded to spurn deceit, stamped with characters of truth, made him incapable of any phase of counterfeiting.

Although he possessed, and often exercised, the happy faculty of making unpremeditated short speeches that were delightful, he did not venture, until he was over forty years of age, to deliver a set address, lecture, oration, or political speech without first writing it out, then memorizing it, and finally having the manuscript before him. In later life he had so advanced in oratorical growth that he could lay aside his prepared manuscript and depend upon a few leading words written upon a card held concealed in his hand. Later still, after one winter at Washington, he relied entirely upon the inspiration of the moment, even when making sustained speeches.

His first appearance as a lecturer he signalized by fainting before the close, from nervous excitement; his last by displaying the powers of a confident veteran.

A lecturer in several churches, he was never a communicant with any, but he accepted and practically followed the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount. To give more than scant illustration here of his faith would be to quote unnecessarily; his writings abound with it.

"Before the nations of Europe and America, not now as a cloud by day, but a fiery pillar brighter than the brightest noon, moves through the heavens the Holy Bible!"

"Nations have risen and fallen, races have perished, a new world has been discovered, a new and divine religion revealed."

"The present is musical with the psalms of David, rich with the wisdom of Solomon, holy by the Saviour's death!"

"Now, around us moves the grand panorama of the Universe--above us roll the ceaseless ages of the everlasting. Now over all and in all God reigns and rules!"

Such extracts from his lectures exemplify his religious faith!

Morally brave, physically stoical, patient and cheerful in enduring intense suffering towards the close, uncomplaining in agony, inspiring those about him to banish sorrow and to put aside grief, he died as he had lived—an embodiment of unconquerable philosophy!

In this introduction follows the outline of his biography; the details will be given in the succeeding chapters:

Newton Booth was born in Washington County, Indiana, December 30, 1825. His grandfather was a soldier of the Revolution, his father a native of Connecticut. His mother, Hannah Pitts, was born in North Carolina, her father afterwards becoming one of the pioneers of Indiana. His parents married at Salem, Indiana. Both were remarkable for high character and wide influence, and both were of Quaker descent.

In 1846 he was graduated from Asbury (now De Pauw) University, studied law at Terre Haute, and was admitted to the bar in 1849. At that time the examination of candidates was more severe and searching in Indiana than in any other State in the Union. Although he did not practise his profession much, trying but one case in Indiana and only a few in California, he did not altogether abandon the study of it; and twenty-seven years after his admission, in the United States Senate sitting as a court of impeachment for the trial of William W. Belknap, late Secretary of War, he participated with credit as a lawyer in the great debate on the question of jurisdiction.

His legal training and reading qualified him well for the severe work he did as Governor in approving statutes aggregating 952 pages, and in writing a small volume of sustained vetoes.

Going to California *via* the Nicaraugua route, he arrived October 18, 1850. For a time he resided and engaged in business in Amador County. In February, 1851, he located in Sacramento, and, after a time, laid aside his profession and engaged in mercantile business successfully. In 1857, with a modest competence, he returned to Indiana, intending to enter again upon the practice of the law. Such, however, were the attractions of California that he abandoned that purpose, made a tour of Europe, and early in 1860 returned to the State of his adoption, his mind matured and enriched by study, travel, and experience. Resuming business at Sacramento, he became the head of the firm of Booth and Company. Conservative in all things, he was content with the profits of a sound business, and never speculated in mining stocks or ventured into promising schemes.

In 1862 he was elected State Senator; he was elected Governor of California in 1871, and in 1873 was elected United States Senator from California, for six years, commencing March 4, 1875.

That was his last public office. After the term expired he travelled abroad at various times, visiting Europe, Egypt, and other eastern countries, and made trips to the Sandwich Islands, Alaska, and places of similar interest.

He had married Mrs. Octavine C. Glover, widow of his friend and former business partner. He left no children.

He died at Sacramento, July 14, 1892, of cancer of the tongue.

NEWTON BOOTH.

CHAPTER I.

ORATIONS AND ADDRESSES.

California in War-Time—Services—Philosophy of Public Opinion, and Fourth of July Speeches—Boyhood Surroundings—Individuality—Eloquence—Patriotism—Orations and Addresses.

At the outbreak of the War of the Rebellion California was an isolated community, with a great territorial area; with property assessed at $217,000,000; with a population of less than 400,000, of which only about 150,000 were men capable of bearing arms—and the State could not arm more than about 5000 of them.

News by mail from the East was eighteen days old at the shortest. The Pony Express, arriving at intervals of eight days from St. Joseph, had brought the news of Sumter on its second arrival, April 20, 1861; and the first through message by telegraph came in October, 1861. Mexico was threatened with Maximilian by France, Spain, and Great Britain, and the news generally was intensely agitating.

Not one loyal man could be spared from California. The shipment of gold from San Francisco, between $4,000,000 and $5,000,000 monthly, was a feature as interesting as important. The capture or command of such

treasure meant more than many battles in the field. The clipper schooner *J. W. Chapman* had been secretly fitted for the work at San Francisco, and was captured only at the moment of her attempted departure—her hold filled with cannon, arms, and ammunition, and crowded with armed and uniformed men.

That secret secession organization the "Knights of the Golden Circle" was in constant and menacing session; plots had been formed to capture the arsenal at Benicia, seize Fort Point and Alcatraz, and declare California out of the Union; and danger threatened from Oregon, from Nevada, from Salt Lake, and from Arizona. The great mines of Nevada were just discovered, and attracted there multitudes of adventurous men, a large proportion of them Secessionists. On June 4, 1861, the rebel flag, guarded by one hundred armed men fortified in a stone building, floated all day at Virginia City.

The gravest danger, however, lay in the possibility of the disloyal element creating a public sentiment that would sweep the Pacific States out of the Union. The Democrats never had failed to carry California politically, and it was evident that her loyalty depended upon a disruption of the Democratic party as organized—dominated as it was by an able minority of men anxious to aid the "Sunny South" to establish an empire whose corner-stone should be treason, whose dower slavery.

These Secessionists were, in the main, earnest, educated, practical, sincere, and brave men, skilled in political work, pro-slavery by inherited conviction, a disturbing element in a free State at any time, a dangerous force in a crisis. Accustomed to rule, bold in utterance, implacable, intolerant, confident, and aggressive, they added to those qualities the arts of conspirators—intellectual, energetic, wary. Openly eloquent for disunion, they were silently active to accomplish it. Controlling the Legislature in 1859, they passed a law to divide the State, authorizing

the people of the southern part of California to erect themselves into a slave-holding territory. The "Bear Flag" had been again floated at Sonoma, was displayed also at Los Angeles and San Bernardino; months before the bombardment of Sumter a Pacific Republic flag was raised at Stockton[1]; the Palmetto flag floated for a time in San Francisco.[2]

The secret arrival of General Sumner, April 25, 1861, and his instantaneously superseding Gen. A. S. Johnston in command at Alcatraz[3] was as timely as fortunate.

The above brief *résumé* is necessary for adequate comprehension of the work done by loyal men in California. Those who know best, best know that for a time her fate trembled in the balance because public sentiment was wavering. If that great journal, the *Sacramento Union*, its able contemporaries, the *Bulletin* and the *Call* at San Francisco, the *Enterprise* at Virginia, Nevada, had vacillated for the moment; or if men such as E. D. Baker, Thomas Starr King, F. P. Tracy, Henry Edgerton, Addison M. Crane, Edward Stanley, A. P. Catlin, Gen. James Shields, and many others—prompt, eloquent, patriotic, determined—had advocated secession and a Pacific Republic, or had maintained the silence of timidity, a terrible chapter would have been added to the history of the rebellion.

Among the first—and among the latest—to give impulse to patriotism by stirring eloquence, fervent appeal, denunciation of treason, logic applied to lessons drawn from history, exposure of the hideous features of the slave-holders' conspiracy, comparison of the present with the past, and analysis of the future by the light of both, was Newton Booth.

He had declared what public opinion was in essence, and he knew how to create it!

---

[1] January, 1861. [2] February, 1861.

[3] The only actual fort in California, then.

"Public opinion—what is that but the bold utterance of the few who think what they say, dare to say what they think, and seek what they want, and the silent acquiescence of the many who are too indolent for thought or too timid for action."[1]

It was impossible for him now to falter or to doubt. Influences surrounding him always were such as never inculcate treason or cripple courage. Those circumstances in life which tended to form his character, develop and fix the attributes of his manhood, may be partly portrayed in his own language:

"If any of you grew up, as I did, near the frontier, you will have observed the operation of social forces in your own experience. Thirty-five years ago, in what was then the 'Far West,' almost everything consumed on a farm was raised on it. There was some barter. Butter and eggs were exchanged for sugar and coffee. Tea was a luxury, kept for cases of sickness. Wool came from the sheep's back into the house, and never left it until it went out on the backs of the boys and girls. It was carded, spun, and woven by hand. The flax went from the field to the breaker, from the breaker to hackle and loom. At the farm I best remember the trough was still in the farmyard, and the remains of the vat were to be seen, where not many years before deer-skins and cow-hides had been tanned, and the lap-stone was still kept which had been in family use for making shoes from home-tanned leather. I remember the first threshing-machine—a horse-power—brought into our neighborhood. It made its appearance about the same time the first piano came into the village. Both were generally regarded as evidences of extravagant innovation, likely to break their owners. All this has been changed."[2]

Again:

"The ambition, the dream, the aspiration of boyhood,—all live in the fires of manhood! . . . A love of freedom, of personal independence, was a part of the heritage of the American people. That love was expanded by the grandeur of the scenery amid which they dwelt!"[3]

Such being his expressed thought, it is clear that he was conscious always of natural impulse to strength in simplicity, truth in political strife, death in defence of liberty.

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[1] Lecture on "Morals and Politics."

[2] Address before California State Grange, Oct. 17, 1873.

[3] Lecture, "The Present Hour."

His idea of the value of our national holiday was that it offered better opportunity to teach abstract and precious political truth and principles than the stump or the lecture platform. Speaking of it he said:

"The theme would have long since grown old, if a great theme could grow old. It is fadeless as the stars; fresh as the flowers. Like the morning star it is ever robed in beauty; like the night always crowned with glory. Truth is not a century plant blooming but once in a hundred years."[1]

In this volume only two of his Fourth-of-July orations are given entire—the one immediately preceding threatened rebellion, the other next following its opening guns. All the others might well be published—none are repetitions.

In 1860 he *procured* an invitation to deliver an oration at Stockton. The war-cloud in the East had made him alert and anxious. He wanted to reach as large a public as possible of thinking farmers and miners, at a city bordering upon the industries of both; and a great assemblage gathered to hear him.

His eloquent opening—in itself a whole oration—and the closing sentence of that opening, "May he bear aloft the tidings that our country is still by dishonor untouched, from treason free," were but deliberate prelude to the real aim of the orator, which was to incite loyal feeling of permanent character by discussing "*the leading features of American polity*"; and the meaning of the effort was embodied in his declaration:

"It is a narrow view of history to suppose that the American Revolution began at the Declaration of Independence and was finished at the close of that war. It was, IT IS, the struggling for fuller utterance of ideas that are as old as the first battle-fields of freedom; and it will not be complete while there is one battle for freedom to be fought on tented field or in resounding Senate!"

Referring to threats of disunion:

[1] Oration, Sacramento, 1877.

"The people everywhere are true. All over the land millions of patriotic pulses keep time with the great national heart that is throbbing beneath the framework of the government."

Such inspiring, cheering words were needed greatly then in all the Union,—nowhere more than in California.

Throughout the war he spoke often, clearly, forcibly. At Michigan Bluff, in 1861, his address was so symmetrical and splendid, so inspiring to the mountaineers to whom he spoke, and throughout the State, that it requires perusal as a whole—quotation will not serve.

The following year, 1862, just when the cry was ringing,

"We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more!"

he delivered an address on "The Debit and Credit of the War," which received deserved appreciation and heartfelt thanks from Union men; for rebels were then, and continued to be until the surrender of Lee, rife with intent, and at times almost ripe for action on the Pacific Coast.

In that address he predicted the destruction of slavery as the result of slave-holders' treason; six months afterward the Emancipation Proclamation was issued. In the same address he also said:

"How imperishable is the idea of country! . . . What is our country? Not alone the land and the sea, the lakes and rivers, and valleys and mountains—not alone the people, their customs and laws—not alone the memories of the past, the hopes of the future; it is something more than all these combined. It is a divine abstraction. You cannot tell what it is, but let its flag rustle above your head—you feel its living presence in your hearts!"

He also said then:

"Not now, but future generations will rise up and call this one blessed, because it gave its most precious blood to preserve a *Union* that shall lead the vanguard of the nations, and whose hands will scatter blessings in the

pathway of humanity forever and forevermore! The War of the Revolution was fought for Independence—Union was its incident. This is fought for Union, and must cement it forever! It is a war for the UNION, and shall baptize it with a like eternity!"

Such utterance would have been an easy after-thought. It was given when Lincoln and his Cabinet and his Generals were gravely doubtful—given nearly three years before Grant received Lee's sword at Appomattox.

Twenty-nine years after, yielding to solicitation after retirement from public life, he addressed the National Encampment of the Soldiers of the Grand Army, at Sacramento. In closing, he said:

"America has given to the world two men matchless in purity of character and loftiness of purpose. Two stars have appeared in the highest heaven in the constellation of great men, whose light, with ever increasing refulgence, will stream to the remotest age—WASHINGTON and LINCOLN!"

Such was the patriotism of Newton Booth!

Of his orations and addresses, given upon invitation, particular mention would be superfluous. They will be appreciated when read. They embody a liberal addition to higher education to one who studies them.

ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE RED BLUFF LODGE, NO. 76, I. O. O. F., OF CALIFORNIA, APRIL 26, 1860.

Now, while the shadows of death lie darkly around our pathway; when the households of our friends and brothers are clad in mourning, and our own hearts are touched with grief, ours is not a festival of joy, but rather of love.[1]

[1] Two active members of the Lodge had recently suffered a severe bereavement: Mr. Goodrich, in the loss of one of his children; and Captain Johnston in the loss of two, burying the last the morning of the celebration.

From the graves of the loved ones flowers will spring up, as memorials of affection and emblems of hope. Year by year, day by day, hour by hour, we too are drawing nearer and nearer to the gates of darkness that open upon the solemn mysteries of the invisible world.

> "And our hearts, though stout and brave,
> Still, like muffled drums, are beating
> Funeral marches to the grave."

In one of those strangely beautiful dreams, of high-wrought, poetic fancy, such as he alone could describe, De Quincey imagines himself transported to the silent streets of a great city of the dead, that floats above the coral floors of the ocean, beneath the calm, glassy waters of a tropical sea.

> "Away in cerulean depths, the translucid atmosphere of water stretched like an air-woven awning above dome and tower and minaret—above peaceful human dwellings, privileged from molestation forever—the gleam of marble altars sleeping in everlasting sanctity—belfries where pendulous bells are swinging, waiting in vain for the summons which shall awaken their marriage peals—and above silent nurseries where the children are all asleep, and have been asleep for five generations!"

Does not this picture beautifully symbolize and aptly represent the distant past, when viewed disconnected and apart from our own lives? There it lies behind us, in the dim, shadowy land, the great encampment, the silent city of the dead. Its high works of art—its splendid temples and palaces and monuments—its peaceful homes and gleaming altars and far-reaching streets—all are there; but over all, the unbroken stillness of death. The sound of the hammer is hushed; the noise of activity and life is gone. No more the din of preparation, the bustle of labor, the shoutings of the captains, the marshalling of hosts, the war of change, the outburst of revolution, the conflict of improvement and decay. The work is com-

plete. The workmen have gone to their rests, and the children are all asleep!

To that land of dim enchantment, how prone are we all to look back. If, in our mysterious progress through life, our eyes are necessarily fixed with curiosity and awe upon the curtained, cloudy future, into whose depths our paths are leading we know not whither, still and ever do we turn, with reverence and with love, to the great past that lies behind our lives, over which our race has marched, from the beginning of time—marked with the footprints of all humanity—grand in its achievements, splendid in its attainments, holy in its memories! There the patriarchs lived, there the martyrs died; there the heroes fought and poets sang; oh! what shall the future give us to atone for the glories that have passed away? Will there be another age of chivalry and high romance—another line like the prophets — another race like the Titans, who built the pyramids? Will the days of the Athenian schools ever return? Will there be another Socrates to drink immortality from the hemlock, and Plato to wreathe his tomb with garlands from the skies? Will the earth listen to the song of another Homer, or requiem of another Mozart? Will the ages to come produce new Raphaels to draw, Angelos to build, and Titians to color? Will the continents tremble beneath the tread of another Napoleon? Will humanity bear another Shakespeare, to mirror the universe in his single mind; or Washington, to illumine all the ages with the sunlike purity of his soul? Or did the world become commonplace when we were born?—must the race hereafter bring forth common men, and reproduce prosaic times?

History is the expression of the powers and capabilities, the wants, aspirations, and necessities of humanity. It is the unfolding of man's nature—the mapping out of his being upon the canvas of time; and when history is complete, it will present a great picture of humanity fully dis-

closed. We are passionate, aggressive, impatient of restraint; we have that feeling of revenge which Lord Bacon calls a sense of wild justice; and the red pathway of war, attesting the universality of these feelings, is traceable through all the past. We have the divine instinct of order; the craving for society; the yearning for fellowship—and states, governments, and laws embody and represent this portion of our nature. We are ideal, creative; have the sense of the beautiful, and desire for dominion—and music and song, painting and architecture, the steam-engine, the power-loom and printing-press are the result. We are prone to evil, weak in the presence of temptation; and every age brings forth a new harvest of crime, revealing the dark background of our nature. We are religious; have the desire to worship, the mysterious sense of the invisible presence, the inward prompting to reverence; and mythologies and systems, the creations of Asgard, Valhalla and Olympus; the adoration of idols, the sun, the moon, and the Great Spirit, flow out from that feeling which finds its highest exercise in the presence of revealed truth.

Whatever has been, shall be. In the changes of circumstance, man remains the same. Let us open the Book of Job, the oldest book in the world, and the four thousand years that separate us from him vanish in an instant. The suggestions of worldly wisdom and cunning are as shortsighted as though they were made yesterday at Washington, at San Francisco, or at Red Bluff; while our hearts tremble at the touches of his pathos, and our souls are awed by his visions of sublimity, as though his own fingers swept the chords, and his own hand drew the curtain.

Let us sit down to talk with Plato; how fresh and companionable he seems! He is as modern as we are—sympathizes with all our difficulties, thoughts, and questionings—is engaged in solving the very problems that baffle us.

Dead for twenty-five hundred years, he can even instruct us upon the subjects that humanity has been thinking about ever since he died. Let us go in imagination to an Athenian theatre, and the audience are moved to laughter and melted to tears by the same touches of humor and pathos that move and melt us now. Stand we in fancy in the crowd before a Roman forum, and see how the old Roman hearts that have been dust for two thousand years thrilled beneath the fiery sweep of an orator who might have stood a model for a Chatham or a Clay.

Thus beneath the change of relations, the shifting of forms, the growths and decays of society, the current of humanity flows on the same. We are continually meeting with old ideas in new shapes. The German mystic finds his philosophy anticipated by the dreams of a Brahmin devotee of a traditional age. The age of Chivalry has gone, but the spirit that animated it remains, and the same feeling that prompted the Knight to the rescue of the Sepulchre, sends Kane and his devoted followers upon their mission of love to the depths of an eternal winter. The pyramids stand in the lone waste of drear antiquity, mournful monuments of a lost art and perished strength; but that art and that strength find new form and embodiment in the Steam Engine, moving the machinery of the nations' commerce with its tireless arm, while the pulses of the world's industry keep time with the throbbings of its iron heart.

There is an old fable, or it may be the tradition of a grand truth, that Prometheus stole the fires of heaven and conferred the gift upon mortals. And to-day the fable is realized, the truth reappears. The lightning-winged messenger of the skies *is* the servant of man, and soon the great globe, with its mountains and continents and oceans, will dissolve into nothingness beneath the stroke of the Electrician's wand—when Europe, Asia, Africa, and the twin-born Americas shall meet together face to face, eye

to eye, and talk to each other in that universal language, the click of the telegraph!

But in all history, what principle is so old and so young, so universal in its development, so multiform and ever-present in its action, as the great truth of Human Brotherhood. It is not a type lost in one age to reappear in another; it is the great truth for whose development and perfect unfolding all the ages were made—and every page in history contains the record of its struggles and its trials, its triumphs and defeats. Free, unrestrained, all its forms are beautiful and its influence beneficent. Shut up, imprisoned, confined, it bursts its way in fiery earthquake terrors, like the French Revolution. Its earliest, purest, and simplest form is seen in the family circle, at the fireside of home; its grandest manifestation is witnessed in the State,—civil government, armed with the awful prerogatives of sovereignty, and radiant with the attributes of justice. It is this principle of human brotherhood that we as Odd Fellows, feebly it may be, humbly we confess, and imperfectly, but still in some degree and honestly,—it is this principle we claim to embody and represent.

Institutions, like that at whose instance we have to-day convened, are as old as the records of time. Differing, doubtless, in their internal organization,—differing widely in the great objects they were designed to accomplish, there have always been orders and associations, bound together by the mystic ties of a common brotherhood, from whose counsels and deliberations, from whose shrines and inner sanctuaries, the great world was shut out.

Even in sacred writ we read of something analogous to this, in the institution of a particular order of men to whose care were committed the rites, ceremonies and *mysteries* of religion, who had charge of the sacred vessels of the temple, who alone could lift the veil of the sanctuary and stand in the holy of holies.

In the early ages of profane history, the learned men

of Greece were accustomed to travel into Egypt to be initiated into the Egyptian schools—schools set apart from the world, cherishing the sciences and arts, and imparting their teachings only through impressive ceremonies and under solemn vows.

The chosen youth of Greece, as a mark of particular favor, were initiated into the Eleusinian mysteries. There, surrounded by awe-inspiring associations, they were taught the great truths of life—truths deemed too sacred for the knowledge of the multitude; impressed with a sense of the duties they owed to their country, their fellow-men, and themselves, and sent forth, members of a mysterious brotherhood, to illustrate by their life and conversation the purity of the teachings they had received. Almost three thousand years ago, Pythagoras gathered his disciples together in darkness and secrecy; curtained in mystery, the world shut out, he instructed them in the use and meaning of symbols—taught them the high truths of mathematics, the facts of astronomy, the unity of God, the harmony of natural law; filled their souls with the love of virtue, and inspired them with the hope of immortality. And have we not to-day, active in our midst, in the Masonic fraternity, an institution claiming an existence older than any on the earth save the Jewish church?

The universal existence of this principle of association may at least prove that it responds to a legitimate want of humanity, and that it will continue to find an embodiment in some form while human nature remains the same.

The time has indeed gone by when the Most High reveals His will to a particular order of men. The ark of the covenant is no longer sealed. There is no longer a necessity, as in the days of the Egyptian *Magi*, to set apart schools distinct from the world to cherish and cultivate the arts and sciences, lest their knowledge should perish from the earth. Free inquiry, a free press, and free schools have made these as free, as accessible, and imperishable as

the air. Science, as in the days of Pythagoras, is no longer driven to the fastness of secret places to inculcate her lessons. Her votaries are not now proscribed; she has come out from the cloister, mingles in the daily pursuits of men, and is the handmaid of their labors. The unity of God, the harmony of natural law, the immortality of the soul, are no longer truths taught only in symbols, and whose knowledge constitutes the seal of a favored brotherhood. American youth need no Eleusinian rites to impress upon them the duty of patriotism; for we have a country to love, whose institutions challenge our admiration, and whose honor it is our highest privilege to cherish and protect.

But still the heart remains the same. Still does it enshrine lofty truths in beautiful symbols, and recognize the emblem as the shadow of the invisible. Still is it awed into reverence and lifted into rapture by impressive forms and ceremonies. The principal of fraternization is strong as ever, and the associations it forms find new ties, new objects, other purposes, and other duties. There are tears to be dried, fountains of sorrow to be closed, and fountains of love to be opened. There is distress to be relieved, sickness to be visited, the dead to be buried, the orphan to be educated, social virtue to be improved; man is to be brought into a closer acquaintance with his fellow-man, his mind enlightened—in a word, the true fraternal relation is to be cultivated and perfected.

Such is the aim of Odd Fellowship. Based upon certain truths that are alike axioms among all nations, tongues, and kindreds, it claims no religious sanction for its teachings; it aspires to no political power; it does not trace its history back through volumes of legendary lore, or hold its patent from the hands of kings. Its works are the seal of its birthright; its mission, to do good in the daily walks of life. It is essentially humanitarian. It proposes to respond to the common wants and common duties of common humanity. It recognizes man as he is, in himself

helpless, liable to sickness, exposed to difficulty and danger—social intercourse is as necessary to his well-being as the breath of his nostrils. It is its purpose to adapt itself to the age in which it is encamped—a practical, toiling age; to offer social recreation from the monotony of daily toil, to impart great truths under the teachings of beautiful symbols, inculcate the lessons of virtue under impressive forms and ceremonies; to protect us in danger, assist us in sickness, soften, as far as may be, the trials and sufferings inseparable from human life, and when we are gone, afford an asylum to protect those whom we love from the peltings of the pitiless storm.

Men of well-assured wealth, men of leisure and high social position, who have access to the rich stores of literature and exquisite productions of art, may never need its solaces or appreciate its kindly aids. It is to earnest men —men who bear life's burdens and responsibilities, and who sometimes grow tired of the load—to the great body of privates in the army of life, that it is most commended, and to these it is a very present counsellor and friend.

There are those whom too much learning hath made mad. There are those whose lofty Byronic natures look only with scorn upon the affairs of every-day life. There are those whose minds are so elevated into the regions of intellectual abstraction, that they are frozen into a cold scepticism and are incredulous of all that is good and generous in human nature. There are those who are proudly self-reliant in the consciousness of their own strength. There are those, all of whose aims are bounded by the circle of self. Odd Fellowship is for none such. It does not meet the wants of their natures. Its birth was among the poor, and we love it the better for its lowly origin; it was not more lowly than the manger where the Child-Saviour was born! Its ministerings are among common men, and we love it the better for it, for our own hearts keep time with the stirring march of democracy!

Forty-one years ago to-day, on the twenty-sixth day of April, 1819, Thomas Wildey, John Welsh, John Duncan, John Cheatam, and Richard Busworth met at the house of William Lupton, "Sign of the Seven Stars," Second Street, in the city of Baltimore, to organize a lodge of Odd Fellows. They were humble, obscure men; without the aids of learning or advantages of wealth. They had no ambitious designs—no aspirations for fame, or expectation of personal emolument. They were poor, and had realized in their own lives the necessity for counsel in health and consolation in sickness. These they could furnish to each other. They had few friends—they could draw the closer to each other, and their hearts beat the truer "for a' that."

There was the origin of the institution, the anniversary of whose nativity we have met to-day to celebrate. Forty-one years have gone—a brief space in history, but a long period in the life of man. There are those here who can remember so far back, but the gray hairs have gathered where the sunny curls clustered, and eyes bright with the dreams of boyhood are dimmed with the memories of years. Forty and one years! A full generation has passed over the globe. How the world has changed! Then, what a wilderness of solitude was this spot—the unknown dependency of a Spanish throne. Then our whole country was ringing with fierce declamation over the admission of Missouri—Missouri herself the western frontier, the *ultima Thule* of civilization. Napoleon was fretting out the remnant of his days in his ocean prison, and a poor collier of Killingworth was elaborating in his own brain the thought that was to mature itself into the railway locomotive, and change the destiny of the world!

Time, that blights so many hopes and brings so many sorrows, is still unfolding the great plans of Providence—it may be, realizing the one great hope of our race.

Forty-one years have gone; and to-day the successors

of Thomas Wildey and his companions have met together to celebrate the anniversary of their meeting on the 26th of April, 1819. That humble lodge has increased to two thousand; its five founders to a quarter of a million followers; their first voluntary contribution to buy candles, paper, and perhaps a pot of beer, has grown to an annual income of more than a million of dollars; and to-day this great army of peace, two hundred and fifty thousand strong, gathers its soldiers together in their various encampments, wherever the flag of our country floats—from the shores of the Atlantic and the Gulf, to this bright land, where the east fades into the west, and the golden clouds of the evening are piled against the morning's gates!

No dreamers, laggarts, or idlers are these two hundred and fifty thousand; but patient-minded, earnest-hearted, strong-armed men—men who have grown strong from labor, patient in trials, and earnest from continual wrestling with difficulties. What are their aims, their objects, their purposes now, that they should be banded together in this phalanx of Friendship, Love, and Truth? Forty-one years ago our Association constituted a society for mutual aid and relief; but prosperity has brought new duties and responsibilities. In this age, whatever stands still, recedes; whatever ceases to grow, dies. Ours is no age of idle speculation; no time for day-dreams and empty shows and parades. All things now are subjected to the rigid tests of utility. It may be that we have become too practical, too utilitarian, too material, too mechanical; but such are the characteristics of the time in which we live. Time was, when the poet went to nature for inspiration, and saw only the beautiful in her forms. Now the mechanic penetrates her arcana, robs her of her secrets to press them into the service of the arts. Time was, when the elements were represented only in beautiful shapes of the fancy, in Fairies and Undines, Fawns and

Satyrs—creatures to amuse the hours of leisure. Now the elements are the slaves of man's will—they toil in the workshop and drudge on the farm, with sinews that never tire, and frames that never grow old.

What is the mission of Odd Fellowship in this toiling, practical age? It has outgrown its pupilage, it has entered its manhood; what is the work for it to do?

In the associations of the olden time, wherein we see the types of our Order, the principle of fraternity which animated them all was yet modified and controlled by the spirit of the age in which it was made manifest. They were associations for the favored few—for the elect of wealth, learning, philosophy, and social position. Few were deemed worthy of an elevation to the truths they taught and principles they professed. Their privileges constituted the badge of a social aristocracy. Broader ideas now prevail. Whatever is good enough for the few is not too good for the many. The tendency of our age is not to concentrate, but to diffuse—not to garner up, but to scatter broadcast. And if our Order would maintain its position and aid in the progressive development of the idea it represents, it must vindicate the doctrine of social democracy.

And what is social democracy? It is not the barren doctrine that all men are politically equal, and entitled to civil liberty; but that higher teaching that all men are brothers, with claims upon our sympathy and love. It is no phrase set to catch the ear of the multitude, nor the watchward of a revolutionary party, tired of the restraints of law. It is no mere abstraction, no bare negation, but a living principle warm with love. Proscriptive only of error, destructive only of wrong, it is conservative of every right of humanity, and progressive in the knowledge and power of the truth. Recognizing all men as the offspring of the same parent, bound together by the ties of a common nature, common sufferings and hopes, a

common death and immortality, it laughs to scorn the miserable distinctions of rank and fashion, and proclaims the broad doctrine of universal equality—that the seal of humanity set upon a living being by the hand of God, is his title-deed to all the rights and privileges of the race. High among these is the right to labor, the privilege to enjoy!

The kind Creator gives unto all the sunshine and the air, the beauty of the landscape, the freshness of the morning, the splendor of the noon, the glory of the sunset, and mystic blazonry of the midnight. For all, He hangs His bow in the clouds, and opens the volume of His promise. But upon the productions of man's labor, upon the gifts of society, there rests a ban and a curse. Of the children of toil, how many are there who are free from the fear of want? Of the sons of labor, how many can feel their souls expand to their full stature in the blessed sunlight of independence? In the great army of industry, how often are the fallen crushed, the wounded left to die? While the earth produces bountifully, stimulated to tenfold production by the division of labor and the inventions of the arts, want remains, ghastly as ever; misery stretches her pale hands for alms, and the cry of distress is never hushed. Listening to the cry, wealth is twice cursed, cursing him who has, and him who has not—the rich with pride, and the poor with envy.

Must it ever continue? Shall fortune always blindly distribute her gifts—work for the many, luxury for the few? the sweat of toil for me, its fruits and flowers for another?—starvation and surfeit, abundance and penury, side by side, and we, the children of the same Father, and the earth our common heritage!

To war against this disparity and injustice—to elevate the dignity of labor—to enrich it with the blessings it creates, is the duty that lies plainly before us, the object for which we must never cease to struggle. If we falter

through supineness or neglect, or fear of the world's carping criticism, the sceptre of our power and the crown of our prosperity will depart from us forever.

We shall not struggle without aid. Good men everywhere will aid us. The inventions in mechanical arts, more and more requiring skill in their use and uniting the labor of brain and hand, will aid us. Labor-saving machinery, year by year bringing what was the monopoly of the rich within the reach of the poor, will aid us. A cheap press, sending its streams of literature by every man's door, will aid us. The growing, expanding, resistless impulse of the popular heart is with us. And God's immutable laws, swaying from the heavens to the tides of humanity on the earth, will aid us in this sacred work.

We cannot all attain the gift or the curse of riches—the golden privileges, or gilded chains of wealth. But in the charmed circle where we meet, want must never come,—the fear of it must be banished. There must be diffused round all the healthful atmosphere of conscious independence. Associated together, we can have schools, libraries, and cabinets of art. Meeting together frequently, we can cultivate the social affections and amenities of life by a closer acquaintance and companionship with each other. Surrounded by symbols, and listening to the teachings of the good, we can keep alive in our hearts the sense of the beautiful and reverence for the true. True to ourselves and each other, we can taste the joys that wealth cannot give or take away, which flow from disinterested friendship.

Oh! in this toiling age—when Gold is king, when Commerce makes the law—when Trade has everywhere her marts, and Mammon builds his temples to the skies,—oh! build one altar to Friendship. Kindle upon it the sacred flame that always grows brighter as the night grows darker; that, pure in the sunlight of prosperity, in the darkness of adversity is holy. May that flame shed its light around the pathway of you all, and beam its soft

effulgence on your pillow, when flesh and spirit part, and the eye closes on earth's scenes forever!

Shall the bright ideal of human brotherhood, imperfectly typified and faintly revealed in the associations of the past and the present, ever be fully realized? Shall the spirit of fraternity, as yet veiled and dimly made manifest, ever shine forth in the imperishable glory of its nature? All races preserve the tradition of a golden age, when there was no law but honor, no rule but love. Is it a dream of the past, or prophecy of the future? Shall it ever return, will it ever be fulfilled?

I have spoken of the State, of civil government, as the most august form in which the spirit of fraternity has yet revealed itself. I am aware there is a pernicious philosophy, which teaches that the natural condition of man is one of warfare against his fellow-man. That men, fearing each other, met together and each agreed to yield a portion of his natural rights, that he might obtain protection against the savage propensities of his neighbors. And this is the doctrine of the law writers. The theory is absurd, as the assumption is false. In truth, man is created for society. It is his normal condition. The instincts of his nature demand it, and government is the necessary result of the structure of his being.

Nor is this instinct confined to man. The birds of the air live in flocks. Is it not settled in council when the cranes and wild pigeons go south? The bees have their queen; and where among men has royalty greater respect, or higher prerogative? The ants have their colonies, and where is the theory of the division of labor better illustrated? Wild horses and buffaloes live in herds and have their leaders, and beavers and prairie dogs have their villages.

But with man, society is something more than instinct, government something higher than a necessity. In all governments, however fallen, there is still present the idea of the government of the Most High; and in all law there

is the reflection, dim, distorted it may be, still the reflection of that eternal, harmonious unchanging law, by which He governs and keeps in order the universe He rules. Thus in early forms, governments always claim to be established by divine will, and laws arrogate the sanction of revelation. And still, and always there is an invisible, indescribable power in the idea of law. Impalpable as light, it is strong as a barrier of steel. It does not restrain so much by the fear of its penalties as by the mysterious power with which it is clothed—clothed because it is the out-giving of the State and in the State there is something divine.

Oh! shall the State ever truly reflect the image of the divine government, and justify the love we all lavish upon the country of our birth, wherever and whatever it may be?

Let us, my brothers, make our Association a model republic. No conflict of interest, no jarring of discord—each member moving in his appropriate sphere to the accomplishment of his appointed purpose. Laws founded upon justice, administered in love. Harmonious within, active without, let our existence become a living reality in the nineteenth century.

In the army of Thebes there was a legion called *The Faithful*, all the soldiers of which had sworn eternal constancy to each other. No man was admitted to their ranks save his life had been pure and his courage tried. Their charge had always been the signal of victory, but at last, in a disastrous battle, they all fell—each man dying at the post of his duty, preferring death to defeat!

In the battle of life, brothers, be ye like the Legion of The Faithful—friends to each other, true to the cause. It is right—it is honorable—it is blessed, to strengthen the weak, to bind up the wounded, to bury the dead; but it is glorious, unspeakably glorious, to keep the flag flying and to conquer in the fight!

ORATION

DELIVERED IN THE CITY OF STOCKTON, CAL., JULY 4, 1860.

We have met together in the golden sunlight of this midsummer day, in this bright land where the air breathes softest and the sun shines fairest—almost in hearing of the dashing of the Pacific, and in sight of the white outline of the Sierra Nevada—we, children of the fathers of the Republic, Americans by birth and adoption, Californians from choice, and freemen by the grace of the ever-living God, to join with each other in the celebration of our Nation's Jubilee and one of the World's Festivals of Freedom.

Apart from the associations that make this day sublime in all the annals of time, connecting it with events more important to humanity than any that have ever transpired, except the birth, the life, the sufferings and death of Him who expired upon Calvary—apart from the deathless declarations, heroic achievements, and the Martyr's blood, that have separated this day from all others in the calendar, and *emblazoned* it in history—apart from all this, it is endeared to all of our hearts and memories by our own personal recollections and experiences. How often in the days that are gone, in our old homes, amid the scenes of our birth and childhood, have we joined in festivities like this with the old friends and neighbors, now far distant or long dead! How brightly rose the sun upon this day in the season of our boyhood! How our hearts then swelled beneath the rustling flag—how our spirits rose to ecstasy at the sound of the ringing bells and roaring cannon—how our pulses thrilled under the piercing fife and clamorous drum, the music that led the old Continentals to victory and to death! With what reverent eyes we gazed upon the little band of gray-haired revolutionary soldiers that led the long procession—those bending forms, who in the days of stalwart youth

had taken sharp aim with Morgan, had hid in swamp and fought from ambush with Marion, had scaled the desperate rampart with old Mad Antony, had charged at Princeton, or had suffered under the eye of the Great Chief at Valley Forge!

Alas! where now is the grand army of American freedom, the hosts that fought and bled and suffered for the privileges we enjoy and forget? In all our land to-day, of the Army of the Revolution but a few scores are left. Wonderful men! To them it has been given to watch the growth of an empire, to see the star of its destiny travel westward from the Mississippi to the Pacific, its population increase from three to thirty millions, its component parts from thirteen to thirty-three States. They have seen three generations pass over the globe. They were contemporaries with Mirabeau and Danton, Marat and Robespierre. They heard the first news of the young French officer, Napoleon Bonaparte, at Marengo, and saw that daring spirit climbing the heights of ambition and grasping at the sceptre of universal empire, to die at last in his sea-girt isle—Prometheus chained to the rock! And they have seen his house remount the throne, and all Europe tremble at the very name of that banished dust. They have known four monarchs on the British throne. They have seen the dominion of the western world glide from the nerveless hands of Spain—Poland blotted from the map—Russia, from the clouds of semi-barbarism, looming up into the grand proportions of the coming power of Europe. They can remember Fulton and the first steamboat. They were old men when the railroad was invented; and in their boyhood, steam was first known as a practical mechanical force. What a great arc of history do their lives take in! They have celebrated the day when the death of Washington hung over the nation like a pall—when their hearts were rejoiced by Perry's victory, saddened by the fall of Lawrence, and

exultant in the thought of Jackson at New Orleans. With us they have turned over the pages of history made memorable by Palo Alto, Monterey, Buena Vista, Cerro Gordo, Cherubusco, and Mexico. They have seen the triumviri grow up from striplings, to wrestle like giants for the palm of intellect, making the names of Calhoun, Clay, and Webster classic throughout the world, then go to rest in the long and dreamless sleep that awaits us all. They have seen all this, event upon event, change on change, the experiences of a thousand years crowded into history since they were born, and still they linger among us here and there—precious living mementos of the past. Not much longer will the earth hold them. The sands of their lives are wasting very fast; and soon, very soon, the last survivor shall come up on this day to his country's altar—gone the leader's voice, the comrade's arm, the chieftain's towering form! Alone with another race of men, then shall his spirit mount on wings of love to join the hosts above! Oh, as he rises, may the mantle of purity from their generation fall upon ours! Oh, may he bear aloft the tidings that our country is still by dishonor untouched, from treason free!

I desire to discuss briefly and succinctly, if I am able, the leading features of American polity—*the leading features of American polity*—American polity as contra-distinguished from European.

The subject is a broad one, too broad and exhaustless for the limits of a single address. The subject is a grand one, too grand to demand the flowers of ornament and finish of rhetoric. Would that I could present it in its simple grandeur, its plain and unadorned magnificence, its sublime simplicity. The subject is a glorious one—full of pride to the American, full of interest to the scholar, full of love to the patriot. Oh, may it continue a just source of pride, of interest, and of love, till the last syllable of recorded time!

It is the theory of European politics that all popular rights are concessions from the throne. The American theory is that all powers of the government are concessions from the people. The one deduces from above, the other builds from beneath. The one goes to *Magna Charta* and kingly promises for its tenure, the other to inalienable birthrights for its foundation. Each is consistent with itself. The European system proposes, for its great object, *social order;* implicit obedience to authority, and religious respect for what it terms vested rights. The American holds, for its supreme good, the development of the individual; the fullest unfolding of his best nature in the exercise of his highest powers and capacities. In Europe the government assumes to be a higher power, endowed with superior wisdom to guide and control the masses; in America, the masses give form and character to the government. The European seeks the order of the people through the power of the nation; the American seeks national power through the strength of the people. With the European, *the State* is the great object of solicitude; with the American, *the man.*

Both of these ideas are fully represented on the stage of human affairs, and the pages of future history are to be filled with their conflicts and triumphs. Which is the true theory? Which is the most consistent with the peace and progress of humanity? These are questions to be calmly asked and dispassionately answered. Let us seek for a solution, if possible, in past experience and philosophy.

Government is a necessity of our nature. It is an instinct—the same that causes birds to live in flocks, wild animals in herds; that gives the bees their queens, and the ants their colonies. In every condition of society men organize into governments as inevitably as minerals tend to crystallize, or the pine assumes its shape. Savage tribes, sailors shipwrecked upon uninhabited islands, cara-

vans upon the desert, companies of emigrants crossing the plains, silver-hunters in Washoe, Mormons in Utah,—all recognize some species of authority and law. So universal is this prompting of our nature, so strong this necessity of our being, that if it were possible to collect together the abandoned and the vile, the inmates of our jails and penitentiaries, the murderers, felons, and outcasts of society, and banish them all to some inhospitable and unvisited land, they would erect among themselves some system of government and adopt some code of law.

Forms of government are the growth of time. Philosophers, statesmen, and theorists may speculate, reason, and dream; but history and experience only build institutions. Among savage tribes, government always assumes the form of a military chieftaincy. In that rude state of society, property has little necessity for protection by law—its forms are too simple. The bow and arrow, skins of the panther and bear, the store of dried venison and acorns, the canoe and the wigwam, are not held by titles of parchment, but by possession, defended when necessary by force. There, too, individual wrongs are left to the redress of the wild justice of personal revenge. But the necessity for thorough organization in the wars with neighboring tribes, requires a government that gives boldness, quickness, unity, and decision in action, and that form is—a military despotism. There, also, the rites and ceremonies of religious superstition are invoked to give sacredness to the person of the leader and sanction to his will; and the "medicine-man," the prophet, is associated with him in authority, sometimes represented in his own person, the chief being priest as well as king. As the tribe increases in power, and successful forays and military incursions are made upon neighboring people, the chief divides the conquered hunting grounds among his leading warriors, and these become a kind of savage aristocracy—a privileged rank.

In this rude outline of savage government you may see distinctly traced the lineaments of the proudest monarchies of Christian, civilized Europe. What is Alexander of Russia, at his coronation in Moscow, surrounded by the nobility of his Court, in the presence of Tartar tribes and unnumbered hosts of subjects from every part of his great empire—in all the blaze of wealth, the splendor of regal magnificence, the pomp of religious ceremony, and display of military enthusiasm, mounting the throne of his fathers and claiming, by the will of God, to be the head of the empire and the church—what is he, but on a grander scale, the savage chief who is the leader of his tribe, and the only recognized interpreter between his people and the Great Spirit they worship? And what are the nobility of England—the world's proudest and best aristocracy—with their princely revenues and estates, their munificent liberality, their scholastic cultivation, and refined taste—what are these but the civilized representatives of the rude warriors of the forest, who are privileged, above their tribe, to sit around the council fires of their chiefs? Why, the very name king is derived from the Tartar khan; and the titles of nobility—duke, earl, count, baron—can be directly traced to a half-barbarous period of history. All kingly government is a compromise between the civilization of the present and the barbarism of the past age; and the fact that monarchical institutions still endure among enlightened people, only shows how power and authority intrench themselves in custom, and survive the necessity that called them into being. Because these institutions are anachronisms, not in unison with the spirit of the age, wherever they now exist there is an implied antagonism between the government and the people. Even in England—the freest, noblest, most powerful kingdom in the world—the people themselves, loyal as they are, express this fact in the very name they give themselves. They are not *citizens*, but *subjects*—retaining, thus, the

badge of old servitude to power and present vassalage to tradition—while on the continent every throne is girt round with bayonets, until Europe swarms with more than three million soldiers. Think of that! Three millions of men, taken from the sweets of home and the delights of their families, to enforce kingly prerogative! Three millions of armed men, draining the life-blood of industry, to enforce *social order!* And what kind of an order is it, when the powers that be tremble at the falling leaf, and when a whisper may bring down the avalanche! What kind of an order is it, when the sovereign of France, the most sagacious man of Europe, the wisest of rulers, a man inheriting genius, and disciplined in adversity to hold with equal hand the reins of power, claiming to understand the spirit of his age and "the logic of events,"—when he signalizes his elevation to the throne by the banishment of two thousand men for political sentiments, and maintains his position by a network of espionage that keeps spies upon every household—by corrupting public opinion, proscribing free speech, and manacling the press? What kind of order, when the peace of a continent, almost of the civilized world, hangs upon the life of a single man? Why, suppose for an instant, that the attack of Orsini upon the life of Louis Napoleon had been successful, where would have been the arm strong enough to maintain the stability of European affairs? Or, if to-day the Emperor of the French should fall, as he may fall, by the poignard of the assassin, or visitation of sudden disease, who can predict the lawless violence, the scenes of anarchy and devastation that would ensue? Who fails to see that to-day all Europe is upon a mine that a moment may explode? How softly they move!—what skill of diplomacy!—what nice handling of the balance of power! Austria decayed, bankrupt, an incubus upon human rights, is to be maintained intact as a poise to the power of France. Austria must hold Hungary

and Venice as a bulwark against revolution. England must increase taxation, strengthen her coast defences, and probably resort to the press-gang to fill her navy, because France has an army of five hundred thousand men. Prussia must be ready for war, because Napoleon has annexed Savoy. Spain stirs the old embers of her military enthusiasm, in hope of a league of the Latin races; while Russia, the grim old giant in the icy fastness of the North, consolidates his power, and everywhere maintains the iron rule of military discipline, waiting for the auspicious moment when the secret hatred of England and France shall flash into open rupture, and he can take up his capital at the long coveted Golden Horn!

Yet tell me, what cause of quarrel have the people and races of Europe? What difference of interest is there between the people of Sardinia and Austria? What advantage is it to the ten million Germans of Austria that nine million Hungarians and three million Italians should be held subjects to the crown of Hapsburg? How many English homes will be blessed by a continental war? How much happier will the Russian people be when their Czar shall issue his edicts from the Dardanelles? None, none, none! No, the evils that afflict and the terrors that menace the welfare of Europe arise from the policy and structure of government—a policy and structure not the expression of enlightened sentiment, but the tradition and relic of old barbarism.

What a commentary it is upon monarchical government, when the royal house of England is afflicted with hereditary insanity—and when it has been said that the Queen is kept moving from Buckingham to Osborne, and from Osborne to Windsor, and from Windsor to Scotland, to suppress the symptoms of that terrible malady, whose seeds nature planted in her constitution, and which a future King may inherit with his crown! What a commentary it is when the English Court put on mourning

for the death of the King of Naples, a monster who made his whole kingdom a land of pillage and house of woe and upon whom nature set the seal of her hatred in the loathsome disease of which he died; when Victoria herself, a model as she is of private and domestic excellence, is still proud to trace her royal lineage from the Italian house of Este—a house that has filled more thrones than the Cæsars, and whose most celebrated members were the poisoners Alexander, Cæsar, and Lucretia Borgia! What a commentary it is, when the King of Prussia lapses not into the kingly madness of a Lear, but into helpless, hopeless imbecility and blear-eyed idiocy! What a terrible commentary it is, when the young King of Naples, of the family of the Bourbons, the most royal house in Europe, can take off the blessing of nature from the fair fields of Italy and blast them with the curse of royalty, when his prisons are filled with the noblest of his subjects, when no calling is so high as to be above his hatred, no pursuit so humble to be beneath his oppression!

Thanks be to HIM the recoil has come; and while we are rejoicing in our freedom, let us not forget that the gallant Garibaldi and his bold compatriots to-day are struggling for Italy. May the God of battles, who gave our fathers victory, smile upon their banners and bless their arms with success! While the kings and rulers of Europe are parcelling their dominions, and weighing their prerogatives, and balancing their powers, may the unseen spirit of *the people* make itself felt in majesty and in awe! Its time must come; it may sleep through the ages, but it cannot die. There are agencies strong enough to repress the flames of Ætna and Vesuvius! Then beware the earthquake! Tyranny, oppression, tradition may restrain the uprising of popular power, but it bides its time. It waits with gathering strength—it comes at last, stronger than the outbursting tempest, stronger than upbursting volcano, stronger than all things save the roused

wrath of GOD; and institutions, gray with antiquity, go down before it, as the oak of a thousand years is scathed by the lightning, or the city that centuries have built is swallowed by the earthquake.

Happy is the land, blest is that people, where this spirit is not restrained by force until it bursts its way in terror; where its influences are life-giving like the air of spring, not devastating like the storm; where individual thought and action are free, and government the spontaneous result of free thought: And that is the theory of American politics. Develop manhood in the individuals, and let government be the reflection, the embodiment, the incarnation of the spirit of the mass.

"The world is governed too much." "That government is best which governs least." It is the business of government to punish crimes and conduct the business necessarily incident to political organization, and let social order be the result of individual worth. We have no union of church and state, for the spheres of their duties are distinct, and both are better, and one is holier, when they do not lean on each other for support. We have no standing armies, for the government needs none to enforce her laws at home; and we know that in danger from abroad, the call of our country will rally from mountain and dale, from valley and hillside, millions of citizens—soldiers, who for her sake will go to their graves as joyously as e'er a bridegroom went to the chamber of his love, and pour out their life's blood in her defence freely—freely as I give these words unto the air, feeling in their heart of hearts, *dulci, dulci, patria mori.*

We have no entangling alliances, no fears of unsettling the balance of power, for its foundations are broad as popular right.

"No pent-up Utica contracts our powers,
But the whole boundless continent is ours."

I know we have political broils, disgraceful scenes in Congress, threats of dissolution and dismemberment; even these are better than the dead-sea calm of despotism. They are but foam upon the waves—they will pass away with the hour. The people everywhere are true. All over the land, millions of patriotic pulses keep time with the great national heart that is throbbing beneath the framework of the government, Oh, may it throb while the sun stands and the earth rolls, and may its last pulsation mark the moment when time and eternity are lost in the being of GOD!

It must be true that free institutions are the natural expression of humanity in its best estate. It must be that free homes, unrestricted property, wealth passing from hand to hand, are better things than the feudal possessions and lordly privileges of a Metternich, a Westminster, and a Derby. It must be that the diffusion of knowledge, popular intelligence and free thought, are more to be desired even than the congregated learning of a Gottingen, a Cambridge, and an Oxford—that a church, faithful only to its GOD, is holier than a church loyal to the state—that a free people, under their own vines and fig-trees, prosperous and happy, is a grander sight and more pleasing to the eye of Omnipotence, than the genius of a Shakespeare, a Voltaire, and a Goethe. I know that sometimes the popular spirit flashes out as a consuming fire; that in popular governments there is sometimes disregard of law; that there are crimes by mobs; that vested rights, the sacredness of property, and yet greater sacredness of person, have been violated by popular fury; but if all these were collected together, they would not fill pages, where monarchical oppression has written volumes in blood. I know there are some good men who despair of the Republic, and some wise men who hold there is a levelling tendency in democratic institutions that destroys the highest order of intellect: that in a republic, public opin-

ion becomes a tyrant over individual thought; and they say the American mind is unequal to the production of a work of genius. But they have not judged us aright. They have been looking for free thought to flow in the channels custom has hewn through the centuries, and its course has been like the sweeping current of the river, through devious winding, over plunging cataract and foaming rapids. They have expected us to write books—we have been building States. They have expected us to paint Transfigurations and Madonnas—we have subdued the wilderness. They have been waiting for an *Iliad* or *Paradise Lost*—we have extemporized an empire on the Pacific. They have looked for a beautiful development of mind, like the blossoming tree under the pruning hand of the gardener—and we have been growing up like the pine of the mountains or gnarled oak of the forest, that, nurtured only by the elements, pierce the earth with their roots and twine them among the rock, to fling out their arms to the thunder and breast the storms of a thousand years.

But nature is wiser than men. Men looked for a Saviour to come in clouds of glory—He came in the manger. They sought for highest truth in the teachings of star-eyed philosophy—it came in the lives of the poor fishermen of Galilee. They expected the blessings of progress and refinement from the productions of the fine arts, the vaulted temple, the speaking marble and painting, eloquent with beauty—it came in the works of the brawny-armed inventors in mechanics.

Nature everywhere teaches democracy; and political truth is not the coinage of the brain of genius, nor the discovery of courts and senates, but the outspoken instinct of the popular heart. In all history, that voice has sought to be heard. Wise men, confiding in the devices of their own hearts, have disregarded it. In the conflicts of the ages it has been lost; but it rang out trumpet-toned in glorious 'Seventy-six.

It is a narrow view of history to suppose that the American Revolution began at the Declaration of Independence and was finished at the close of the war. It was, *it is*, the struggling for fuller utterance of ideas that are as old as the first battle-fields of freedom; and it will not be complete while there is one battle for freedom to be fought on tented field or in the resounding senate. Wherever genius has spoken, or a martyr died, or a soldier triumphed for political truth, there has been its prophet, its victim, and its hero. Here it received its baptismal name and strongest impulse. It is a current in human affairs that will widen and deepen and strengthen in future history. You and I, and all of us, are actors in it, and its future triumphs may not be less glorious than its past achievements.

If there be one here whose life shall stretch as far into the future as does that of the soldier of 'Seventy-six into the past, what a country will he behold in ours if we, the men of to-day, are true to ourselves and the teachings of our fathers. The dream of the first Napoleon, to consolidate all Europe into one empire, will be eclipsed in the destiny of the "Imperial Republic," containing wider territory and greater elements of wealth, power, and grandeur than all Europe combined.

It is true that expanse of territory, and powerful nations, are not essential to the birth and nurture of great men. Scotland had her Bruce, Switzerland her Tell. Attica—that made the history of Greece the glory of the world—where Plato lived and Socrates died, Pericles triumphed and Æschylus sang—was not as large as San Joaquin County. But great political principles should be represented by great national powers; and in the future conflicts of freedom, the victory should be decided by the giant arm of the Republic of the West. Oh! may that arm be nerved with right, clothed with strength, consecrated to justice. May each circling sun shine here

upon a people more free, more powerful, more happy, more blessed—the leader of the nations, the champion of truth, the hope of mankind! And when at the Last Day the roll of the nations shall be called—when Egypt shall come up in the dusky garments of the night—Greece, radiant in the glory of Intellect—Rome, mailed and panoplied in Arms—Italy, lustrous in the beauty of Art—Germany, clothed in the starry vesture of Poetry—France, gemmed and jewelled with Philosophy and Science—England, clad in the majesty of Law and splendor of Commerce—may America come robed in Truth, sandalled with Peace, girdled with the Stars of Light, and crowned with the Diadem of Freedom!

But if we prove ourselves unworthy the priceless heritage of freedom; if we betray the cause we should die to save; if anarchy and disunion "come down on us like night"; if that divine abstraction we worship as *our country* be utterly destroyed—still, somewhere, in the ages to come, through some race, the cause of Freedom must triumph. Jehovah, when HE made man in HIS own image, higher than all governments, nobler than all institutions, pledged HIS right arm for its support. It is the cause of Right. Circumstances may obscure, but can no more destroy it "than clouds can blot the sun from the universe." Amid the storms of Time, the tempest shock of War, the blinding mists of Error, and darkening clouds of Fate—still from HIS throne on high HE reigns supreme; and still, in sunshine and in storm, *the soul of man glasses His awful form!*

REMARKS

BEFORE THE UNION CLUB, SACRAMENTO, CAL., MAY, 1861.

I am always reluctant to respond to a call to make a speech, from a conviction on my part that talking is not my forte. I used once to belong to a club, any member

of which, when called upon for a song, if he could not or would not sing, could only make his peace by telling a story. Perhaps, acting on the same rule, you will accept from me a story in lieu of a speech. But my story will not have even the merit of novelty, for you will all remember having seen it in Noah Webster's spelling-book. It was about an old farmer who, in walking through his orchard, found a rude boy in one of his trees. He expostulated with the boy, but he only laughed in return. He then threw tufts of grass at him, but the boy pelted him back with apples ; and, finally, the old man was driven to try what virtue there was in stones, and that brought the young rascal bawling and sprawling to the ground.

Sirs, it has been our fortune, or rather misfortune, to see that schoolboy fable exemplified upon a giant scale in our day and our country. Our esteemed relative, the venerable Uncle Samuel, walking through his orchard, has found a very rude boy in his apple tree ; and when the old man entreats him to come down, the young devil begins to pelt him with " dornicks " with which his pocket has been filled. I suppose it has been ascertained by this time that that is a game which two can play at, and that there are stones to be received as well as thrown, and I shall be very much mistaken if the result of this controversy does not verify the moral of the old fable.

This coercive policy, as some have been pleased to term it, this policy of force, has not been adopted from choice, nor is it the result of calm deliberation and counsel. It is the inexorable necessity of the hour ; it is the terrible logic of events, that have brought about this bloody sequence. Think of it a moment. What has been done? Mints have been plundered, arsenals have been seized, forts have been attacked, the flag had been dishonored, and armed bands had threatened the Capital itself. Treason had clutched the Republic by the throat. There was no time for deliberation. The treason must be struck

down and crushed out, though it should roll back the tide of our material prosperity for a hundred years. Better, infinitely better, that the national existence should cease—cease as it came, amid the thunders of an honorable warfare—than that we should live to become a byword and a reproach, a hissing and a scorn. Why, we have been told by one of the most distinguished citizens of Sacramento, a man whose genius and accomplished intellect it is my pride to admire, that if Union is war, and disunion is peace, he is for disunion, and, I apprehend, the argument for disunion was never before so plainly and sententiously stated. But whoever expects disunion to be followed by a permanent and enduring peace, takes counsel of his hopes, and whoever believes the Union is continual war, takes counsel of his fears.

Disunion! What is it? Separation to-day, but to-morrow disintegration into petty States—miserable jarring States, each compelled to keep up its army and navy, thousands of irritating questions between them, leading to continual warfare. The difference between Union and Disunion, as a question of peace and war, is this: With Union, we may have a sharp, severe struggle—while with Disunion, there would never be peace. Union with war is like one of those sharp fevers that the system can throw off and rebuild itself in manly vigor, but Disunion is like one of those maladies that fasten themselves upon the very bones and joints, and leave no moment of ease, but every day a living death. What is it they ask when they talk of disunion? This is no common treason, no petty conspiracy which, like that of Catiline, can be told in a few pages of history. This is a giant rebellion, the most august treason of all time. What hopes do they ask us to blast?

Only last year what a career opened before the Republic. It was the dream of the first Napoleon to consolidate all Europe into one Empire. What a magnificent concep-

tion was that! But daring and grand as it was, it will be eclipsed and darkened by the glorious destiny of this American Union if only we are true to it and keep it true to the stars. It has a climate more varied, resources more inexhaustible, and a great and intelligent people speaking one language and learned in the lessons of freedom from their infancy.

Would to God that this Union could have been held together by the moral ties of mutual love, and of common hopes, by the material ties of common interest and commercial intercourse. But rather than that this Union should be broken in a moment of passion, let it be girdled with steel welded in the furnace of battle. For I tell you that in time the real union of love and of the ties of interest will grow up again as it was. The war of the rebellion will be long and bloody, for the resources of the South have been wonderfully underrated; but about the ultimate result there can be no doubt.

What is it this rebellion is fighting? It is in arms against the moral sentiments of the civilized world, and against the sound conservative loyal sentiment in their own midst. It wars against the memories of the past and the hopes of the future. It wars against the sturdy patience of the East, the indomitable courage of the North, and the fiery and impetuous valor of the West, and I tell you the result is already written in the books of fate, and Jeff. Davis can no more change it than he can tear out the iron leaves of the book of destiny.

But there arises a practical question. This war, for war there must be, is fought for us. It is fought for you and for me, and shall we not bear our proportion of the burthens? We are the only State really benefited by the war, and may look forward with hope to the increased impetus it is to give to the interests of California. Is it right that we should enjoy these benefits and not share the burthens? What can we do? If we cannot contribute

men, and we are so far away that there will be no call on us for men, we can at least give the sinews of war; we can furnish money. What is it they are giving at the East, and how small a sacrifice comparatively is asked from our hands?

Have you not read, and did not your blood kindle while you read, of that young lad who came to the recruiting office, and when he said he was not of age, was told that he could not enlist without his father's consent. "But," said the lad, "I have no father." "Well, then," said the officer, "you must have your mother's consent." And the old mother came with him to the office and said, "He is my last, my all, but I give him to my country!" Have not you read, and was not your heart in your throat while you read, of that young Massachusetts boy who fell in the streets of Baltimore, and while his life was ebbing away, he was asked why one so young should leave his home, and could only whisper with dying lips: "The Flag!" Have you not read, and did not your cheeks crimson while you read, of that other son of Massachusetts, who, while his life blood was ebbing, sprang up and, gazing around, exclaimed, "God bless the stars and stripes!" Yes, God bless the stars and stripes! May they wave in triumph above the smoke of battle and the clash of arms, till they shall again float in peace from the Lakes to the Gulf, and from sea to sea!

ORATION

DELIVERED IN MICHIGAN BLUFF, CAL., JULY 4, 1861.

The place where we have assembled is eloquent with the voice of Freedom. Liberty is Nature's gospel, and mountains are among the grandest of its teachers.[1] Mountains were consecrated by the presence of God, when He

[1] The celebration was on the top of "Sugar Loaf," an eminence that commands a magnificent view of mountain scenery.

revealed himself to Moses upon Sinai; they were baptized with the blood of our Saviour when he died upon Calvary. They are associated with the grandest passages of history. In their rocky fastnesses, freedom has ever taken refuge in her weakness, until she could grow strong enough to battle for her rights upon the plains. To-day, before these great altars Nature has built to Liberty, in this favored region that has never known the presence of a King, or footprint of a Slave, we have gathered together, without one pulse of trembling for our country's fate, without one thrill of fear for its destiny, with no foreboding of eventual danger from lurking lightnings in gathering clouds; we are not here to celebrate a Nation's Birthday, not to contemplate its grave!

But to-day, this Anniversary so dear to our personal recollections, so sacred by national associations, so hallowed in all history, comes to us under circumstances of more deep and portentous interest than ever before.

We have met together in peace. Nature smiles upon us. We are in the midst of our summer harvest. The year is plentiful. Our gardens are blooming, our orchards and vineyards bending with ripening fruit. Our State is growing in population and wealth. We are still laying bare the golden treasures of the mountains, and developing the agricultural riches of the plains—but our hearts are ill at ease. Again "our brethren are in the field. Every breeze that sweeps from the East brings to our ears clash of resounding arms." Armies are mustering, such as the Continent has never known before,—not now to repel foreign invasion, or carry the terrors of the Republic into unfriendly lands, but sons of the sires who fought at Bunker Hill and Yorktown, at Moultrie and Saratoga, have met in deadly conflict over the torn and bloody garments of the Nation's glory, around the tomb of Washington.

To-day, while our Capital is an armed camp, the Na-

tional Congress in convened. Not now to discuss measures of fiscal policy, or foreign relations, or the organization of Territories, but while their halls are draped in mourning for the loss of that popular chieftain, statesman, and patriot, who was called from us in the hour of peril, they are to deliberate upon the awfully solemn question—what shall we do that the Nation may be saved?

In the presence of this, all the questions that have arisen in our history since the organization of the Government sink into comparative insignificance; even that of our independence, decided eighty-five years ago, was scarcely so important. For the separation of the American Colonies from the British Crown, was simply a question of time. By their growth, the Colonies must one day have fallen from the parent stem. The bigotry of an ignorant King, and the want of practical statesmanship in his ministers, precipitated an event which no wisdom and no statesmanship could have postponed more than one generation. The Colonies were driven to achieve their independence by war, when it might eventually have been attained in peace, but Heaven be praised for that war. It vitalized and intensified the principles upon which it was fraught until they became a part of the blood and brain and living tissue of the Republic. It gave unity to the National life—solidity to the National character; it gave us the great names and sacred memories of the Revolution, and it gave to all time the name that illumines all the ages with its sun-like purity—the peerless Washington.

But the question to be decided now, is one neither of time nor manner. It is far above all considerations of peace or war. It is, shall this people have a Constitutional Republican Government? Shall we have an American Continental policy? Shall we go forward in the enjoyment of freedom, or backward toward feudal despotism? For if the Government established by our fathers

is to dissolve "like the baseless fabric of a vision" at the first touch of organized resistance—if it can be overthrown at the will and pleasure of a factious minority, then was the Declaration of Independence a mistake—then was the blood of the Revolution shed in vain—then is the Constitution a mere utopian scheme, a piece of rhetorical fine writing, for the business and purposes of Government not worth the parchment on which it is written.

Let us for a few moments go back to the days when the Constitution was framed—let us see how it brought order out of chaos—strength out of weakness, and we may learn to estimate the wisdom of its provisions, and its priceless value to this people.

It is a mistake to suppose that when the war of the Revolution was over, our fathers had overcome the difficulties in their path, and entered at once upon a career of prosperity.

In the first years of peace, the trying nature of their position more clearly revealed itself than ever before. A war develops within a people a feverish and impulsive strength; it kindles the fires of martial spirit until the patriotism of the whole country is ablaze with military enthusiasm. While it continues, no individual sacrifice seems too great for the general good. In the presence of an armed foe life and property are held as nothing, and love of country rises to the most sublime and disinterested efforts. Active resistance is easier than passive endurance. And this is as true of individual men as of nations. In the first presence of calamity the soul puts on all its strength; but after the struggle is over the hour of weakness and despondency comes. In cases of loss of fortune or means, when fire has consumed house and goods, when the landslide has filled up the mine, the man arises to acts of heroic energy. His spirit grapples with misfortune, with the determination to conquer it. But, afterwards, when the excitement is over, when the old routine is re-

sumed, when his loss presses home upon him, when debts harass and duns annoy, when he finds his business crippled and his family stripped of the comforts of life, then, unless he is made of steel, his heartstrings begin to break and his spirits to sink. And it was in a condition like this our country was left when the war of the Revolution closed. Poor at the commencement of the struggle, at its close it was bankrupt. The public expenses of the war were about one hundred and seventy millions of dollars—a sum whose value then, compared with the value of money to-day, would be equal to five hundred million dollars. The population of the States was about equal to the present population of the State of New York, and the entire wealth of the country not so great as that of the Empire State now. But the actual public outlay was only a small proportion of the pecuniary losses of the war. Property has been destroyed, business broken up, industry paralyzed, the currency so deranged that forty dollars of Continental paper were only worth one dollar in silver—and this in the face of law, making it a legal tender—while paper issued by the State of Virginia was afterwards redeemed by the payment of one dollar for a thousand. The number of soldiers in the Federal forces in the Revolution averaged about fifty thousand men (the same ratio to population to-day would give us an army of five hundred thousand), and this was a great drain upon the productive capacity of the country. The public debts of the General and State Governments when peace was concluded amounted to seventy millions of dollars—a crushing sum to the people upon whom it rested in the hour of their weakness and poverty. The friendly alliance of France, which had been a resource for money as a last resort, was withdrawn. How poor was the Confederacy, then! Congress established a Mint, "but its operations were confined to the coinage of a few tons of copper cents! Oh! that the gold fields of California could have been anticipated

then! The whole army was discharged except eighty men in garrison at Pittsburgh and West Point. The expenses of the General Government for the year 1783 were estimated at four hundred and fifty-five thousand dollars. In addition to this, for the payment of interest and instalment on public debt, about three millions of dollars were asked from the States—in all, about the sum the Government now expends every month in time of peace. Yet, so weak was the Government and so poor the people, that this demand was not complied with or enforced.

Great Britain, who had felt our strength in war, saw our weakness in peace, and refused to comply with her treaty and withdraw her garrisons from our frontiers. We had political independence, it is true, but we had scarcely anything else. Is it strange that there were repinings and discontents? Is it wonderful that there were many who looked back to the comparatively affluent days of the Colonies with regret? The country was in debt to the officers of the army and could not pay. Soldiers who had shed their blood upon her battle-fields found that they must spend the balance of their days amid the hardships of poverty, while private fortunes for the most part were in the hands of those who least deserved them—the harpies who had grown rich by army contracts and speculations upon their country's distress. But greater perhaps than all these calamities was the disheartening conviction that the Government, as then organized, was a failure. Acts of Congress were mere recommendations to the States, which they could assent to or annul; there was no binding sanction to laws; nullification was practical; secession was threatened; the public mind seemed to be demoralized. There were schemes about dividing the country into two or three confederacies; there were speculations about the absolute sovereignty of States; there were propositions to place the country under the protection of a European power; there were advocates of

monarchy, and a strong tendency towards total anarchy. The northern counties of North Carolina, in defiance of authority, organized themselves into an insurgent State under the name of Frankland, and an armed rebellion gathered headway in Massachusetts under the leadership of Daniel Shay, a former officer of the Revolution, until it was sympathized with by one third of the population of that State. Its forces intimidated loyal citizens, broke up State courts, and threatened the State capitol.

The country was aroused to a sense of danger and impending dissolution, and it resolved to do then what is the first duty of the Government now—*put down armed rebellion by force of arms;* resolved to do then that which we must maintain to-day—establish a National Government—one whose theory would forbid secession or nullification, whose authority should flow directly from the whole people, and whose laws should operate directly upon all the people; a Government clothed with the attributes of justice and armed with the prerogatives of sovereignty. A Convention met to frame a Constitution —Washington presided over it, Franklin, Madison, Hamilton, Pinckney, Sherman, and the leading men of the States were members of it. No parliamentary body ever met that embodied more political wisdom and practical sagacity. Their deliberations were long and difficult. There were jealousies between the large and small States, between the free and slave States, to be reconciled. States claiming indefinite property in unsettled territories were to be propitiated. National order was to be secured and popular rights protected. The first resolution passed was that we must have a *National Government.* The first words agreed upon are:

"*We, the People of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure Domestic Tranquillity, provide for the Common Defence, promote the General Welfare, and secure the blessings of Liberty to our-*

selves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

What a grand ring do the old words have! There is not a flaw of secession in them!

And among the last clauses adopted was this: "This Constitution, and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof, and all treaties made or which shall be made under authority of the United States, shall be the *supreme law of the land*, and the Judges of every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding." The Constitution, as agreed upon, was submitted to the ordeal of public discussion. Every clause was canvassed, every word weighed. It was ratified by the vote of the people. It was accepted by every State as the supreme law. Every day since has demonstrated its wisdom. Its history is its eulogy. Under its beneficent operation, a nation distracted at home, scoffed at abroad, in seventy years has overleaped ten centuries of history, and grown to be one of the great powers of the earth, and seems destined to become, in the lifetime of a child now born, in the life of some one who is present here to-day, first among the great—the imperial nation of the world! And there are men living who can remember when this Government was organized. Why, think of it! It was one hundred and seventy years from the landing of the Pilgrims until the adoption of the Constitution. In that one hundred and seventy years the country had attained a population of three millions; its settlements, with difficult communications and restricted intercourse, reaching along the Atlantic seaboard and back to the Alleghanies. It had no foreign commerce worthy the name. In seventy years its population had increased to thirty millions—its settlements span the continent—its commerce searches the world—for internal trade it numbers more miles of railroad than all the world beside; and

soon the lightning will flash intelligence from sea to sea in the twinkling of an eye, and this was to be the forerunner of one to come after it mightier than it—of those bands of iron that were to girdle the nation with a zone of love, and wed the Atlantic to the Pacific with an indissoluble marriage-tie!

Do you expect to theorize a Government into existence now that shall improve upon these magnificent results? Has the Union proved a failure, that secession must be tried? It is a part of the blessed history of the Constitution under which we have so prospered, that it has struck down no man's rights, it has infringed upon no man's liberty; it has impressed no man into its service by land or upon sea; it has never laid a finger's weight upon any citizen; it has had no tax-gatherers in our midst to devour our substance; it has sent out no dreaded conscriptions to carry terror to our homes. We have grown so accustomed to its beneficence that we are as forgetful of its blessings as we are of God's great gifts, the sunshine and the air. We enjoy them without a thought of whence they came, or where our thanks are due. Against a Government so benignant, a sway so mild, when was the hand of rebellion ever uplifted before? History is full of the records of revolutions; men have been driven to desperation by famine, they have been goaded to resistance by tyranny, they have taken up arms to redress violated rights; but when before, since the world began, in time of peace and unexampled prosperity, did men undertake to overthrow a government whose burdens were so light that its restrictions were never felt or thought of—as the perfectly sound man never thinks of the beating of his heart or play of his lungs? Yet this is the madness and wickedness of the rebellion whose bloody footprints we are called upon to trace to-day—a rebellion whose wickedness and madness are only excelled by its folly. Why, think of it—an Administration is inaugurated whose term of office is for

bare four years; it can command a majority in neither house of Congress; it can pass no law, make no important appointment; yet, to unseat that Administration, the pillars of the Republic are to be grasped and the temple shaken to its foundation—party friends and party foes to be involved alike in common and irretrievable ruin.

See for one moment how the very suspicion that the Government would not be strong enough to withstand the attack demoralized the public mind, and how close a parallel do the events of '61 draw to those of '76. Again the propriety of a monarchy and protectorate was discussed; again States were to be broken in twain; Southern Indiana and Illinois were to be detached; Western Virginia and Eastern Tennessee were to go off; again there were to be two or three or half a dozen confederacies; New England was to be "left out"; New York was to become a free and independent city; there was to be a confederacy of the Mississippi Valley; there was to be a Pacific Republic;—it was as if the sun should hesitate and waver in his attraction and the bewildered planets should lose their orbits.

How did the first guns that were fired from Fort Sumter awake the nation to a sense of the destiny that was slipping from its hands, and scatter into thin air all these chimeras and speculations? That was an awful moment when those guns were fired—when no man knew whether their reverberations were to roll over the nation's grave or arouse its spirit to a deathless life. That was the crisis in our history. The world stood mute with expectation. The popular pulse ceased to beat—the public heart stood still. Humanity and all generations to come awaited the result—then it was to be known whether we had a Government or not. The President's proclamation came. It was greeted with shouts of derisive laughter by Jeff. Davis and his counsellors; but its words fell like sheets of flame upon loyal spirits. Hundreds of thou-

sands of men rushed to arms, ready to die in defence of the country and its flag! They

> "Came as the winds come when forests are rended;
> Came as the waves come when navies are stranded!"

From that hour the fate of the Republic was safe. The nation that numbers so many devoted sons is not doomed. Whatever are to be the events of the war, the country in its integrity is to be preserved. The meteor flag is not to disappear; its starry folds are to gleam bright through the conflict! There is to be an arm still strong enough to carry it first among the great—highest among the proud!

I am not insensible to the disasters of war—to the aggravated horrors of civil war. Already has the nation experienced a foretaste of its bitterness. Homes are divided, families arrayed against each other; the curling locks of youth and gray hairs of age have been dabbled in blood! To-day thousands of anxious hearts are in bleeding suspense for the loved ones who have gone to the war. At this very moment the battle may be raging. We can see in the future burning villages, devastated fields, cities destroyed, commerce broken up; we can hear the mad imprecation, the shriek of the wounded, the dying groan! The heart-broken sobs of the mothers will be heard in all the land; widows will go in mourning through every street; fathers will be brought down in sorrow to the grave, and sisters and loved ones will watch and wait and wait and watch for the manly forms that will come no more. God, in His infinite mercy, spare us the agonies of a prolonged strife!

But, sad and terrible as the picture is, it would be a sight more terrible and awful to humanity to see a nation, freighted with the world's best hopes, silently go to pieces upon the dark sea of time when there was no storm, its timbers falling apart from very rottenness. It would be a spectacle angels might weep to see—the best government ever devised overthrown and no arm raised in its defence

—the black flag of treason raised and the star-spangled banner lowered in its presence to trail in the dust before it! That would indicate that patriotism was dead, that heroic virtue was extinct, that manly courage had deserted the race. Better the land should become a howling wilderness, an arid desert—better anything than this moral death which would write our country another Sodom in history —a great Gomorrah in infamy. But the grand uprising we have witnessed, this overflow of patriotism and sublime forgetfulness of self, makes our age a great epoch in all history—links it with '76. It proves that the old stock has not deteriorated. There is enough of noble blood in this people to feed the life of a dozen empires for a thousand years. There are those who say that a war cannot prevent a separation, that, therefore, it is wicked and cruel on the part of the Government, tending only to inflame and confirm a spirit of hostility and mutual hate. But in this matter the Government has had no choice—it has been compelled to fight, fight for its very existence, or basely abandon every object for which it was established. Besides, the authors of this objection assume the very question in issue. We know the Union cannot now be preserved without force; we are going to try the experiment whether it can be preserved with force or not. We believe the experiment is worth the trial. We are not without some evidences of the efficacy of the remedy to be employed. Where would Maryland have been to-day but for the display of armed force? Where would Missouri have been, loyal though the mass of her people are? Kentucky, God bless her gallant heart, seems loyal to the core, but, with her faithless, covenant-breaking Governor, she is none the worse for being grappled with hooks of steel to Indiana and Ohio. Do you not believe that Virginia might have been preserved if the Government had not trusted her professions of neutrality too long? The appeal to arms was not made by the Government; but it has been made. The question must be fought out—and God forefend the

right! But they tell us—You can never *subjugate* six millions of people. Who talks of subjugation? No sane man and loyal citizen. Every part of the confederacy is to be protected in its constitutional enjoyments—absolute equality is everywhere to prevail. No State is to be deprived of any prerogative, and no citizen of his rights, but all these are to be guaranteed and defended. Subjugation is the variest nightmare dream—preservation is the object of the gathering hosts of freemen!

How base would it be to desert Andy Johnson and Parson Brownlow, and hundreds of thousands of loyal men and women, whose voices are drowned by the clamors of madness, to the tender mercies of a secession mob. Whoever expects a peaceful separation of this country forgets that "Union is as much the body of the nation as Liberty is its soul." He might as well expect to tear asunder the living body of a man without one shriek of agony, one convulsion of nature. No! if the limbs part now, they part in blood! Why, if it were possible to accomplish peaceable separation, the next day would find the sections at war over the settlement. Is it not better to fight in the Union and for it than out of it and over its dismembered fragments? The Union may cost a sharp and severe struggle, but disunion would be followed by continual wars. Why, look at the policy of Europe, whose states are compelled to maintain great standing armies on account of their mutual hatreds and distrusts. Do you wish to see that policy inaugurated upon the American continent—rival States separated by imaginary lines, ever ready to refer their difficulties to the bloody arbitrament of the sword, instead of the peaceful solution of the ballot? The question of peace or war is, whether this generation shall fight a good fight in defence of noble institutions or bequeath a hundred fruitless wars to generations to come. Think of Italy!—with what tears and anguish would she regain her lost union; what sufferings has she endured; through what a night of sorrow has she travelled since that

union was lost; how freely would she pour out her best blood to cement it again. History still weeps over the dismemberment of living Poland. It is pointed at as the crime of nations. The stain of murder is upon the garments of the powers that shared in it. But that was a dismemberment accomplished by invading armies, by an overpowering force, by strangers and foes; but what name shall history invent for the crime when she tells the story of a nation whose living body was broken and torn in pieces by her own children? Nations have died from decrepitude of age, by the violence of foreign wars, by the diseases of all-pervading vice; but, that a country in the bloom of youth, in whom was centred the best hopes of humanity, should be done to death by the swords of her own sons, would be a tragedy more awful than the world has ever witnessed, save when darkness came at noonday, when the stones were rent, and nature was convulsed over the agony of a dying Saviour!

It must not be. This cup must pass from us. Cost what it may, the Union must be preserved. All nations have their trials, let us be thankful that ours has come while the traditions of the Revolution are fresh. The ordeal must be passed. We must come out of this furnace without the smell of fire upon our garments. Again we must enter upon a career of prosperity and peace, and may each circling sun shine here upon a people more happy, more powerful, more blessed—the leader of the nations, the hope of the world.

SPEECH,

DEBIT AND CREDIT OF THE WAR.

DELIVERED AT SACRAMENTO, CAL., AUGUST 14, 1862.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: When De Tocqueville was in the United States—it was about the year 1835—the political parties of this country were divided

over the questions of a National Bank and a Protective Tariff. These subjects, which were measures of fiscal policy and did not involve any of the distinctive principles upon which our Government was founded and on which it stood in bold opposition to the traditions of Europe and the world, were yet discussed with a bitterness and rancor that often destroyed personal friendship and despoiled the amenities of social life. Indeed it was only a few years before this that Calhoun had threatened to break up the Union and destroy the Government on a mere question of the rate of duties upon imports. It is true that in the discussion he evoked the dogma of State rights, but this was rather a weapon with which he fought, than the principle for which he contended; for when the compromise was agreed upon by which the tariff was to be reduced gradually to a strictly revenue standard, Calhoun expressed himself satisfied, and always claimed that he had gained a moral and substantial triumph over the Administration of General Jackson, though certainly the doctrine that the States individually have rights superior to the nation at large was never conceded.

In view of the vehemence of discussion and intensity of feeling about matters that seemed to him so ephemeral and comparatively trivial, De Tocqueville said that he knew not whether he should most pity the violence of party spirit over questions of so little importance, or admire the greatness of a country whose general prosperity afforded questions of no greater importance for parties to quarrel about.

But even then, in that day of unexampled peace, prosperity, and growing power, De Tocqueville dreaded the future. The mountain was quiet; its sides, green, blooming, and beautiful; its summit white with unsullied snow, but within slumbered volcanic fires—fires that have burst forth in our day in lurid, awful flames. We are far from the immediate eruption, though its thunders shake

our shores. We do not see with our eyes the fierce lava tide that sweeps burning and desolating over the land, but even here, when we read the names of our friends fallen in battle, the fiery cinders fall upon living hearts—alas! how many hearts do they consume to ashes—while the smoke that goes up from its crater night and day fills all the sky with blackness and shrouds the continent with funereal gloom. On that black war-cloud the world to-day is gazing with trembling and with awe.

It seems strange that in the economy of Providence wars should have been permitted—stranger yet that they should have been made means of human progress. But He who ordained that physical manhood should be attained by hard contact with external things—that strength of character must come by struggling with difficulties, and that moral excellence must be the result of a triumph over vice, also ordained that nations must be baptized in the fires of war before they can wear the crown of natural glory.

Wars, then, have their hopes and their gains, their debits and their credits. The losses fall heaviest upon the immediate generations—the greatest gains belong to generations to come—often their ever-increasing heritage. Instance the American Revolution. Who would desire to strike those bloody, glorious chapters from history now? How infinitely do the gains preponderate over the losses. See the balance-sheet. Debit eight years of war, cruel, merciless, with suffering and hardships unparalleled; debit thousands of lives, millions of property; debit homes destroyed, families severed; debit the cruelties of the cowboys, the murder of innocents, the massacre of Wyoming, the treachery of Arnold, the baseness of Lee; debit a land steeped to the lips in poverty. Credit American Independence; credit the Federal Union; credit the Constitution; credit a material advancement undreamed of before; credit the inventions in mechanics,

the discoveries in science, great names in literature; credit an impulse to civil liberty throughout the world; credit the idea that while kings and emperors are dividing and partitioning Europe, this continent shall belong to the people and they shall possess it forever; credit *Washington*, and if the brow of the Revolution had only served to reveal that name in the brightness of its glory —name among all men, and races, and ages, most loved, most honored, most revered,—its blood would not have been shed in vain.

It is not my purpose to attempt to make a balance-sheet of the losses and gains to humanity of the war of the Rebellion. Neither side of the account is closed. It may be that the historian will not be born for five hundred years who will be able to approximate the result. But bearing in mind the fact that the greatest evils of war are immediate, and its best results distant, I desire to call your attention briefly to a part of the losses, and a part of the gains that are already apparent. Among the debits look for one moment at the loss of property. The Secretary of the Treasury estimated the national debt on the first of July at six hundred million dollars—a sum of startling magnitude at first glance. Let us look at it more closely, and compare it with our resources. The national debt of Great Britain is four thousand million dollars, the greater part of it created during her wars with Napoleon. But notwithstanding this immense debt, England has steadily and rapidly increased in wealth and commercial greatness, and that constant growth was not retarded by the fact that for twenty years the Bank of England did not pay specie, and during part of that time gold was at a greater premium in London than it has been in New York since this war began. We have no reason to anticipate that our national debt will much exceed one quarter of Great Britain's, and though our present actual capital accumulations are less, looking to the future our resources

are incomparably more. By the estimates of the last census the population of this country was thirty million; the value of its property sixteen thousand million dollars. But the child is now living who will see this country a nation of a hundred million people, with a corresponding increase in the value of property; and the national debt, that is now made a monster to fright us from the line of duty, will be absorbed and paid off with far greater ease than was that part of the debt of the Revolution which was acknowledged and paid. Besides, if the Union should be dissolved, the permanent depreciation in property and business would be greater than any national debt we can incur, and the increased expenses of carrying on two, three, or half a dozen governments, with the standing armies that policy would require, would be far more than all the interest we will ever be called upon to pay. So that looking at the matter purely as a financial question, and solely in the light of dollars and cents, it is and always has been a wise and prudent economy to fight this war to a successful and triumphant issue. The national debt simply represents the amount which the present borrows of the future.

There is a loss, however, that falls upon this generation —the loss which is created by diverting the energies and labors of a million of men creating value, producing wealth, into consuming and destroying. The armies of the Government and the Rebellion, with their camp followers and transport agents, have for the past year averaged a million of men. In the State of California, by the regulations of armies there are about a hundred thousand men capable of bearing arms. It would thus require every able-bodied man in ten States like this to furnish soldiers for the armies of this war. Imagine, then, that all the men in our State should stop all labor or business for a year, and devote the energies before used in creating value, into destroying it; add together the amount which

they should have created and the amount they have destroyed; multiply that sum by ten, and you have the actual loss in property to the nation by the war. And you will have some idea of the inexhaustible resources of this country when you reflect that the loyal States bear their portion of this burden every day, without shrinking or staggering for a moment.

There is nothing that consumes, wastes, and destroys like an army. Look at the desolate fields of Virginia since that has become the battle-ground. If we could take a telescopic bird's-eye view of the whole country to-day, we would see all the channels of industry and business changed by the presence of the great armies in Virginia. Everything in some degree made tributary to them—the products of labor from all over the country sweeping down in great currents to their support. But the property losses of the war are not felt alone in our country. Millions of operatives in England and Europe feel them. There is no spot of inhabitable land where commerce can penetrate that does not feel this war in the increased prices of fabrics. War is a great maelstrom that draws into its vortex that which is near, and whose eddies and currents disturb the waters of the farthest sea.

But there is a deeper, tenderer, sadder loss—a loss that figures cannot represent, or the imagination conceive; the heart can only bleed over it—the loss of precious, noble lives. Perhaps not less than a hundred and fifty thousand lives have been lost in the war since the first gun was fired upon Sumter—more than the entire male adult population of this State. And such lives! The brave, the daring, the manly, the self-sacrificing! One there was whose noble form was in our midst, it seems, but yesterday,—gifted with power to touch the chords of every heart, endowed with magic to open the fountains of laughter or of tears; whose words could sooth the malignity of foes, and lift the minds of friends to regions of

serenest thought; to whom eloquence was but the outbreathing of his soul,—gone now, swept down in the fierce tide of battle! That wondrous brain, at one moment the home of strange fancies, the next insensate clay! No more shall his glorious words kindle the enthusiasm of our hearts—no more his eagle eye flash with the hidden fires of the soul—"He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle; no sound can wake him to glory again." Nations mourn the fall of the gifted, and history enshrines their names in her annals; but the humble, the lowly, though brave and good, have fallen by tens of thousands, not alone on the field of battle and of glory, where there are shoutings of the captains, the thunder of artillery, and all the pomp and pride of war, but in the sickly camp, in the crowded hospital, in the noisome prison, they have died—and they sleep in indiscriminate trenches and in nameless graves, where not even the tears of love can mark their resting-place. Oh, there is mourning in all the land! There are fathers and mothers the staff of whose declining years is broken —widows who sit with broken hearts beside desolate firesides—and loved ones who will watch and wait and wait and watch for the echoes of footsteps that will come no more. Is there, oh, is there, in all the armory of Infinite wrath, a bolt red enough with Divine vengeance to blast and punish the crime that has inaugurated scenes like these in a land so peaceful and so fair? Is there—can there be anything that will compensate for this sacrifice of the best and bravest in the land? Not now—but future generations will rise up and call this one blessed, because it gave its most precious blood to preserve a Union that shall lead the vanguard of the nations, and whose hands will scatter blessings in the pathway of humanity for ever and for evermore. The war of the Revolution was fought for Independence—Union was its incident. This is fought for Union, and

must cement it forever. It is a war for the Union, and shall baptize it with a like eternity. It is one of the immediate advantages of the war that it has demonstrated the fact of our financial independence. We were told at the commencement of the struggle that foreign purses would be closed—that we had nothing to expect from the Rothschilds, the Barings, the Hopes, the princely bankers of Europe, and it was thought that would compel us to make terms. But the war has been carried on with home means, home credit—the national debt will be paid at home; and notwithstanding three hundred million dollars of exports in cotton and tobacco have been cut off, we have all the time been transferring American stocks and securities from London to New York, and to-day we owe less of a foreign debt than we did when the rebellion commenced. The world soon will realize that America is far more necessary to the world's commerce than that commerce is to her. Another immediate credit to the account of the war, is the certainty of the construction of the Pacific Railroad. Congress had for years been endeavoring to settle upon some plan that would appease unreasonable prejudices and harmonize conflicting opinions, and the end seemed each year more and more remote. Suddenly the war demonstrated that the construction of the road was an absolute military necessity—that it was a measure of great national policy—and the work is begun. The Republic reaches out its great arm that it may clasp the Pacific shores close to its heart. There may they grow forever! It is strange that this work of peace, of beneficence, of industry and commerce should be inaugurated amid the havoc and desolations of war. Such are the paradoxes of human affairs.

The next national benefit to be placed to the credit of the war, is the destruction of the naval superiority of France and the maritime supremacy of Great Britain. England commenced to build her navy when William the

Conqueror established the Cinque Ports more than eight hundred years ago; and ever since she has devoted to her navy her wealth, her labor, and her skill. It has been her glory and her pride. It was the right arm of her power. It made her name the terror of the nations, and enthroned her as an arbiter of international law. Five years ago she had nine hundred vessels in commission and building. This was the stupendous monument of her energy. With the first gun of the *Monitor*, the fabric fell. That was a memorable engagement at Hampton Roads—to be memorable in all history—when the iron-clad *Merrimac* came down to attack our fleet—when the *Minnesota* grounded—when the *Congress* struck—for "Joe was dead"—when the *Cumberland* sank—sank firing broadsides as the waves broke over her deck—sank with her flag at the masthead and the wounded tars cheering it as they went down in the dark waters forever. It was a fit ending to the history of Paul Jones, of Bainbridge and Hull, Decatur, Lawrence, and Perry, of Stewart and Porter, and the thousand gallant tars that have made the exploits of our navy a part of the glory of the Republic. She did not sink alone. The Imperial Navy of France, the Royal Navy of Great Britain, sank with her. When that strange-looking craft, that insignificant object, came up, seeming to show nothing above the water but a half-finished smoke-stack, looking "like a cheese box on a plank,"—when this diminutive thing that the *Merrimac* might have swallowed, dared to attack the iron monster, then a new era of naval warfare commenced. No longer wooden walls, but iron sides—no longer hearts of oak, but hearts of steel. Britannia rules the waves no more. Columbia is the Gem of the Ocean.

It is to be placed to the credit of the war that it has rebuked and humiliated a spirit of aristocracy that has grown up in our country, that arrogated to itself superior rights, privileges, and powers, and whose boldly avowed policy it

was to rule or ruin the Government. How often, in the last twenty-five years, has this power said to the statesmen of the land, "Fall down and worship me or I 'll grind you to powder," and it ground them to powder when they did! How continually has it stood up in the councils of the nation and said, "Give me this, give me that, give all that I ask, or I 'll scatter your Government to the winds." Why, even when California applied for admission as a State, its Representatives said: "If California comes in, it will subvert the institutions of the country; they are ours, and we will destroy them, and drive a burning plowshare over the Union." When that statesman and sainted patriot, Douglas, said that the people's doctrine of popular sovereignty should not bow to their behests or pander to their wishes, they resolved to stone him to political death. The spirit that brooked no rivals, acknowledged no equals, will lord it no longer. Let me be clearly understood. I believe that the protection of slavery was as much a false pretext for this rebellion as the doctrine of State rights was a mere pretence for the attempt at nullification in 1832. The real object was to retain political power. They said in their hearts they would not have a man of the people to rule over them. This war was inaugurated for the protection of slavery! Why, in one year it has impaired and weakened that institution more, infinitely more, than all the agitators who have lived since the foundation of the Government. What will be the status of slavery after the war, depends entirely upon the rebellion itself. If it shall ground its arms when its main army is defeated in a pitched battle, every State may preserve her domestic institutions precisely as she pleases. But if the war is to be protracted into an indefinite struggle, until the heart of the Southern States shall become the battle-ground—if guerrilla raids, partisan depredations, and reprisals are to be features of the conflict—if, instead of being concentrated into one burning focus, where the result will be quick and decisive,

it is to be scattered and disseminated through the South, these things will unquestionably so demoralize the slaves themselves, render their position so insecure and the products of their labor so uncertain, that this species of property will become valueless and not worth preserving. A long war of that character, the complexion to which the rebel leaders say it will come at last, would ultimately destroy the institution by the force of circumstances, by the inexorable "logic of events," and Presidents and Cabinets, Congress and commanders, would be powerless to control or prevent it. If the rebellion should succeed in its darling dream of foreign intervention, the first blow struck would be the doom of slavery. Whether, then, that institution is to be retained in the States that desire it, to be destroyed by a slow, consuming war, or to be annihilated by the concussion of this Government with a foreign foe—by standing between giant gladiators as they cross swords upon the arena of the world,—are events entirely in the hands of the rebellion itself, and upon its head be the responsibility of the issue.

But whatever that issue may be, whatever is to become of the institution itself, the decree has gone forth that destroys, and forever, that claim to be a "master-race"—that assumption of superior blood, of aristocratic privilege and lordly power which was its spurious outgrowth, and which is utterly inconsistent with Democratic institutions and an insult to the dignity of human nature. Not alone, not chiefly was that spirit manifested in the halls of national legislation. If there it attempted to play the political tyrant, at home it was a social despot, trampling the laboring white man into the mire and the clay beneath its feet. Whoever has been in the land of cotton lords has stood in the presence of an aristocracy as proud, imperious, and exclusive as was ever that of Patrician Rome or the Grandees of Old Spain. There to be a "poor white" is to be of pariah caste, with scarcely a hope ever to rise

above it. Poor whites will learn now, learn in the terrible lessons of battle-fields, that if they are the bones and muscles, the thews and sinews of society, they are also a part of its life-blood, it head, and its heart. How long has it been since a Senator of South Carolina, bold, eloquent, and outspoken, true to the instinct of his nature and the feelings of his class, in the United States Senate denounced Northern society as a delusion and a sham, because it assumed to give social position and political influence to laboring men—"to close-fisted farmers and greasy mechanics,"—whereas, in the true theory of society by that oracle, the laboring class constituted mere mudsills upon which to build.

I thank Heaven there was in the Senate, and that California sent him there, one man who did not forget that he was a man before he was a Senator—who could, in indignant and scathing terms, expose and rebuke the falsehood of that doctrine—who could vindicate the dignity of labor, the manliness of simple manhood, and who had the spirit to say that his own father, in the sweat of his brow, was one of the laborers who cut the columns that supported the marble roof of the Senate chamber, and that he, standing there the peer of the highest, was proud to be the son of a poor stone-cutter. He, too, has left us—peace to his memory—lightly lie the earth upon his breast. Child of the people, he was "a born leader," and every inch a king! And lastly, I place to the credit of this war an awakening of patriotism—the arousing of this people to a great idea of the claims of the country. We had come to be considered a nation of Mammon worshippers, of traffickers and hucksters, physically degenerate, and morally measured by the Almighty dollar. Perhaps there was something of truth in the estimate. Our material prosperity had been so great that we became absorbed in its pursuit, forgetful of great ideas and noblest impulses. We too "were a nation of shopkeepers." The clarion of danger sounded, and a na-

tion of heroes sprang to its feet. The uprising of a great people in a good cause is an event that ennobles humanity. The life-and-death struggle of a free people to preserve their country is an event angels might weep and yet exult to see. Where in all history do you find a heroism surpassing that of Springfield, of Pea Ridge, of Donelson, of Shiloh, of Fair Oaks, and the six days' fighting before Richmond. That heroism defying wounds and death, pouring out its life-blood freely—freely as I give these words unto the open air,—was the inspiration of country. Two ideas there are which, above all others, elevate and dignify a race—the idea of God and of country. How imperishable is the idea of country! How does it live within and ennoble the heart in spite of persecutions and trials, and difficulties and dangers. After two thousand years of wandering, it makes the Jew a sharer in the glory of the prophets, the lawgivers, the warriors, and poets, who lived in the morning of time. How does it toughen every fibre of an Englishman's frame, and imbue the spirit of the Frenchman with Napoleonic enthusiasm. How does the German carry with him even the "old house furniture" of the Rhine, surround himself with the sweet and tender associations of "Fatherland," and wheresoever he may be, the great names of German history shine like stars in the heaven above him. And the Irishman, though the political existence of his country is merged in a kingdom whose rule he may abhor, yet still do the chords of his heart vibrate responsive to the tones of the harp of Erin, and the lowly shamrock is dearer to his soul than the fame-crowning laurel, the love-breathing myrtle, or storm-daring pine. What is our country? Not alone the land and the sea, the lakes and rivers, and valleys and mountains—not alone the people, their customs and laws —not alone the memories of the past, the hopes of the future; it is something more than all these combined. It is a divine abstraction. You cannot tell what it is—but let

its flag rustle above your head, you feel its living presence in your hearts. They tell us that our country must die; that the sun and the stars will look down upon the great Republic no more; that already the black eagles of despotism are gathering in our political sky. That even now, kings and emperors are casting lots for the garments of our national glory. It shall not be. Not yet, not yet shall the nations lay the bleeding corpse of our country in the tomb. If they could, angels could roll the stone from the mouth of the sepulchre. It would burst the casements of the grave and come forth a living presence, "redeemed, regenerated, disenthralled." Not yet, not yet shall the Republic die. The heavens are not darkened, the stones are not rent! It shall live—it shall live the incarnation of freedom, it shall live the embodiment of the power and majesty of the people. Baptized anew, it shall stand a thousand years to come, the Colossus of the nations—its feet upon the continents, its sceptre over the seas, its forehead among the stars!

ORATION

AT COMMENCEMENT OF THE COLLEGE OF CALIFORNIA.

DELIVERED AT OAKLAND, CAL., JUNE 1, 1864.

We are assembled as fellow-citizens of the republic of letters—of the commonwealth of mind—of that realm of thought where revolutions leave no track of desolation, battles no ensanguined fields, and where the bays that crown the victors are not wet with tears or stained with blood.

The natural surroundings are beautiful and appropriate. These are the groves of the Academy; yonder Olympus lifts its summit to the clouds; here the sea that laves the Hesperian gardens rolls its peaceful waters to our feet.

The occasion is auspicious. One of the earliest institutions of learning in our State, having passed the trials and

difficulties of organization, having attained a position of permanent and wide-extended usefulness, invites us to join in the celebration of her annual intellectual fête. Let the day be marked with white in our literary calendars. All honor to the College of California. How many thousands of incorporations have been formed here to develop the material resources of our coast, to enrich the fortunate holders of their stocks. How have they strewn the shores of our history with wrecked hopes and expectations. But this one, formed to develop the immaterial—the imperishable wealth of the soul—has kept her eye fixed upon her star, her course true to her mission, her garments free from taint. To-day she sends into the world her first disciples, duly accredited and bearing her commission, to take their places in the warfare of life. Advance-guard of the California division of learning, pioneer-corps of the battalions of hero-scholars that shall follow them from these gates, may they fight a good fight—loyal to country, to freedom, to truth—and every year may each of them bring back from the contest some chaplet of victory, well won and worthily worn, to lay at the feet of his *Alma Mater*, knowing that she will keep them all green, fresh, fragrant, and fadeless in her love; and when he is gone, when the work given him on earth has been done, place them, immortelles of fame, upon his grave. May the lives of her children reflect glory upon her, and when they are dead may she still live, the heir of their honors and guardian of their names.

The scholar finds the circuit of human knowledge and inquiry continually growing wider and wider. Every day adds to the accumulated facts of experience and observation. Every year offers new theories and speculations for investigation and study. Every generation presents new forms of thought, new systems of science, new dreams of philosophy, new implements and applications of art, new phases in the life of humanity.

In an age not distant in history it was the province of high institutions of learning to indoctrinate their pupils with the teachings of Aristotle, swear them to allegiance to him, and impart to them the fruitless art of scholastic discussion; now, it is their duty to dedicate them to the truth and lead them to the threshold of endless study, investigation, and research. Less than three hundred years ago Lord Bacon projected a map of learning which should display all the possessions of the human understanding. It was vast and varied. But this great "Chancellor of letters and High Priest of Philosophy," rejecting the theory of Copernicus as absurd, held that the earth was the central figure of the universe. What magnificent provinces have been conquered to the domains of learning since then. The beautiful laws of Kepler, the splendid generalizations of Newton, the telescope of Galileo, have subjected the whole starry firmament to the dominion of the mind. While the telescope has given to our vision an almost infinite sweep out among innumerable worlds, the microscope has revealed worlds of beauty, mystery, and life in the trembling leaf, the drop of water, and globule of blood. Chemistry has analyzed matter, discovered the elements, and furnished the rules of their combinations. Those subtle, impalpable agents—light, heat, electricity, and magnetism, the nervous fluids of nature—have yielded their laws to investigation. Botany has classified plants, and comparative anatomy animal forms; physiology has penetrated almost to the sources of life, and geology has sought and read the records of creation in the inscriptions carved on the primeval pillars of the earth. Art has multiplied its implements myriad-fold. Time has given to history great lives, heroic actions, startling revolutions, new and imperial forms of political organization. Bacon's map of learning wells from the outlines of an insular kingdom to the full-orbed dimensions of a world.

Once a chronology of six thousand years seemed suffi-

cient for all the marvels of time and the wonders of creation; now the astronomer measures the epochs of the past by the oscillations of the stars, the pendulums of eternity that require millions of years to sweep through a single arc. Once the universe was only the earth, surmounted by a crystalline dome fretted with golden fires to light man's passage from the cradle to the grave; now it is the infinite home of Divine Power.

It would appear that this vast enlargement of the realms of learning would bring this an ever-increasing difficulty to the individual scholar—the whole field being too extended for his comprehension; if he attempt to compass it all he will become superficial, inexact; his thoughts will lack precision, his ideas force, his beliefs conviction; if he confine himself to a single department, his views will become narrow, his information will want that fulness, roundness, and completeness, and his character that equipoise, which are among the crowning glories of intellect. This difficulty, arising from the limitation of human faculties, must always exist; but it diminishes instead of increasing with every new discovery of truth and accession of knowledge. We see but indistinctly the field or orchard by starlight, but the whole landscape becomes clear at noonday. Nature, half-interpreted, speaks a language harsh to the ear and hard to the understanding; but fully known, the keynote struck, her voice becomes easy and musical—full of sweetness and instruction.

The progress of science is always from the complex towards the simple—from the vast variety of facts to the simplicity and harmony of law, from the multitude of details to the unity of plan.

An erroneous theory will constantly invent new hypotheses to account for additional facts, but in true science new phenomena range themselves under established principles, and confirm and illustrate their truth. How

wonderfully ingenious, how difficult of comprehension, was the system of cycles and epicycles devised by Hipparchus to trace and account for the orbits of the heavenly bodies, assuming the earth to be the centre of motion. For every perturbation a new circle must be drawn until the whole heavens were covered with a tangled network of lines. Compared to this how grandly simple are the truths of astonomy as she traces the orbits of the planets with mathematical accuracy, demonstrates the correlation between their distances from the sun and the times of their revolution, and teaches that their places, forms, and motions are all in obedience to that universal law that moulds the dew-drop to a sphere and governs the falling of an apple. And so absolute are her deductions that Le Verrier, watching the perturbations of Uranus, feels a disturbing influence a thousand million miles beyond, levels his telescope at the far depths of space, and from the unknown void a new planet sweeps across the disc of his glass.

What an intricate, enchanting maze of difficulty and doubt—bewildering and infatuating the soul—was Alchemy, with its mysterious philters, its spells, its charms, and incantations; its dealings with the invisible; its maddening search for the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life; its dreams of boundless wealth and visions of immortal youth! How different Chemistry, that treads no devious paths, deals with substances not shadows, attempts not the impossible, yet places the world in its crucible to find the elemental forms, and shows that each of the elements preserves its individual character in every disguise—a common multiple every combination.

How many mysterious processes of nature were explained by the discovery of oxygen. How many beautiful phenomena were accounted for by the proper understanding of the nature of light. Geology instructs us that all the changes of the earth in its history since chaos have

been accomplished by agencies with whose operation we are hourly familiar. Comparative anatomy reduces the infinite variety of animal forms, living and fossil, to four types. Botany assigns the species of the big trees of Calaveras, and the extinct fern that left its print on a coal field before the creation of man.

Then, too, the sciences interblend. They are all investigating modifications of the same laws, and they confirm and illustrate each other. The distance of a planet determines the velocity of light, then light measures the distances of the fixed stars and becomes the astronomer's surveying-chain. The propagation of sounds suggests the existence of an interstellar medium—an all-pervading ether for the transmission of light and heat. Light, heat, electricity, and magnetism are resolved into forces. They are continual agents in astronomical phenomena, in chemical operations, in geological changes, in vegetable growth, and animal life. In all scientific investigations the philosopher is constantly using mathematical formulas and methods, and the highest law to which he can attain is certain to involve a mathematical statement, as if the whole creation were planned on the principles of mathematics. And if light, heat, electricity, and magnetism are the sensitive, nervous fluids of the body of nature, the truths of mathematics are the very thoughts of God that animate the universal frame.

Thus cosmical science grows continually towards unity. We hear now but snatches and airs of Nature's music—its finest passages are lost, and recurring discords jar upon the soul; but as we penetrate more and more deeply into the regions of mystery and wonder, from every side—above, beneath, around—note after note, bar after bar, part after part, will break upon the ear, until the whole will blend in grand orchestral harmony, and the spirit will add its hymn of devotion to creation's eternal accompaniment in praise of the Everlasting.

As the advancement of learning in natural science leads to the recognition of the universality and harmony of law, so every improvement in art is a step towards simplicity in the use of means. Mechanical art knows but one principle—force; to overcome that when it is a resistance; to accumulate, economize, concentrate, and expend it as power, is the only study of invention.

In the mutations of human affairs philosophical historians concede that there is, and endeavor to discover it, a law of human progress that determines the pathway the races must follow, establishes the lines of civilization, the boundaries of thought, the form and duration of institutions, the periods and consequences of revolutions; and statisticians inform us there is a law even in accidents—they compute the average duration of human life, predict the total destructiveness of fires in a given time, and foretell the number of suicides, the number and character of the crimes that will darken the history of the coming year.

This constant progress of truth to simplicity of statement, and of knowledge to the perception of the universality of law, is not without attending dangers. There is danger of yielding to the passive faith of fatalism—of recognizing the great current of destiny but forgetting our own transcendent individuality. There is danger of rationalism—that the spirit will be enchained when reason is enthroned. There is danger that men will forget there is a God as well as law in nature and history; once they realized His immediate will in every vicissitude of nature and life. His hand shifted the changing scenes of the seasons. He drew the curtains of the night, brought forth Arcturus with His sons, and Mazaroth in his season. His arm grasped the world's deep pillars in the terrible earthquake, His wrath burst in fire in the dread volcano; they saw the flashing of His eye in the lightning's glare, and heard His awful voice in the deep-toned thunder. Then,

their conceptions degraded His nature into the material and sensuous; now, there is a tendency to refine it to the abstract, so that the realizing sense of His presence will be lost—the true and burning Shekinah no more revealed.

These are evils that threaten our spiritual nature, to be averted only by exalting the spirit, keeping the reason subordinate to that within us which most truly reflects the image of Him after whose likeness man was formed. But the intellect itself is not free from perils. There is danger that learning will become formal; that the living force of truth will be lost in the dead formula of its statements; that the mind will comprehend its terms without assimilating its meaning and appropriating its strength.

When a principle or theory is the subject of controversy, fighting its way into the established order of things, it is a life-giving power; but once fully recognized and conceded, it is apt to sink "from a truth to a truism" and be laid away as so much dead intellectual capital. Words which ought to be the living incarnation of ideas may become their tomb. There is a grand word—Liberty—whose priceless value was bought for us with the best blood of a generation. Its sound continued musical as ever—even that could thrill the heart with sacred memories; but it grew to mean servility to a tyrannous power, a sanction for slavery, and it required the fiery touch of War to release its imprisoned, resplendent spirit.

How apt are we to repeat the noblest litanies, for whose truths martyrs have died, each of whose words came coined and stamped from the furnace heat of ages of conflict, as a mere fashion or ceremony. How easy it is to receive the bare statements of science without climbing its heights to survey the wideness of its fields. Thus patriotism may become cant, religion a form, and learning a pedantry of terms.

Increase of knowledge is not necessarily increase of wisdom. Improved implements may result in a deteriora-

tion of skill. The barometer foretells the approaching storm for the sailor, but he loses that sensitive observation that takes warning from the weight of air and the color of the water; his glass enlarges the horizon, but he does not acquire the far-reaching eye of the old navigators; his compass, chronometer, and quadrant guide his vessel through the sea, but he can no longer track his course by the constellated stars. Can we accomplish more for humanity with our steamships than Columbus with his little fleet that would now scarcely be trusted out of sight of the head-lands? Will our *Monitors* and *Dunderbergs*, our *Puritans* and *Dictators* give us abler or more daring commanders than Paul Jones, than Perry, or Bainbridge, Decatur, Lawrence, or Hull? We cast columbiads and astonish the world with improved weapons of war, but do we improve on the leadership of Alexander who fought his battles without gunpowder, of Napoleon who transported his armies without railroads, or of Washington who triumphed without means save the resolve of his soldiers and his own indomitable will?

Do improved methods in mathematics make greater mathematicians than Euclid? Do multiplied implements of art give the world greater inventors than Archimedes? Does the jurisprudence of the ages instruct greater lawgivers than Moses? Do printed books and all the aids and advancement of learning educate grander endowments than Plato's or Aristotle's?

In a mechanical age man relies too much upon means and instruments, too little upon himself, and he may find that for a time at least, through minute divisions of mental and manual occupation, all the externals of civilization—the appliances of art and even the facilities of learning—can continue to increase while his own powers silently decay. We may press the secrets of nature into our service and they revenge themselves by stealing away our strength. The sun paints our pictures, but where is the Raphael

who can illumine the ages with the sun-bright pictures of his soul? Boston plumes herself on the possession of a magnificent organ, but she cannot command the genius of a Mozart to compose its anthems. Anybody can rush into print, but where is the book of to-day that will survive the century? Our age even grows incredulous of the existence of great men. Homer becomes a myth—Shakespeare is declared an alias.

The highest results of genius may become habits that the mind indolently learns to use, and the aid they lend it may relax its vigor. It required thousands of years of experience and the noblest powers of invention ever given to man, to create letters—written language; now the child learns their use while playing with his toys, and scarcely taxes his memory, but the world has lost the genius that gave it its sublimest art.

Learning itself may become almost mechanical. Committing to memory "Barbara, Clelarent, Ferioque," the ability to reduce an argument to its appropriate syllogism, does not confer the power to reason like Butler or Spinosa. One may conjugate the Greek verb and know nothing of Greek mind—do Demosthenes into English and not feel the fiery spirit that throbs in his sentences.

In an age when books were scarce and inaccessible, when the aids to learning were few, when instruction was oral, the student realized that he must make the lesson his own when it fell from the lips of his master. He must more than comprehend its truth; it must become a part of himself—purge the film from his mental vision, arterialize the blood, and knit the muscles of his intellectual frame. He must find, too, other instructors, nobler than masters and books. Nature was his teacher and his own soul the constant volume of his study. Then "knowledge was power"; now, it may be a weapon found in an encyclopedia to be used on occasion, then left to rust in its armory.

If the American scholar of to-day would discharge the debt he owes to his country and humanity, he must make his learning a living force—permeate it with the fire of his spirit, vitalize it with the blood of his heart. He must slack his burning thirst at the fountains as well as at the cisterns; must know men as well as books. He will go to the tombs of the past for the lessons of experience, but he must not tarry there until mould of the grave settles upon his thoughts. The present—with its fierce activities, its burning hopes, its strong necessities and awful responsibilities—claims him as a living man, an embodied energy, an incarnate power. It were better for him never to have been born than to be educated to that cold-blood, critical, soulless standpoint, where he assumes to be a spectator of life's drama, indifferent to the result, and not a God-appointed actor in its stirring scenes. Truth must be for him, not an abstraction, not a dream, not an image seen in the mind of another, but an internal verity—a guiding star. He must follow it, love it, worship it—worship it to self-forgetfulness. Self-forgetfulness! That is the true secret of strength, achievement, greatness—the secret even of ease, grace, and polish. How pure and limpid flows the stream of conversation when we forget that its source is within ourselves. How musical are the tones that are not pitched to the key-note of vanity; how graceful the movements that are not clouded by our own shadows. Into what empyrean heights does the soul arise, how does its wing cleave the upper air of thought, when it is not burdened by self-consciousness. Into what heroic forms does the being grow, what martyr-suffering can it endure, of what sublime action is it capable, through forgetfulness of self.

When the samphire gatherer grows dizzy in gazing at the depths below him, he turns his face upward and looks at the heights above. If the scholar should ever grow giddy with vanity from the plaudits that come up from beneath him, let him look aloft—at the mountain heights

where Newton dwelt, where Shakespeare sang, where Plato taught, and Socrates died—at the heights above the stars, where the serene, all-environing laws encircle nature and life—reverently at the heights above the universe—to the Eternal Throne, from whose awful mystery there came a Messenger to earth, worthy to wear the crown of heaven, the constant teaching of whose life was humility. Not the humility of fear, not servility, but that self-forgetfulness that dares all things, hopes all things, suffers all things, for THE TRUTH !

ADDRESS

AT THE OPENING OF THE SIXTH INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION OF THE MECHANICS INSTITUTE.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 8, 1868.

Whatever virtues may rightfully be ascribed to this nineteenth century in which we live, humility is not one of them. It is a philanthropic age. Never before were there so many benevolent organizations ; never were the helpless, the blind, the insane, so tenderly cared for. It is a heroic century—its sixty-eight years have been full of that heroism that does not "set life at a pin's fee." It is a democratic age. Never have the people been of so much account, and seldom has genius been so rare. It is pre-eminently an age of mechanical invention. It makes steam bear its burdens, lightning carry its messages, the sun paint its pictures. But it is not a modest age. It does not lack self-confidence or self-praise. It is brim full and running over with egotism. It regards with self-complacent pity the centuries gone before that did not have steamboats, railroads, and telegraphs, sewing-machines, cooking-stoves, lucifer matches, steel pens, cylinder presses, power looms, cotton-gins, gang-plows, reapers, thrashers, apple-parers, turning-lathes, nitro-glycerine,

giant powder, columbiads, needle guns, Colt's revolvers, steam paddies, tracklayers, baby-jumpers, chloroform, photographs, and coal oil. It looks with a kind of commiseration on the ages to come, when the world will have to keep on using old tools, as human ingenuity and nature will be alike exhausted, and there will be no new forms to invent, no new forces to discover. If it experiences a momentary chagrin because it has not achieved the perpetual motion, nor successfully an avatar, it is consoled with the reflection that it has not accomplished the first because it is impossible, and that it will the second because it is possible. In short, whoever has not managed to be born in the nineteenth century has been very unfortunate, or has made a great mistake.

Standing in this temple of art, this armory of labor, filled with the implements with which toil carries on its warfare with want, and beautiful with the evidence of its triumphs, we may at least claim with becoming modesty that the world is now fast learning how it can most easily get its daily bread—how labor can be made most productive for the supply of physical wants. Two other questions behind that—how the burdens and rewards of labor shall be equitably distributed, and how the time not needed for the supply of physical wants shall be so employed that the age may be clothed with an intellectual and spiritual glory equal to its material wealth and power, —it has scarcely begun to solve; questions that may not be rightly solved until a civilization shall arise as superior to ours as ours is to barbarism, in a future as distant from us as we are from the creation of man.

The problem of daily bread, however, is neither easy nor unimportant. If men depended upon nature alone for food, upon game, fish, and wild fruits, the country would be crowded where population averaged one to five square miles. The trapper was right, if he would remain a trapper, in moving farther west, because the settlement

was getting too thick for elbow-room when his neighbor built his cabin only ten miles away.

Consider what the world consumes every year. Two hundred million pounds of flour and one hundred and thirty million pounds of meat go down the throat of New York City yearly. Multiply by a million, and if you can conceive the result you will have some idea of what it takes to feed the world with bare necessities. California consumes annually three hundred and sixty-five thousand barrels of flour, seven hundred thousand bushels of potatoes, seventy million pounds of meat, a thousand tons of codfish, thirty-eight million pounds of sugar, five million pounds of coffee, one and a half million pounds of tea, five million pounds of butter, twenty million pounds of rice; wears out fifteen million dollars worth of dry goods and shoe leather, and burns up, beside houses and mountain towns, two hundred and fifty thousand tons of coal, four million pounds of powder, four million pounds of candles, one million gallons of coal-oil, and fifty millions of cigars, not to mention the fifteen hundred thousand gallons of whisky that annually assist to consume us. If all this had to be raised, mined, and manufactured, or paid for by the labor of our hands, unassisted by art, we would have few holidays and no pageants like this. If the world had to be housed, fed, and clothed with only such crude tools as actual necessity would suggest, the many would be slaves to the few, and worn out in their service, or all would be the slaves of toil. There could be no accumulations, nothing laid up against a bad season or a rainy day, and the wolf would be continually at the door. Then, whoever would succeed in pointing a stick with iron to scratch the ground at seedtime, and whoever would teach a dog to guard the sheep while the shepherd slept, would be benefactors of the race. The man who would discover that salt would preserve meat would deserve a patent of nobility; he

who would tame a horse and make him draw a sled and carry his master would be a king; and he who would make the wind and the water turn a wheel to grind the corn might be worshipped as a god. Then imagine that after a day's toil that brought no hope, and a night's sleep that brought no dreams of rest, men should suddenly awake as into a world of enchantment, and find themselves supernaturally endowed, so that they could accomplish with their hands or by a wish all that we do with all the tools, machinery, and appliances of modern life, as though each had a hundred arms and were gifted with magic—as though each were winged with swiftness like the wind, had sinews of steel, and strength like the power of steam; and you will appreciate the miracle of art—realize what a load of toil INVENTION has lifted from the shoulders, what a burden of care it has taken from the heart of humanity. Then, too, you will learn where the leisure comes from after actual wants are supplied, part of which goes into luxuries, ornaments, books, newspapers, paintings, music, homes, schools, churches, cities, culture; part into idleness, *ennui*, whisky, tobacco, fast life, folly, vice, crime, and all of which is called—civilization.

But this miracle of art is not the work of a night or the glory of an age; it is the work and glory of the whole of man's life on earth. In fable Minerva sprang, armed and panoplied, from the brain of Jove; but in fact art is the slow growth of time. Take, as an illustration, the art of printing. The idea of printing is older than history or tradition. It is so natural and easy, it would have been strange if the idea of the printed book had not been suggested to Adam, if he had known his letters, by his own footprints on the sand. Seals were in use before the book of Job (possibly the oldest book in the world) was written, and seals, used for making impressions, contain the whole principle of printing. Bricks and tiles, covered with characters impressed upon the clay before it was

burned, were common not only in Rome and Athens but in Babylon and Nineveh. Wood engraving was brought into Europe from the East long before books were printed. The printing of playing-cards probably first suggested the printing of books, which was at first simply wood engraving, each page being printed upon a block with raised letters; then the letters were separated into wooden movable types; then metallic types were cast. Meantime the Arabs—by what processes of thought, by what slow stages of invention, I know not—had progressed from using the bark of plants, the papyrus of the Egyptian, to the manufacture of paper. The method of casting types so that they could be easily multiplied, and the manufacture of paper, were the real difficulties in the invention of printing; when these were overcome Hoe's cylinder press became easy, though it took the improvements of four hundred years to attain it. Nay, THE PRESS, snowing newspapers daily all over the land, and sending streams of knowledge through all lands, so that whoever is athirst may come and drink, was as inevitable as the succession of the ages when Job had written: "It is turned as clay to the seal."

Two centuries before the Christian era, Hero, of Alexandria, described a steam toy—a mere plaything. After two thousand years of experiments, suggestions, and improvements, that plaything became the steam-engine. In the same manner the round-bottomed canoe, made from a log hollowed out with fire, grew into a ship. Fulton combined these two growths and made the steamboat. For more than a hundred years before Watt was born, the tramroad had been in use in England for conveying coal from the colliery to the place of shipment. Parallel rails, at first of wood, then of iron, were laid, to which wagons with grooved wheels were fitted, and drawn by horses. Stephenson took the engine of Watt, added the steam blast, mounted it on driving-wheels, and made the loco-

motive; put it on the tramroad, and gave the world the railway.

Hargrave's spinning-jenny, Arkwright's spinning-frame, and Cartright's power loom, which were but the development of the distaff, the spinning-wheel, and of the hand loom in which Joseph's many-colored coat was woven, were contemporary with the invention of the condensing steam-engine by Watt—about 1780—and the method of puddling and rolling iron immediately followed. The steam-engine revolutionized industry as gunpowder had war. Furnishing a power stupendous in its strength, marvellous in "the ease, precision, and ductility with which it can be varied and applied, so that it can engrave a seal or crush masses of obdurate metal; draw out, without breaking, a thread fine as a gossamer, and lift a ship of war like a bubble in the air; embroider muslin and forge anchors; cut steel into ribbons and impel loaded vessels against the fury of the winds and waves;" it not only supplemented all mechanical arts, but it so stimulated the inventive faculties that since then men have expressed their best thoughts in wood and iron. Surrounded here by these thoughts embodied in the visible forms of industry and art, we are in the presence of a poem, the epic of human progress, in which the voices of all the ages blend, grander in its suggestions, more inspiring in its hopes, and sublimer in its theme than Homer, or Dante, or Milton sang.

But let us not suppose that the germs of art have reached their full fruition in our age, nor that the future will plagiarize the present or repeat the past. A galvanic toy, the plaything of to-day, may one day supersede the steam-engine. Steam, that is usually cited as the highest instance of the dominion of the mind over matter, is expensive in the machinery and fuel it requires, dangerous and destructive in its explosive properties. Nature's grand forces are silent and safe. The rays of the sun

exercise on earthly objects every day a *mechanical* power "in comparison with which the erection of the Egyptian pyramids dwindles into the labor of mites." The force that binds the earth together, particle to particle, is mightier than the earthquake that comes in visitation of terror. Who can touch the chain by which the sun holds the planets in their orbits? Hear what Professor Tyndall, the highest scientific authority, says, after a mathematical calculation of one of the molecular forces that are lavished around us: "I have seen the wild stone avalanches of the Alps, which smoke and thunder down the declivities with a vehemence almost sufficient to stun the observer. I have also seen snow-flakes descending so softly as not to hurt the fragile spangles of which they are composed; yet, to produce from aqueous vapor a quantity of that tender material which a child could carry, demands an exertion of energy competent to gather up the shattered blocks of the largest stone avalanche I have ever seen, and pitch them to twice the height from which they fell." Shall not these forces, in which nature is so prodigal, be utilized in the art and service of man?

There are dominions of thought in which the mind has reached the limits of its capacity, but not in the sphere of mechanical invention. If we could be permitted to enter an art exhibition at Athens in the days of Pericles, while wandering through the department of machinery, agricultural implements, mechanical tools and power, we might exclaim against the poverty of the Greek mind and the barrenness of Grecian life. But when the statues of Phidias were unveiled—when those marbles "whose headless, armless trunks, in their severe and awful beauty, are at once the delight, admiration, and despair of modern artists," stood revealed in the full glory of their original perfection, we would admit that there, at least, the world has made no progress, for none was possible.

Or, if a disciple of the divine Plato could revisit the

earth, he might hear at the High School in San Francisco, boys and girls reciting, like a household tale, truths in science his master would have died to know; but when he would mingle with the sages of the earth, he would find that in philosophy the thoughts of his great teacher were the boundaries of human speculation; that the highest office of philosophy now was but to interpret thoughts uttered twenty-five hundred years ago. He could wander around the world and hear no language spoken superior to the Greek in power, compass, and flexibility; and he would discover that in poetry, eloquence, and history, the Grecian mind had furnished the models for all succeeding ages.

In eloquence, poetry, and metaphysical philosophy, in sculpture, painting, and possibly in the forms of architecture, in language as a medium for the expression of thought, and possibly in music, the language of the emotions, there will be no higher attainment than has already been reached. No race will ever arise superior to the Greek in intellectual and physical organization; and no men born of women will ever thrust Homer and Shakespeare, Phidias and Raphael, Demosthenes and Mozart, from their thrones of pre-eminence.

There are also two devices or inventions which are, humanly speaking, perfect. One is that of Arabic numerals, and the method of decimation, by which the ten simple figures the school-boy scrawls upon his slate can be made to express everything the mind can conceive in numbers, reaching upward toward the infinite and downward toward the infinitesimal. The other is the invention of the alphabet, by which twenty-six characters have become the factors of all human intelligence, bearing from generation to generation the thoughts, and wisdom, and learning of men; have become the world's memory, permitting nothing to perish that is worthy to survive; an invention so difficult to conceive, so simple in use, so

grand and complete, that the world had better lose all other arts combined than to forget its A, B, C's. Sometimes I have thought of them as of twenty-six soldiers that set out to conquer the world. That A was an archer, and B was a bugler, and C was a corporal, and D was a drummer, and E was an ensign, and F was a fifer, and G was a gunner, down to Z, who was a zouave; and these twenty-six drill-sergeants have subdued the kingdoms of the earth and of the air; taken possession of the realms of thought, and founded a republic of which the wise and noble of all time are citizens and contemporaries; where there is neither debt nor forgetfulness—the imperial republic of letters. Again I have thought of them as of a telegraphic cable laid beneath the waters of time, safe from disturbing storm and tempest—so short the child's primer will contain it—so long it connects the remotest ages with the present, and will stretch to the last "syllable of recorded time." We pride ourselves on the successful laying of the Atlantic cable as the crowning achievement of human invention; but here is a cable that speaks not in broken, doubtful, and sibylline utterance, but charged with the whole spiritual power of all human intelligence, with a circuit reaching through all time, connecting all brains and all hearts in its network, and certain to carry every message worthy to go there to the last man who shall live upon earth.

Here is an invention so simple that the child learns its use while playing with his blocks; so grand that all generations cannot exhaust its capabilities; so perfect no age will be able to add to or take from. In the invention of letters man arose nearest to creative power. In other inventions he has dealt with material substance, with tangible things; in letters he created from nothing forms into which he himself could breathe the spirit of life, the immortal soul of power, and eloquence, and beauty.

In letters the mind has reached the highest heaven of

invention; in literature and the fine arts it has touched the boundaries of its power, and knows where the horizon meets the earth; but in science and the mechanical arts there will be no limit to improvement while nature has one secret unrevealed, one force unappropriated. In those grand domains there "is ample scope and verge enough" for the thought, investigation, and skill of all generations to come, and the work of each generation will be but the scaffolding on which the next shall stand, building ever toward a sky that recedes as it is approached.

With grateful reverence to the past, whose inheritance we enjoy, proud of the achievements of the present, looking hopefully to the future, to whose glories our exertions will contribute, in the name of free and intelligent labor we dedicate this Hall to INDUSTRIAL ART, conscious that year by year succeeding structures will here arise dedicated to the same purpose, in ever-increasing magnificence of display and completeness of design and execution, evidencing the progress of our State, our Country, and the whole race of man.

EXTRACT FROM ADDRESS

TO THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS.

DELIVERED AT SACRAMENTO, CAL., MAY 10, 1891.

On a beautiful night, not long since, I was standing on the hillside at the intersection of Bush and Stockton streets, in San Francisco, when the city had gone to sleep. Within the narrow limits of my vision nearly two hundred thousand tired bodies and busy brains had taken refuge from the toils, cares, and schemes of the noisy day, in the still world of slumber. The street lamps were not burning; and the blending of soft moonlight and deep shadow gave the scene the weird beauty of enchantment. For a

few moments I endeavored to transport myself backward in time, and to imagine myself standing on the same spot twenty-five years before, with nothing around me but the bare hills, drifting sands, and lonely waters. I recalled the solitude, which shall there never perhaps again recur, when the two hundred thousand hearts, whose pulsations I could almost feel, had either not commenced their life-long beat, or were scattered wide as the world. I tried to realize the sense of that loneliness which was so long the brooding presence of the place.

Then the real scene rushed upon me as one of true enchantment. A magic more potent than that of ring and lamp and wand had called a city from the waste—the magic of Labor and Art. It required the toil of three hundred and sixty thousand men for twenty years to build one of the pyramids of Egypt, one of whose purposes was to serve as a mausoleum for a dead king. Now the very name of the king is forgotten, the art by which the stupendous structure was built is lost, and the pyramid by the Nile, with thirty centuries looking down from its summit, proclaims to the passing moment only the sad truth that in the birth-place of civilization the rulers were tyrants and the people slaves.

The city about me, all built with a tenth of the labor devoted to a receptacle for the dust of royalty, was the home of almost two hundred thousand living souls. The pyramid and the city were both monuments of skill and labor. The moral of the one was that the labor of slaves in the service of a master is vanity; of the other, that the labor of freemen, guided by individual uses and necessities, is wisdom; the art of the one is perishable; of the other, indestructible as the nature of man. Some human use had called into existence every house around me. Each was a realized thought—an answer to some want, necessity, desire, or aspiration of human nature. The houses, built for family shelter, were the visible types of

the sacredness of family ties and domestic love. The churches were the material expression of the religious sentiment, which, varying in form, is wide as humanity, and deep as the well-springs of our being. The school-houses symbolized the love the old feel for the young, and the hope that the children's future may be better than their fathers' past. The manufactories, shops, stores, and banks, the marts of toil, trade, and money, were the evidences of the ceaseless struggle of life with the primal sentence of labor. Skilful craftsmen had formed men's thoughts into visible things. Not a stone or brick or timber in all these structures had been placed that did not represent some thought executed, some labor accomplished, some triumph of art, some day of toil. Near me arose the twin spires of the Hebrew synagogue, and from their gleaming tops there seemed reflected the light of a moon that shone o'er Israel three thousand years ago. Abraham had laid the corner-stone of that building; Solomon had helped to shape its masonry; the tables Moses brought from Sinai were set within its walls; there still echoed the voice of David; the coal "that touched Isaiah's hallowed lips" still lived upon its altar.

To-day we have met to dedicate a temple, raised by generous hearts and liberal hands, and I am led to ask, what thought does it express, to what use is it devoted, what necessity does it meet, to justify the almost prodigal expenditure of its erection? It stands in fair proportions, the pride and ornament of the city; but it was no desire of architectural triumph that called it into existence; if so its bricks might have remained clay, its stones in the quarry, its timbers in the forest, for the Parthenon, built twenty-three hundred years ago, was transcendently more beautiful. Its foundations are solid, its materials enduring, but the pyramids, that were five hundred years old when Solomon was born, will stand a hundred centuries after these walls are dust. Was there any purpose in this

building, any inspiration in its conception, that will redeem it from decay and preserve its idea spiritually whole, when its outward form has passed away? So far as any structure built by hands, whether it be frail as canvas or solid as granite, humble as a log school-house, or grand as St. Peter's, represents a living truth, answers to some abiding want of our nature, that far it is consecrated "above the power of words to add to or take from"—dedicated to human happiness and advancement; and if it should be destroyed by the elements, or when it shall crumble through lapse of years, the same truth will re-embody itself, the same want will call into existence other and fairer forms, upon firmer foundations, while essential truth and man's wants and aspirations remain unchanged.

EXTRACT FROM ORATION

DELIVERED AT NEVADA CITY, CAL., JULY 4, 1872.

This feeling of patriotism is not peculiar to free people and to pleasant lands. The inhabitants of the desert and frozen North, the oppressed and down-trodden, even the enslaved, love and cherish an ideal country, free from oppression, shame, and wrong. The leaders of revolutions war against governments in the name of country. Isabella is dethroned in the name of Spain; Charles the First is beheaded in the name of England; Louis the Sixteenth in the name of France; Napoleon the Third flies, the Empire is dissolved, but France lives in the heart of the French, rich in the loss of its bauble crown. The feeling survives even the political existence of its object, and with the wandering Pole memory has all the intensity of grief and ardor of love. It may be well upon an occasion like this to inquire, not what claims our coun-

try has upon our love, for that we render instinctively, but what claims has it to honor and regard before the tribunal of public opinion of the world?

England excels it in stability and wealth; France in refinement; Germany in learning; Italy in art; Russia in extent of territory, and China has ten times its population. It cannot challenge the reverence of mankind for its length of days, or point to a long line of achievements reaching backwards through history. The space it occupies in universal history is brief as an hour in the life of a man. A short time since, I was interested in studying a map, or chart, designed to illustrate the historical duration of all the great nations that have ever existed, and the varying extent of their empires. It was a sad lesson of the littleness of human greatness. Nations that for thousands of years, seemed to govern and direct the whole course of events, have disappeared, the memorials of their existence so dim we can scarcely separate fact from fable, their very languages dead and forgotten. I saw on the map the colored spaces which represented Egypt, Assyria, Persia, and Greece, flowing in parallel streams for two thousand years. Rome appears seven centuries before Christ as a rivulet; in seven hundred years it had become an all-engulfing sea, and in fifteen hundred more was lost in the empire of the Turks. Of modern nations, England, France, the German and Italian States, trace their lines of history through a thousand years. The only stream which flows through all time—the contemporary alike of the oldest and youngest nations—is China, the mysterious and unchanging land. In one corner of this map, occupying so small a space as to escape casual observation (you could cover it with your thumb-nail) is represented the historical existence of the United States of America. Yes, our country was born in daylight, in the later days. There is nothing of darkness or tradition over its early history. Its promises and records

can be read of men. What has it done in its brief ninety-six years to deserve well of our race?

It has given no new religion to the world like the Hebrews, the Arabs, and the Hindoos—for I suppose we will hardly claim Mormonism as one of our glories. It has created no new language like the English, the German, the French, the Italian, the Spanish—and English people accuse us of corrupting theirs by slang, and spoiling it by speaking through the nose. It is the parent of no new civilization or form of literature, for civilization and literature in their most modern forms are older than our country. It has not invented letters or discovered continents. Its mechanical inventions, except the electric telegraph, are rather modifications and combinations than original expressions of thought. It has produced no general equal to Cæsar or Napoleon; no poet like Homer, or Shakespeare, or Dante; no philosopher equal to Plato or Bacon; no natural philosopher equal to Newton or Kepler; no religious reformer equal to Luther, or Calvin, or Wesley; no painter like Raphael; no builder like Angelo; no composer like Mozart or Handel; no wit equal to Voltaire; no man of culture like Goethe. Before it was born the principles of civil and religious liberty and political equality, which are its brightest boast, were fully known; and for thousands of years had been the themes of orators and poets, philosophers and statesmen.

What, then, has our country accomplished in the first century of its existence to vindicate its right to be and to discharge the debt which every nation owes to universal humanity? Why, this: It has taken the principles of liberty and equality and organized them into national life. It has taken the truths which were the themes of poetry, eloquence, and philosophy, and made them the daily thoughts of common men. It has brought them from the cloister and made them a living force. It has converted them from speculation and poetry to experi-

ment and fact. Out of ideas it has made institutions; out of theory, a form of government.

Perhaps it would be more correct to say that not by the American people, but through them have these things been done. They have not deliberately shaped and fashioned their government; it is the outward form and semblance of an inward growth; an incarnation, not a garment. There can be no royalty without the spirit of allegiance; no religion without faith; no republic without the pride of personal independence and habit of self-government; and where the spirit is, the form will follow.

It is with nations as with individuals—each must live its own life, do its own work, illustrate its own character. The analysis of a drop of water will give you the constituents of the sea. If you knew the average Englishman perfectly, you would understand the English constitution, and might rewrite English history. The average American is America in miniature. He carries the possibility of the thirty-seven States and all the Territories in the "book and volume of his brain." All the lines of our history converge in him as a focal point to make him what he is. Multiply him by forty million, and you will have the living force of the nation. Find the horizon of his imagination, hopes, and aspirations, and you can determine the bounds of the nation's destiny.

The facts of our colonial history rendered any other form of government in this country than a Federal Republic a moral impossibility. Whether the colonists came in the fervor of religious enthusiasm, or in the spirit of adventure, or were driven by stress of poverty, they met the same hard conditions of life which demanded and developed a sturdy independence, self-reliance, and individuality of character. Their lives were taken out of the grooves of custom, and forced to make their own channels. They were as far from all civilization as the

Central Africa, which hides Livingstone, seems from us. Imagine a colony going from us into the wilds of unexplored Africa, not to seek diamonds, but to build States, and found an empire upon principles as Utopian to us as the American Constitution would have been to Cecil or Walsingham in the days of Elizabeth; then imagine that all the arts and implements which have been discovered and invented since to make life easy are destroyed and lost; that there is neither steam-engine nor steel-pointed plow, nor any skill to make them, and you will begin to conjecture what courage, what hardihood of spirit led to the settlement of America, and to appreciate its magnificent results.

Our fathers opened and tilled their farms, and built their houses—their hands their best, almost their only implements. A savage foe did not allow them to sleep on their watch. The pressure of necessity compelled habits of industry. They lived upon land which was always practically, and generally really their own. They were compelled to devise and administer their own local laws and institutions. Locke framed a constitution and laws for South Carolina; but that embodiment of philosophic wisdom was found to be inferior to the enactments of the Provincial Assembly. They realized that the divine right of kings was destroyed when Charles I. was beheaded. They read the discussions of the fundamental truths of government and "inalienable rights of man" in the revolutions that made Cromwell a Protector, and expelled James II. from the throne. With little leisure for discursive thought, and little disposition for mere literary culture, their minds were constantly familiarized with the great truths of politics and morals. The constant study of the Hebrew Scriptures intensified the idea of national unity, and imbued them with a sense of providential care.

Such a school could not make anything else than

republicans out of such pupils. They were republican-democrats while they were yet unconscious of it. They entered upon the War of the Revolution with professions of allegiance to the Crown which they believed sincere. They did not know their own hearts. Again, it is with nations as with men—neither know their capabilities, their inmost natures, until passion and opportunity meet. It was in the muster of preparation and din of battle the supreme hour of our country came, and it rang out that "passionate manifesto of revolutionary war," the Declaration of Independence, that was a proclamation to the world of a political birth, in which history had been in travail for two hundred years.

. . . . . .

The rapid growth of our country in material prosperity is at once a source of pardonable pride and just alarm. Wealth is so formidable in its power, so splendid in its shows, so instant in its enjoyments, and so sensuous in its appeals, that it is not to be wondered that the thirst for riches is apt to become the dominant passion of a peaceful and prosperous people. "It is an appetite that grows by what it feeds on," until it puts on the royal air of ambition, and invades and corrupts the government. Time was when wealth was only dangerous as a political power through the aristocracy of landed possessions; but now personal property is so vastly increased, its forms are so multiplied, so protean, often so impalpable, that its approaches are more insidious.

What protection is there against this danger? None, if the spirit of corruption taints the character of the people themselves. Once government was esteemed a kind of mystery, whose secrets were known only to the initiated. Now the newspaper has made it open as the day. The public man is on trial every hour for every action. To seek concealment is to deserve censure. Public opinion

is in the end the real governing power, and public opinion is only the aggregate of the intelligent private individual opinions of the whole land. In the broad daylight of free inquiry and full information the people are responsible for every public abuse.

There cannot be a great poem without a great poet; a great painting without a great painter; a great building without a great architect; a great life without a great man. There cannot be a great, pure, free government without a great, pure, liberty-loving people.

How are these virtues to be maintained? I know but one school—the school in which our fathers were taught. The school of intelligent industry, personal independence and self-government. The lands should belong to the tillers of the soil. The people should own their homes, and live in the homes they own. They should administer their local affairs, the affairs of their school districts, town, county, and municipal governments, with immediate personal interest and concern. Where the units are right, the aggregate cannot be wrong. The people should live in constant communion with those grand but simple truths of morals which give elevation to character, purity to life. Their beings should be permeated by that love and reverence for country which count any efforts to destroy it by force, to degrade it by error, or contaminate it by corruption, as treason to the best hopes of our race and as a personal wrong.

When I look to the not distant future, and realize that within a life now begun our country will teem with a population of a hundred million souls, and reflect that this is but the beginning of an ever-increasing volume which is to pour through the channel of our history, I am filled with awe, with reverence, and fear. Here, for good or for evil, is to be the greatest national force ever felt, in time. God guide and direct this broadening, deepening, on-rushing current of life!

ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE "STATE GRANGE," AT SAN JOSÉ, OCTOBER 17, 1873.

Ladies and Gentlemen: The organization of the farmers of the United States into one "guild," if permanently carried forward in the spirit of its inception, will lead to consequences of the highest importance. I understand that, while a portion of the work of the "Patrons of Husbandry," like that of the Masons, Odd Fellows, and other similar fraternities, is secret, while it has certain degrees, orders, honorary titles, and decorations, these are mere incidents to its general objects—that it means business, not show—that its substantial design is to improve the material interests, and mental and moral character and social privileges of the members of the largest and most important industrial interest of our country. How far and in what ways this design shall be accomplished will depend upon the intelligent efforts and patient co-operation of the members themselves.

There may come a time when all the observances and ceremonies with which societies of this kind hedge themselves in, and the forms and symbols with which they endeavor to make their proceedings attractive, will be banished by that severe taste which loves to contemplate truth as a pure abstraction. But that time is very distant, and the millennium will tread close upon its coming. Some of the critics who are wont to sneer at the official titles and degrees conferred by the "Granges," would be giddy with delighted vanity if the meanest and most profligate monarch who ever sat upon a throne would salute them as "Sir Knight."

While the soldier follows his flag with inspiration of courage, and will lead a forlorn hope for the sake of a ribbon; while the parade is bright with the glory of gold lace; while the church has its stained windows, its organs,

and choirs; ministers their gowns, and bands, and surplice; while every State occasion or event has its prescribed ceremony; while colleges and universities annually pepper us with A.M.'s, D.D.'s, and LL.D.'s; while everybody who is a member of the civil government is "Hon.", and everybody who is not is "Col." or "Esq."; why should not *industry*, too, have its colors, and, holding its patent from Nature, confer its titles and degrees? Why is not the "Knight of the Plow" as honorable as the "Knight of the Garter"? or why may not the decoration of "The Horse" be worn as proudly as that of the "Elephant" of Denmark, or "Black Eagle" of Prussia? Since from the constitution of our nature the forms and shows of time are a part of a man's life upon earth, we need not reject those which are images of peace, the coinage of civilization, while clinging to others which are emblems of war or relics of barbarism.

Whoever has studied the growth of our population must have observed an increasing tendency towards concentration in towns and cities, and that in the large cities —the centres of capital, commerce, and manufactures— the increase is in greater ratio than in the smaller, which depend upon local trade for support. It is noticeable, too, that cities where population and capital are concentrated have year by year a greater relative influence in shaping the general policy of government. In them public opinion is massed, and can be thrown immediately upon any given point. They support the great newspapers, attract the leading men and surplus capital. The great moneyed interests, and schemes which have in cities their centres, are never without special and plausible advocates. They organize lobbies, and have agents and attorneys before every important legislative and congressional committee. Their influence is thus felt directly and specifically at the time and place where it is wanted. To illustrate: No capital of the same amount in this country,

perhaps none in the world, has in the same time averaged as large profits upon the investment as that of the national banks. The security for their bills is Government bonds, on which the banks receive interest. The medium with which they redeem is Government notes. The number of banks is limited, so they have a monopoly of the privileges they enjoy. Is it creditable that but for the influence of the banks themselves and the public opinion they have been able to create, the Government handling, as it does annually, from one hundred and fifty to two hundred million dollars in gold, and collecting and disbursing in gold and currency every year an amount equal to more than half the entire circulating medium required by the business of the country, with a credit based upon a continent, and supported by the patriotism and interest of the whole population, would not long since have furnished the currency direct, making the profit on circulation a common benefit, and have made its exchangeable value equal to gold? The people themselves are entitled to whatever profit there is from the circulation of bills or money, which could have no value but for the credit given by them, and for whose redemption their own bonds are pledged. The problem is not a difficult one, but its practical solution has never been earnestly attempted. If any banking-house enjoyed the credit, commanded the resources, and handled the money the Government does, it would find no difficulty in making its bills of par value with gold. Whenever any financial policy is proposed it is "Wall Street" that is heard. First, because Wall Street, having a special interest, will speak; second, because we are apt to concede that Wall Street, having made this subject a specialty, has a right to determine. In truth the Wall Street interests should bear about the same relation to the industrial pursuits of the country that the hands on the dial do to the machinery of a watch. If the main-spring and wheels are all right, you can easily adjust the hands to register the movement.

Our tariff represents no general principle of policy either of "protection," "incidental protection," or "revenue only," but is a patchwork clearly disclosing just how far each special interest seeking protection was able to make itself heard.

If there is any principle of governmental policy upon which all party platforms and public speakers, candidates, office-holders, and newspapers agree, it is that the public lands should be held for actual settlers. If that sentiment could be put to a *viva voce* vote, one universal "Ay!" would go up from sea to sea.

But we have had land-bounties to soldiers for military services, land-scrip to agricultural colleges for educational purposes, land-scrip for the extinguishment of Indian titles, swamp lands to States for reclamation purposes, land-grants to railroads—and somehow these do pass into the hands of speculators, for the most part,—and the charm of that very musical motto in American politics, "Homes for the homeless," dies away on the ear.

I instance these illustrations not to find fault, but to show how much and how naturally legislation is influenced and directed by the immediate interest which presses its claims at time, place, and occasion. One positive will effects more than an army of neutrals. One man who knows what he wants, and seeks it, will accomplish more than a hundred who don't want him to get it, but who resolutely stay at home and say nothing about it until it is too late, and then indulge in the luxury of grumbling.

What we desire and hope for from the Granges upon this subject is that they will give shape, consistency, and definiteness to that diffusive public opinion which now, unorganized, is heard rather in criticism than in direction, and that law-makers and public men shall realize at least that there is a reserve force which, though slow of speech, will speak, and that when private and special interests are clamorous it is safe to wait until those general interests

can be considered, which are often the first to suffer and the last to be heard.

One subject will doubtless be soon presented for legislation of the greatest importance to a large body of the farmers of this State, and on which they ought to be heard—that of irrigation.

In some districts where irrigation is now regarded as the only assurance of a good crop of grain, deep plowing and summer-fallowing might prove cheaper, more healthful, and about as successful. This can be determined by careful experiments and collection of facts. It will certainly be a public calamity if under the operation of State laws the sources of the supply of water necessary for irrigation should pass into the possession of private parties. The mere statement of the possibility of a water monopoly is a stigma upon our law. Whoever has lived in the mines must have observed that the ditch owners could own the mines if they desired to. The unrestricted control of the waters necessary for irrigation would confer the same power over lands.

If a general system of irrigation should be projected, the work to be constructed and managed by the State, it is possible that a great deal of work would be done which would prove unnecessary and unprofitable; some portions of the State would be taxed for improvements in which they had no interest, and the mining districts, to which water is as essential as to the farming, would have a right to demand that the system should be extended to them.

Is it not possible to divide the State into irrigation districts, allowing each to determine the question for itself, and giving to each acre a vested right to its pro rata of the water supply, and conferring upon each district the power to condemn the water rights which are necessary for its own irrigation?

Another question in connection with this subject will be the practicability of using the same canals for purposes of irrigation and transportation.

It is of the highest importance that at the outset the State should adopt the best system, and too much care cannot be given to the arrangement of its details. The report of the Commission of Engineers appointed by the General Government to make a reconnoissance of the State will doubtless furnish facts of great value in arriving at a correct conclusion. I trust the farmers, who are most interested, will give the matter their patient, careful, and intelligent attention, so that we shall have the benefit of full discussion and free interchange of opinion. I instance this as a striking case; but if the Granges shall succeed in giving the affairs of local government that consequence and attention to which they are entitled, they will do an incalculable good.

We seem as a people to have a quadrennial attack of insanity over a presidential election. How we do "save the country" with speeches and processions, and the burning of tar and turpentine, the blaze of Roman candles and sky-rockets, and the explosion of gunpowder. Distant be the day when the election of a President of the United States shall not be considered a matter of importance. That is the occasion when a sense of the unity of our country is made most vivid and real to us all. But the election of Supervisors, School Directors, and local officers are often of more immediate concern to our individual well-being. Good roads, schools, correct administration of justice in affairs of daily life, taxes imposed only for common benefit and correctly expended, are things which touch us where we live—are real every day. Local officers, too, who are amenable to the criticism of their neighbors, should also have the benefit of their intelligent and friendly counsel, so that local administration shall be directed as far as possible by the common neighborhood sentiment of what is right. There is a homely proverb: "Take care of the pennies and the pounds will take care of themselves." If the local affairs of our country are

wisely administered the general administration will not be far wrong. Indeed, government is a growth from within, and the true character of any government depends upon the local institutions of the country, and these in last resort upon the average character of the people themselves. France finds that exterior changes in government are ephemeral, often only changes of name, because local institutions and interior administration remain the same. These are the springs and wheels, and the clock strikes the hours wherever the hands may point. If by constant attention in each neighborhood we can succeed in getting our public shools as nearly perfect as possible, we shall take a bond of fate for the security of free institutions. Emerson says our New England ancestors discovered that the pomps and shows of royalty, with horse-guards and foot-guards, big wigs and little wigs, knights of the bed-chamber, keepers of the hounds, etc., were unnecessary. Perhaps they were too poor to afford them. "Selectmen" would answer the purpose and were cheaper—hence the democratic principle, and representative republican government. We must keep the sources pure if we would have the stream clear, and not allow republican shows to destroy republican simplicity.

I have referred to the comparative over-growth of cities. One of the objects, I observe, of the Granges, is to simplify the machinery of exchange, to dispense with middlemen as far as practicable, and bring producers and consumers more nearly together. In the degree in which they shall proceed in this they will check one of the tendencies towards the concentration of capital and population. This increase of city population, and the aggregation of capital, is not confined to the United States, but is common to the civilized world. London is growing more rapidly than ever before, and the growth of Berlin in the past few years is as great a marvel as that of Chicago. The causes must be sought in principles of

universal operation. At one period of the world's history men gather in cities, walled towns, for mutual protection. At another, cities were great political capitals, law-givers, in fact, making vast provinces and distant countries tributaries to their wealth and power by conquest. Now cities attain their importance as the centres and capitals of money, manufactures, and commerce. Think for one moment how vastly their importance as mere money centres has been increased by the introduction of national funded debts. The funded debt of the United States is $1,738,245,500; that of the various States $324,747,959; of counties and towns, $429,075,548; the last figures are from unofficial statistical tables and are probably largely under. The floating debts of the general government, and of the States, counties, and cities would add more than $800,000,000 to this sum of our public indebtedness. The funded debt of the railroads in the United States is $1,206,615,061. The total debts of the nations of the world, compiled on the basis of Hubner's statistical table, and probably embracing only such as are quotable at the London Exchange, is $18,700,599,758—more than quadruple the gold and silver coin in the world. Add to that already inconceivable sum the debts of states, counties, and municipalities, and we become lost in a bewildering maze of figures. The interest upon this vast sum is an annual tribute paid by the world's industry to the world's moneyed centres and capitals. What a happy holiday the world would enjoy, what a year of jubilee, if it could get out of debt. Nearly all the vast sums I have recapitulated are the price of wars, and must be paid from the accumulations of peace. There is no escape. No nation can afford to incur the disgrace of repudiation. Capital, when invested in machinery and material improvements, adds to productive capacity and to the sum of human happiness, but no "national debt is a national blessing," and their vast aggregate is a silent, constant

drain on the world's productive industry. It is that much of the world's "stock in trade" held by a "dead hand."

About a hundred years ago Watt invented the condensing steam-engine, which has revolutionized the arts of peace in as great a degree as the invention of gunpowder did the art of war. So much has it added to productive capacity, that it has been estimated that with it, and the inventions to which it gave rise, the creative power of Great Britain in the arts of civilized life would be as great as that of the world without. One immediate effect of this and almost every other great invention, however, is to strengthen the strong, to make capital a more powerful element in production. Hargrave's spinning-jenny, Arkwright's spinning-frame, Cartwright's power loom, and the methods of puddling and rolling iron, which were nearly contemporary with the steam-engine, with the introduction of cotton as a cheap textile, and the application of steam to transportation by land and water, have completely modified the methods of industry and exchange, and the currents of population. Before that, personal skill was the mechanic's best capital; now personal mechanical skill is worth comparatively little, without the use of large capital. It cannot compete with machinery. Before that, mechanical trades were carried on as independent pursuits, by men who learned them as apprentices, to practise them as masters, with such means as they could severally accumulate. In fact mechanical labor strictly has been largely supplanted by manufacturing labor. When Adam Smith wrote of the division of labor as a cause of increased production, he little dreamed of the minute subdivisions to which the principle would be carried. Before the invention of pins any of our ancestors could gather thorns or make a skewer; now a pin, I believe, passes through a dozen hands before it is ready for the cushion, but it is cheaper to buy it than to go to the woods for a thorn, or even for

a Yankee to whittle a skewer. Outside of agriculture every one who produces is now working to supply the wants of others, and drawing upon the labor of hundreds of others to supply his own. Now, too, it is very seldom that any man produces from raw material an article that any one wants. He only contributes to it in some minute degree—and the whole is the joint production of many hands. This makes exchange more necessary and frequent. All articles being for sale seek common centres—places where buyers can purchase everything they want. The volume of commerce is thus wonderfully increased, its machinery exceedingly complex and delicate. These are great centripetal forces which constantly draw population and capital to those vast human hives, modern cities. They are social forces far more powerful than any legislative enactment.

If any of you grew up, as I did, near the frontier, you will have observed the operation of these forces in your own experience. Thirty-five years ago, in what was then the "Far West," almost everything consumed on a farm was raised on it. There was some barter. Butter and eggs were exchanged for sugar and coffee. Tea was a luxury, kept for cases of sickness, a few such state occasions as the visit of the minister, or of that most august official—in those days—the circuit judge. Wool came from the sheep's back into the house, and never left it until it went out on the backs of the boys and girls. It was carded, spun, and woven by hand. The flax went from the field to the breaker, from breaker to hackle and loom. At the farm I best remember the trough was still in the farmyard, and the remains of the vat were to be seen, where not many years before deer-skins and cow-hides had been tanned, and the lap-stone was still kept, which had been in family use for making shoes from home-tanned leather. The farms where more than one "hired man" was kept were rarer than those that had none.

Farming implements were of the simplest kind. I remember the first threshing-machine, a horse-power, brought into our neighborhood. It made its appearance about the same time the first piano came into the village. I think both were generally regarded as evidences of extravagant innovations, likely to break their owners. All this has been changed. The introduction of improved agricultural implements, which substantially dates back scarcely twenty-five years, has a tendency to bring about the same kind of changes in farming that labor-saving machinery has effected on the mechanical arts. The gang-plow, the reaper, the header, threshing-machines, enabling one owner to cultivate more acres, increase the size of farms, and make the use of capital a more essential condition of success.

Now almost everything produced on the farm is sold, almost everything consumed in the house is bought. Sometimes the markets are distant, as Liverpool now fixes the price of wheat in Santa Clara. The farmer necessarily becomes interested in the laws of trade, methods of exchange, and price of transportation. It is important he should know what kind of weather they had in England at harvest, how much wheat Russia can spare, how many ships are on their way to his nearest port. It is important that the friction in handling what he has to sell and what he must buy, should be as light as possible, and that he should not be taxed in extra profits to pay losses by bad debts. Now he desires to know about where the money is to come from "to move the crops." He needs more capital at some times than at others, wants banking accommodations and low interest. As moneyed interests, manufacturing interests, and commercial interests, from the nature of their transactions, have their capital and pivotal centres, and as from the nature of their pursuits agricultural interests have not, but are as necessarily diffused as the others are concentrated, it is

eminently proper they should organize for their own advancement and protection. Farmers living in comparative isolation ought to feel that there is a net-work of sympathy connecting each with all. This want the institution of the Patrons of Husbandry, through State and subordinate granges, is intended to supply. The specific objects it proposes will require patient thought and sometimes careful experiment, but it can hardly fail to contribute to social enjoyment, to the diffusion of practical information, to a cultivation of a feeling of *esprit du corps*, and that sense of honor which results from pride of pursuit and mutual pledge. During the panic in New York the associated banks for some time received and paid out as money certified checks of each other. The word of a member of a Grange should be sterling in every transaction, and pass current as the coin of the realm. Not only his fields, but his life, should be made fruitful by his association. His presence at home should be an atmosphere of peace, and his influence among his neighbors as fragrant as an orchard in bloom.

DECORATION DAY ORATION.

DELIVERED AT SACRAMENTO, 1877.

The comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic have performed their solemn rites, and the sun has set upon a day sacred to the dead, the memory of whom can never die. The time is aptly chosen, this bridal of the spring and summer for a floral tribute to the men who died for man. It is no idle ceremony. To-day a great people, throughout this broad land, stood uncovered in the silent presence of three hundred thousand dead, whose lives were given as a ransom for Union and liberty.

From him, the martyr-President, by whose death humanity was bereaved, to the humblest soldier who fills

an unknown grave, there is room in the American heart for all.

No great cause has ever been established without conflict of battle. Every great country contains the dust of heroes, and is consecrated by it. Humanity claims them all in every clime and land. There are no nationalities, races, or divisions in the silent kingdom of the dead.

The ceremonies of this day would be worse than useless, they would be an impious mockery, if they served to perpetuate the passions and animosities which are necessarily engendered by a great civil war. To do this would be to defeat the great object for which the war was fought.

Free institutions cannot be built upon hatred, or successfully administered by violence, or in the spirit of conquest. A union maintained by force must exercise despotic power. The obedience of fear is the sullen submission of subjects, not the willing allegiance of free men. A union preserved by interest would be a commercial partnership, for mutual profit. It could not confront great danger, endure great sacrifice, or rise to the great heights of duty. The life of a great free nation can flow from no such sources. The bands which bind a free people into that mysterious entity, a nation, can neither be of steel, nor of gold, of despotic power, nor sordid interest. They must be purer, more potent, more vital even than authority of law. There must be mutual love, reciprocal good-will, a common object and aspiration, a common sentiment of justice and sense of equality and brotherhood. Each citizen must feel that he is part of his country; his country a part of him; that he has a share in every portion of it, in all that it has been or is, or is to be. Unless we can have this sentiment pervading our common country, and making it the common country of us all, our union, while it exists, will be a mere mechani-

cal dovetailing—a political patchwork, not a corporeal whole, animated by an incarnate spirit.

You may bound your country on the map, describe its geographical divisions, its soil, its climate and productions, its political institutions, social manners and customs, its history—but there is something which escapes description, which can neither be defined nor analyzed nor represented. Our party may not be in power; the laws may be imperfect; their administration unsatisfactory; office seekers may disgust; office-holders betray; the struggle for bread may be hard; the journey of life may be wearisome; behind all these is the pure presence of our country, a bright, stainless, incorruptible ideal. When that ceases to live in the heart we are without a country. Whoever dims or defaces it is an enemy to his country; whoever is not exalted by it is an enemy to himself.

This day is taken out of common life and consecrated by solemn religious observance. Let no feeling of hatred profane it. To-day bereaved families gather in broken circles around altar and fireside. To-day skeleton regiments muster whose full ranks were thinned by battle. To-day our country mourns and rejoices—mourns over her children fallen, and rejoices that she had heroes for children; rejoices that she has trodden the wine-press, and exchanged the garments dripping with blood for the white, shining raiment of peace.

To-day all Europe is an armed camp. From the Irish Sea to the Caspian, from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, there is the muster of preparation, and all the land throbs as with a coming earthquake. Let us be thankful that the shadow of the black cloud falls not upon us; and let us crown the peace that blesses us, with unity and concord, that her sweet presence may abide with us forever.

The experience of our country is novel in human affairs. No nation has ever before survived a conflict like that through which ours has passed, and its ultimate effect

upon the institutions of this is by no means fully disclosed. We are in the habit of speaking of the war as civil. It was rather sectional. In the border States, particularly in Missouri, and somewhat in Kentucky, West Virginia, and Maryland, it had many of the features of civil war, where opposing forces in arms are animated by personal hatred, but as a whole it was a war between sections, each equal in extent, population, and resources to an empire.

The war was inevitable. Institutions to be permanent must be consistent. They cannot unite antagonistic principles successfully. China, with her fixed type of character, seems to be unmovable. Wherever intellect is active, there is political movement. Stagnation is death. In every civilized society the movement is towards despotism or liberty. Napoleon comprehended this when he said Europe would become Cossack or Republican. Anarchy is the worst of evils. Either the mass of men require the mastery of force, or individual liberty will evolve the highest social order.

The Constitution of the United States, founded on the doctrine of equal rights, recognized and protected the existence of slavery. Slavery was an institution old as history, stronger than law, the type and exemplar of the absolute dominance of force. The chariot of the sun could not be drawn by the courser of the night.

Seward and Lincoln, in their annunciation of the "irrepressible conflict," and "house divided against itself," were little in advance of popular presentment. The war cloud which burst in terror had been gathering in darkness from the foundation of the republic.

The lessons of war are terrible. It can only be justified by an awful necessity, only consecrated by a righteous cause. That war should have been made one of the conditions of progress is one of the mysterious dispensations of human life. If war be merely a question of brute force,

serve only to give vent to the passions of hatred and destructiveness, it is an unmixed, unmitigated, indescribable evil and sin. Behold two armies—facing each other with all the dread enginery of death. Mass hurled against mass, the one object of each to destroy human life—what is this but wholesale murder? Let each man in the serried hosts believe that he is fighting for the right, that the fate of country, of humanity, is staked upon the issue, the scene is translated to the sublimest heroism. War is not a religious exercise, a Sunday-school lesson, or holiday pastime. It takes men as it finds them, society as it is, and seeks to organize all passions, thoughts, energies, every capacity of human nature into physical force.

In no war ever fought in history, did force ever more truly represent sentiment than that through which we have passed. In none has each soldier upon both sides fought from more sincere personal conviction, and personal interest in the result. This redeems it from physical grossness, or intellectual strategy and struggle for advantage, and makes it one of the great moral conflicts of all time.

I am aware that the war as it progressed was an educator of public sentiment, a terrible teacher whose lessons were written in blood and read in the light of battles. Its inevitable result, the secret moving springs in human nature behind it, were at first far better understood at the South than at the North. The South was earlier more terribly in earnest than the North—more logical, consistent, and united.

At the beginning of the war the sentiment which sustained slavery as an existing institution, though so universal, was scarcely stronger as a preponderating power in the South than in the North. Many of you can remember when it required more personal courage to question the morality of slavery in this community than it did in many parts of Maryland, Tennessee, or Missouri—almost as

much as in Charleston or New Orleans at the same time. Some of us can remember when the lives of many of the purest and best men then living were endangered in Boston for proclaiming anti-slavery sentiments, and when there was not a nook or corner in all this broad land where the anti-slavery agitator was safe from violence.

If Lincoln's first call for seventy-five thousand volunteers had gone forth with the proclamation that the war, if prosecuted, would last four years, arm two million men, destroy half a million lives, cost five thousand million dollars, enlist white and black men in the same armies, and result in the abolition of slavery and giving the right of suffrage and absolute equality of all civil rights and political privileges to the blacks, how many do you suppose would have answered? Not enough to have officered the regiments. Those who would have been willing to fight for such an object would have considered the contest as absolutely hopeless. These are incidents and results, and the truth of history justifies the statement that they were not foreseen in the beginning. If they had been, the great mass of those whose lives were sacrificed to attain the great end which consecrated the sacrifice would have started back in blank amazement, blind incredulity, or open revolt.

Instinct of patriotism answered to the first call. Event succeeded event, danger culminated into peril, until that dire emergency which borders on despair, made emancipation the weapon, not the supreme object of the war. Millions rejoiced in the freedom of the slave in 1863, who would have derided it as the dream of a visionary, or opposed it as the scheme of a disturber three years before. Let us not, then, as a people, Northern people, exalt our honor, and clothe ourselves in the garments of proscriptive self-righteousness, for we are but lately delivered from the bondage of this death—our deliverance came in the baptism of fire, and was from the thraldom

of an idea not the bondage of a fact, from the shadow of the substance not the thing itself. It was not our slaves who were emancipated, not our social economy disturbed.

It was fortunate for our country, fortunate for humanity, that Abraham Lincoln was at the head of our councils during this awful struggle. There have lately been attempts by unfavorable comparison to decry his ability and disparage the part he played in the great drama; attempts to make it appear that he was a mere figure-head to the Administration over which he presided—little comprehending the events which swept him onward in resistless current. His humility and self-abnegation have been ascribed to weakness, his generosity to his great coworkers to a feeling of dependence. His tenderness of human life, his anxious sense of justice, have been mistaken for irresolution, and his broad sympathies with all humanity for a lack of intense conviction or definite aim. The simplicity of his character deceives those who confound mystery with greatness. In all his life Lincoln never attempted to appear wiser or better than he was. He never clothed common-place thought in lofty phrase to dazzle by the glitter of words. He indulged in no ominous silence to magnify by concealment. His debate with Douglas introduced him to the American people as the equal of the first political athlete of his time. His homely anecdotes, apt as Franklin's maxims, were the expressed logic of common life, the wisdom of familiar speech. His speech at Gettysburg arose to the loftiest heights of eloquence, and associated his name forever with that of Pericles. His second inaugural, read in the light of subsequent events, has the tone and solemnity of prophecy. In all public action his single aim was to accomplish the greatest attainable good from the opportunity of every passing hour and event. If he marched abreast of the people, and said "let us go forward," rather

than "come up here," he had more influence with the people, because he was flesh of their flesh, bone of their bone—he was American—American in fibre and blood, brain and heart. He scorned the idea that common people, "plain people," in his own significant expression, were pottery and that he was porcelain. That any man was porcelain, or better than the clay of common humanity. His simplicity of character, his directness of purpose, his unselfish moral elevation, and severe sense of justice often translated his intellect into the higher regions of inspiration and prophecy, but his strength was of the people from whose loins he sprang, whose sufferings, labors, trials, and aspirations had been his life-long experience. His sympathies were broad enough to take in both the slave and his master, and he realized that both were the slaves of fate and circumstance which neither could control. Both were bound by the same chain. With him indignation at the wrong never became hatred of the wrong-doer. He was "a man and nothing human was alien to him." We know now, that while he bore upon his shoulders the burden of a continent, his heart bled with a secret sorrow, but no word of refusing escaped him, no act of weakness betrayed him. He suffered in silence until death placed his name in the roll of martyrs. The instincts of humanity are right, its judgments seldom reversed. To-day no name of mortal is so tenderly loved by so many loving hearts as that of Abraham Lincoln.

But our grateful reverence and love is not alone for the great who lived in the eye of the world and have been crowned by history. Let us turn for a moment to another, whose name has no place in history, and is only cherished by the hearts that were bereaved by his death. He was an humble private, a representative of many whose names were borne only on the company rolls and in the list of "killed and wounded." No hope of glory called him to the field, nor spirit of adventure led him. He had never

studied the constitution of his country, and knew nothing of the nice adjustment of State and national powers. Danger quickened his instinctive patriotism into ardent love and sublime sense of duty. He left the home of his childhood to join the long and wearisome march. He languished in hospital away from mother's and sister's tenderness and care. He stood his lonely sentinel watch in the long night, in the beating of the winter storm, while thoughts of the glowing fireside of home and the sweet voice of love were in his heart. Sense of duty alone sustained him, consciousness of duty discharged only requited him. He fell in the impetuous charge. The shout of victory did not reach his ear. His name disappeared from company roll; he was missed from the camp-fire of his comrades—from the triumphal return. In the heart of love there is an aching void for which earth has no solace, that time cannot fill. This man has his counterpart in heroism, in sincerity, and self-sacrifice in the private who fought in gray for the "lost cause," from convictions which birth and education had made a part of his life. Desolation sits by the Southern fireside, and over all the land "Rachel mourns for her children."

But there is still another representative man—the representative of 3,000,000 slaves, who had been waiting in the patience of long suffering and sublime confidence of faith for the hour of deliverance. Deliverance came to him, the dusky volunteer, not by proclamation of president, or constitutional amendment, but in the field of battle, when his blood, red as that of his white brothers, crimsoned his black skin, and the great emancipation enfranchised him with the common equality of death. If that is most precious which cost most, liberty and union should be the immediate jewels of our soul. To lose either is to sacrifice both.

Can the awful forces of American society, which the dread necessities of war disclosed, be organized in peace

in the cause of liberty and law and harnassed to the cause of progress?

That is the question proposed to us. That is the duty bequeathed to us by the dead, who will have died in vain if we fail to discharge it. In that duty only we can link our names to theirs and share in their heritage of glory.

I look around me, over this audience, secure in the blessings of peace, and the noise of battle comes to me as from afar. Gettysburg and Richmond blend with the sound of Saratoga and Yorktown, of Thermopylæ and Marathon in the triumphal march of humanity. I listen for the footfall of coming generations in the distant, far-off future, when the march of progress shall be under the white banners of peace to the tuneful measure of love. "When nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

EXTRACT FROM ORATION.

DELIVERED AT SACRAMENTO, JULY 4, 1877.

Ladies and Gentlemen: From the high vantage-ground of the century we look back through the vista of a hundred years, but the incidents of that day have lost none of their interest. Imagination may idealize them, but cannot exaggerate the importance of the consequences which flow from them and which broaden with the sun. Before us lies the future, with its untried possibilities. The past at least is secure beyond the change of time or chance of fate. What would the history of the century be, with the United States left out? What would the outlook of humanity be, if there were no United States of America?

The beginning of a new century suggests some reflections. Our nation is no longer a parvenu. We cannot plead the "baby act," or attribute indiscretions to the ebullience of youth. We have attained our majority, and

are entitled to sit as an equal with the elders at the council-board of empire. Manhood brings new duties and responsibilities, which demand independence of thought and self-reliance of character. We can no longer afford to deprecate criticism, dress ourselves in the glass of the world's approval, and ape foreign fashions and opinions. We must stand erect, not in the boastfulness of youth, but in the conscious strength of manhood; dare to think, speak, and do the right; not beg the issue, but defy criticism and challenge fate to the lists. If the American idea is worth anything, it deserves honest utterance; if American life is worth living, it is worthy to be cast in an American mould. Arrogance is bad enough, but it is better than the cringing obsequiousness of the abject imitation. There are those who will not read an American book, admire an American work of art, or appreciate an American thought, until it has received the signet of foreign approval. Nothing home-made is good enough for them. The nativity of such was cast under a wrong star. There are others, butterflies of fashion, who seem to apologize for being Americans—and who ought to apologize for being alive. Their experience of life is confined to eating, sleeping, dressing, and grumbling. A tight boot will throw them into paroxysms of despair over the republic; an ill-fitting coat is a sign of modern degeneracy; a bad digestion shows that free institutions are a delusion and a sham. Afflicted with mental ophthalmia, nothing is fair to them but a full-length image in a French mirror. Suffering an incurable moral dyspepsia, they are nauseated by human nature's daily food. The storm of political excitement may rage round them, wrapped in the garment of their superiority, they thank God they are not as other men, and have no responsibility for the evil days in which we have fallen.

If battles had to be fought, great deeds done, great sacrifices made, great achievements accomplished by

such men, what a perfect world—of toys, perfumery, and millinery—we should have!

I am here to-day to proclaim my faith in the American people, American society, American institutions and form of government, and my belief that, take them for all in all, they are the best we know of on the habitable globe, past or present. I am here to proclaim my conviction that at no time in our past have the ties of our Union been so strong, so little threatened with future danger, at no time has the doctrine of equal rights been so broadly exemplified, as now, on this Fourth day of July, in the year of grace 1877, and of American Independence the 102d.

We have of late been passing through a stage of intense introspection. There has been a tendency to take the clock to pieces, because it did not keep time with everybody's chronometer—to pull up the beans to see if they were growing. We have been living with finger on the pulse; we have been studying symptoms, and are like the patient who consults a quack and fancies the pimple is a cancer—every passing ache and trifling pain the beginning of an incurable malady. We have been too much like Addison's hypochondriac who constantly sat in a weighing chair. Every fall in the barometer portends a hurricane of disaster, and three hot days suggest an earthquake!

I know we are not perfect. Outside of Utah the sinners outnumber the saints. The Centennial did not usher in the millennium. We do not sleep with ascension robes under our pillows for fear Gabriel will take us by surprise. There is perhaps as much human nature to the square mile here as elsewhere. Even in politics, an ounce of active selfishness will effect more than a ton of good intentions. If one does not sow he cannot reap, and he must summer-fallow besides; and sometimes when he has sown the rains do not fall, or the enemy sows tares in the night. There are stony places, thorny places, and barren

places. Neither merit nor industry is always rewarded. Ability often stands at the gate while assurance stalks up the steps and rings the front bell. Modesty is its own reward, and apt to be all it gets. Honesty sometimes walks in rags, while fraud rolls in coach and livery, in purple and fine linen. We have a national debt, State, county, city, and corporation debts. The poor we have always with us. We have suffering, want, vice, crime, and ignorance. But in no other country are there 42,000,000 people so well fed, clothed, and housed; so well informed; of so high a sense of justice, and so instinctive a regard for law as in the United States of America. In no other country could social order be so well preserved without the restraints of law; could society so well stand alone without the framework of government. Let us rid ourselves of the idea that any form of government is an object of adoration or has any value except as the expression of the nation's character. It is the protecting shell of society, not society itself. The pomps and shows and pageantry of government are the relics of a barbaric age, the survival of barbaric taste. If there were no vice or crime we should need no government.

Not the government but the American people is the production of this age and country.

See the American people—one hundred and two years ago 3,000,000 souls in thirteen colonies, stretched along the Atlantic sea-board! For a principle in which every human being has an interest, they sever the ties which bind them to the Mother Country, and engage in a war with the strongest power in the world; they establish their independence and ordain a constitution which is a masterpiece of political wisdom; the continent is theirs, and they keep open house for the world; they flow over the Alleghanies and fill up the valley of the Mississippi; they clear the wilderness to make room for States; they build towns and cities and dot the land with schools, churches, and chari-

ties; they borrow mechanical arts and improve them; they contribute a world of inventions and discoveries to the common treasury of humanity, and pay their debts to civilization with compound interest; they cross the continent, buttress their empire on the shores of the Pacific, and open its windows to the setting sun; they are eager in the search for truth, the pursuit of knowledge, glad to assimilate all intelligence, to appropriate all thought, to arm themselves with all the implements of art. They have redeemed a continent from a wilderness to civilization, and dedicated it from sea to sea to free thought, free speech, free schools, free homes, and free men.

Humanity could not spare that history. It is one of the epics of progress.

. . . . . .

A few years ago a million of armed men, inured to hardship, accustomed to danger, elated with victory, proud of their leaders, disbanded, melted back into civil life, and patiently resumed the toil which was to pay the debt contracted for services themselves had rendered. When and where else could that have occurred? what other nation could have withstood the strain of a sectional war like that through which we have passed? In what other country could the vast disturbance of moral, political, social, and industrial forces occasioned by such a war have been so peacefully adjusted?

. . . . . .

If our country is steadfast to the great idea of political equality, and individual liberty, it will continue an ever-increasing power in civilization. False to it, the sceptre shall depart to some hand worthy to hold it. If it stands in the way of progress, "Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch of the ranged empire fall." If it shall lead the vanguard of the nations in the interest of man; if it continue to give in each succeeding age, fuller and larger expression of the truth upon which its existence was

staked, the circling centuries will roll above it in their starry grandeur, adding to its usefulness without impairing its strength, and crown it with the honors of age, without robbing it of the grace and beauty of youth. "The sceptre shall not pass from Judah until Shiloh come."

CHAPTER II.

POLITICAL LIFE.

Central Pacific Railroad Company—His Early Friendship for it—Political Conflict Created by its Aggressions—His Course as Leader of the People against them—Features of the Long and Bitter Struggle—His Forecast of the Future Sustained by Results Twenty-five Years Later—Sec. 1, The *Sacramento Union*—Sec. 2, Course as Governor of California—Sec. 3, Services in the United States Senate—Retirement from Political Life.

THE political battle-ground in California, for the past generation always debatable and hotly contested between the two great parties, has been and is the scene of a conflict between those of its citizens who chafed in political chains which they believed to be corruptly forged, and who revolted against practical serfdom, upon the one hand, and a corporation which, aided by allies from choice, or through self-interest, or fear, aimed to weld and rivet close their manacles, absorb their substance, crush or control, make and unmake them publicly and privately from the highest to the lowest, upon the other hand. Between collars of branding gold and repressing fetters of iron, there was little attractive choice for ambitious manhood crippled by high principles and integrity of character.

As soon as that corporation exchanged its early swaddling-bands for gold armor; sat up, cherished in bland infancy, and took nourishment at the generous breast of

the State; entered by national consent upon the inheritance of all the people, the dower of a landed property enormous in extent and value and fertile to sustain enormities social and political; cloaked itself in eleemosynary robes of vested rights, and began to pulsate with the strength of the rich blood of commerce—it struck its confiding nurses and beneficial god-fathers myriads of blows full in their faces with iron hands which wore no velvet gloves!

In the struggle which then began and which yet endures, Newton Booth was the early champion of the inherent rights of men, their recognized leader in a movement which resulted in a new constitution for the State in 1879, their undaunted, tireless advocate.

He had been among the foremost of the friends of the railroad project, a plan which was of vital interest to the State, and which as a war measure was also of essential importance to the general government. To aid the enterprise he had made a free, liberal gift of money. At the ceremony of breaking ground at Sacramento, January 8, 1863, he was the brilliant orator, saying in closing:

"You, sir, to-day have inaugurated a most glorious work—a work whose beneficent influences shall last when the names of Egyptian kings and dynasties shall be forgotten. Hail, then, all hail, this auspicious hour! Hail this bond of brotherhood and union! Hail this marriage tie between the Atlantic and Pacific! Hail, all hail, this bow of promise which amid all the clouds of war is seen spanning the continent—the symbol, the harbinger, the pledge of a higher civilization and an ultimate and world-wide peace!"

In the State Senate that winter he was guardian of the interests of the corporation, watchful, prompt, effective. When it was attempted to require the directors to advertise all their proposed work, and let contracts to the lowest bidders, his able antagonism defeated the bill, and made the Contract and Finance Company possible. When authorization of a million-dollar gift from San

Francisco was sought to be qualified with a proviso, he killed the offered amendment. He lived to regret such service. Within two years he was the quiet antagonist—in four the open one—of the aggressive corporation, the management of which had already whispered to itself:

"He thinks too much,—such men are dangerous!"

In 1865, replying to a covert threat that patronage would be withdrawn from him if he persisted in running for the State Senate, he said:

"*My goods have always been for sale—my principles never!*"

and he was defeated by a few votes; in 1867, cause and result repeated themselves. In both instances nomination was unsought, was tendered to him, hundreds of miles away, by telegraph from the convention floor.

The citizens of Sacramento had not then been taught some cruel lessons they afterwards learned.

Two years later it became evident that he would probably receive the Republican nomination for Governor in 1871.

The occasion was before him now for the waging of war against the palpable and common danger from existing public corruption, private timidity, threatened complete enslavement of all classes of men, control by centralized wealth of government, general and local,—the *occasion* was at hand; the *cause* of his action had matured in his mind and become his fixed conviction, his inflexible principle. During the campaign he fought with such declared purpose.

Long before, in one of his finished lectures, he had said:

"The regulation (in the English Parliament) of that great commercial monopoly and political corporation, the East India Company . . . brought on a contest, one of the first between the chartered powers and vested privi-

leges of a corporation upon the one hand, and the natural rights of man and supremacy of law upon the other." [1]

In another lecture, prepared at a time when the trans-continental railroad companies had barely begun their work of despoiling the Republic of millions of money and dictating to all classes of voters, he expressed this belief:

"Concentrated capital becomes kingly power making war for monopolies, seeking new fields of wealth as a conqueror invades kingdoms regardless of the rights of men, and esteeming government a name to impose on the patriotism of the simple, while it is made subservient to and a part of schemes of private advantage." [2]

On another occasion, this:

"There is no danger that we will lose the forms of a republic. There is a danger that we may ultimately retain *only* the forms. Caleb Cushing's famous 'man on horseback' is as distant and mythical as ever. The danger comes from another direction. The eagles on the coin, not in the standard, are its badge. It is gold, not steel, which threatens. It shapes itself in the endeavor to make government and law subservient to private rather than public good—to special rather than general interests. The contest will be between associated capital and popular rights. Let the field be cleared for *that* action, and let the dead past bury its dead!" [3]

The prolific brood of our present-day multiple-millionaires lay then in their cradles.

There is a voluminous railroad literature *now*—there was none *then* worth perusal—touching public peril in the United States from the intrenched, expanding, myriad-faced powers of incorporated monopolies. Exposure of the Credit Mobilier was not made until late in 1872; the method and results of the Contract and Finance Company lay coiled away out of sight until its work was done—the records then destroyed. When fierce light flashed upon each, he publicly scored them both as

"*A twin-birth of incestuous shame!*" [4]

[1] Lecture on "Fox."

[2] Lecture on "Morals and Politics."

[3] Speech on "National Issues," at Platt's Hall, San Francisco.

[4] "Railroad Problem in American Politics."

The selections given in this volume from his contributions to the literature named will long be worth study. Perhaps "he builded better than he knew"; Emerson did not immortalize that idea until after many men had done so.

He feared the concentration of power in a few hands,—possibly one hand; a self-constituted oligarchy, perhaps an Augustus Cæsar preferring substance to semblance in imperial sway; the decay of individual enterprise in its over-shadowing presence; a throttle-valve controlling all personal aspiration; the loss of freedom of thought and action; the arrogance of riches arrayed against a sense of dependence—the servility of want; the insidious influence of those who were "sycophants from the choice of their own slavish and subservient souls"; an iron finger upon every pulse of industry, counting its beats"; the fulfilment of the communistic prophecy made by Daniel Webster at Plymouth Rock, December 22, 1820; the corruption of legislators in their halls, judges in chambers and on the bench, Congressmen and Cabinets, minor officials in droves; the terrorizing of merchants into repressed utterance and open subjection; a sword of Damocles, engraved with ALL THE TRAFFIC WILL BEAR, suspended over the head of every farmer and producer; the submission of the army of labor in making choice between that and the hunger of their families; the allurements of proffered wealth and power to the brightest legal minds of highest culture[1]; the prostration of the

[1] The Hon. Creed Haymond stated the issue at Sacramento, Sept. 4, 1872, as follows: "There is but one single contest, and that contest is between the people on the one side and the Central Pacific Railroad Company on the other.

"It has been said that we ought not to aim our shafts or direct our javelins against that company. I ask, has it not, in the language of the resolutions, dictated policies to the people of this State? Has it not made and unmade our laws? Has it not controlled conventions and dictated nominations? Has it not corrupted Legislatures? Has it not assailed the late as

body politic, local and general, before a shrine erected and maintained by an iron will; the greed and weakness of the ambitious, noted by Shakespeare:

"O that estates, degrees, and offices were not derived corruptly! and that clear honor
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!"

All this he had foreseen and dreaded, and against it battled as a leader.

How much of it has come to pass?

Let those who ask themselves that question now, observe, read,—and reflect!

He lived to see what is now apparent to all—the power of the law paralyzed too often in courts of all grades; Congressmen and legislators labelled as merchandise; taxes unpaid in California to the amount of $3,000,000,—a million of it owing to the school fund; a debt to the United States, of the California corporation alone, that at maturity a few years hence will amount to $77,043,630.66—for the payment of which an extension of time for one hundred and fifty years is asked.

In his self-imposed work Newton Booth was courageous and great. He led the attack in the United States upon the insolence and the terrible powers of corporations "without souls."

The *men* who were fortified by laws which drained the resources of the commonwealth and turned flowing streams of gold into their capacious coffers, he never named personally in his open warfare—waged upon principle; but he would not admit any merit or justice in their declaration that self-defence compelled corporations to control all political parties. To that plea he replied:

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well as the present Chief Magistrate of the State because both were true to the great interests of the people? When the answer comes, as come it must, 'All this and more has it done,' I can but feel that we would be recreant to our trusts and false to the people, were we to turn aside our arms at the mention of its name."

"I do not think railroads need be political machines any more than grist-mills, tin-shops, and farms."[1]

The most incisive speech he ever made contains this:

"Do not understand me to say now that the owners or managers of railroads are different from other men, or that they have met together in a conspiracy to do a particular thing, and are methodically proceeding upon a fixed plan. Great social or political changes are seldom or never wrought that way."[2]

Concerning individuals he cared little, and as a rule he refrained from personal attacks. Of great principles, public danger from irresponsible power, the rights of the trembling many menaced by the powerful few, he was the volunteer guardian.

His moral courage was greater than the measure of it has been in the mind of Californians: the glitter of concentrated gold occasionally blinded their eyes against the flashes of his keen intellect—the weight of it at times sunk their perceptions to the level of careless ingratitude. There was a thoughtful and large minority which recognized his great qualities; but, contrasted with the appreciation openly given them by his fellow-citizens, his services were as Niagara to a mill-pond—Yosemite to a soap-bubble.

One who had known him well, and whose own character and public services were in harmony with his,[3] wrote upon the occasion of his death a thoughtful tribute to his memory. The first stanza, however, must be challenged. Newton Booth did not fail of effort and purpose as long as such were possible factors in the broad strife. What could he have added to that which he had already said? He knew that an Achilles, sulking in his tent, was apt to

[1] "Railroad Problem in American Politics."

[2] The gifted, brilliant, and able lawyer and honorable man, Creed Haymond, succeeding Sanderson, became chief attorney for the company a few years later, and remained so until his death.

[3] Joseph T. Goodman, of Nevada.

be derided; but knew also that he had left nothing that he could do, undone. In one of his addresses he had said: "In this age, whatever stands still, recedes—whatever ceases to grow, dies."[1]

The following is the tribute referred to:

"We give his ashes back to earth to-day,
But in the true sense he died long ago;
When effort fails and purpose fades away
The rest of life is but an afterglow.

"We watched him mount with his audacious sweep
Of pinion till his forehead touched the sun,
But while the all-hail swelled, lo! in the deep
Our Icarus lay, his flight forever done.

"No wax wings his, through which the fervid heat
Of trial melted—fire they had withstood—
But he grew weary of their constant beat
Against the pricks, and folded them for good.

"His nature was too fine, his soul too pure
To jocky in the time's ignoble race,
Bribe, bargain, cringe, or even to endure
The shame that common purchase stamps on place.

"Woe to the State where precedence and place
Are in the open market bought and sold,
Where modest worth is forced to bow its face
Before the coarse effrontery of gold!

"You stabbed his heart, you turned from your true friend
To worship at a bogus Cæsar's feet—
In frenzy bade Hyperion descend,
And raised a bloated satyr to his seat.

"Ah, ye are penitent! Let every toll
Of his funeral bell record a vow
To be unshackled men, and his great soul
Shall bear the palm of triumph even now."

[1] Address to Odd Fellows, at Red Bluff, April 26, 1860.

SEC. I. The history of a great journal, singularly pure, firm, and splendid in character and attributes, and its final crucifixion, are incidentally so interwoven with his biography as to require brief mention.

The *Sacramento Union* was without a peer west of the Rocky Mountains. It had earned, it cherished, and it exercised the right to create public opinion by unswerving guardianship of public interests. The incessant stream of its editorial work bore upon the surface coruscations of literary elegance, reflected in every ripple steadfast courage and allegiance to the truth; and in its clear and evenly flowing depths displayed boundless resources of scholarly statesmanship, never tempered to the exigencies of the moment, but devoted always to the common safety and welfare. Necessarily it wielded great influence. It was fearless—incorruptible. The Central Pacific Railway —failing to bribe, powerless to intimidate—crushed it to death after a struggle which lasted from 1867 to 1875.

All classes of men in the commonwealth upon which it depended for that circulating life-blood which assures prosperity, were driven in self-defence to ostracism; they dared not to support it longer for fear that if they did they would be deprived of support themselves. After the *Union* became a *losing property*, its brave proprietors continued to publish it until each of them had lost $150,000. Even then they peremptorily refused private offers from agents of the railroad company, and announced to the public that the sale of the paper would be by public auction.

One of the editors of the *Union*, sorrowfully walking away after the auction on the sidewalk:

> "Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day
> That cost thy life, my gallant gray!
> I little thought, when first thy rein
> I slacked upon the banks of Seine,
> That the foul raven e'er would feed
> On thy fleet limbs—my matchless steed!"

Newton Booth felt that murder keenly—deeply. A general had lost that which was precious as an army—a leader the sustaining arm of a power greater than his own! In an address to the citizens of Sacramento, he said with caustic force[1]:

"A decree had been registered by the railroad company that the *Sacramento Union* should be destroyed. It was the ablest newspaper ever published in a community of this size. Its service in the cause of right and truth had been of inestimable value. It had never bowed to power or truckled to position or soiled its integrity. Being dead, it yet lives, and its spirit walks abroad. But it had refused to share with the railroad in a legislative scheme of plunder, and had stood boldly up in defence of the people and their rights, against all schemes, open or insidious. It was destroyed, at their bidding, in the house of its friends. There has been no other such exhibition of the brute power of money to crush free speech, in American history. You have exchanged the *Sacramento Union* for the promise of a 'rolling-mill!'—a promise that will be renewed as often as you are asked to sacrifice your manhood to the will of those who aspire to be your august masters, and fulfilled when it suits their sovereign pleasure, convenience, and interest; and if it should ever be fulfilled, its smoke will only serve to remind you of your shame!"[2]

SEC. 2. As Governor of California, Mr. Booth's arduous and effective labors, unswerving firmness of purpose, thoughtful and suggestive State papers, prudent financial policy, and admitted excellence of administration are matters of local rather than general interest.

The Executive power he wielded was directed against the monopolists, only in legitimate and dignified channels flooded by the light of open debate. Petty revenges were beneath the level of his nature, foreign to his broad purpose. Every just and wholesome demand made by corporations and acceded to by the Legislature, he approved into laws.

An extra session of the Legislature was vehemently urged by capitalists, sustained by a powerful press, to cure defects in a single law; he refused to call it.

[1] Speech at Sacramento, July 22, 1875.

[2] This tribute is due to the memory of James Anthony and Paul Morrill.

The veto prerogative he used freely, yet approved 1316 laws.[1] The pardoning power he exercised with rare conscientiousness, yet, on the average, pardoned one convict weekly. On the average, too, once in every six weeks a man was condemned to death in California, and the law required the Chief Executive to read all the testimony in each case. He did so—and commuted but five sentences. One of those commutations illustrates his sense of justice. William Williams was sentenced to death in 1871, for murder in Siskiyou County. The reason for Executive interference was written by the Governor:

"DECISION.—Whereas, the case having been finally decided on appeal by the Supreme Court of this State, so that no hope of a reversal of sentence or delay of execution was left; and whereas, the said Williams being thus under sentence of death, made his escape from jail without personal violence; and whereas, the officers who were responsible for his safekeeping, after exhausting other means for his capture, caused information to be conveyed to him that his sentence had been commuted to imprisonment for life, and the said Williams, believing such information to be true, surrendered himself. Now, believing that the State ought not in any manner to be a party to a violation of faith, even to the guilty, and, least of all, in a matter involving life and death,—therefore let his sentence be commuted to imprisonment in the State prison for the term of his natural life."[2]

His biennial message to the Legislature contained an exhaustive essay on the pardoning power; the concluding words of that on capital punishment were:

"Executions are required to be private, but in this age of newspapers they are faithfully reported to every fireside, and whatever of evil influence there was in public executions before the newspaper age, is necessarily increased in tenfold degree. I am of opinion that the death penalty should be abolished, and some kind of imprisonment, different from that provided for crimes of lower grade than murder, should be devised instead; and that in such cases the power of pardon should be so circumscribed as to require proof of innocence before it could be exercised."

[1] Legislative bills to the number of 2658 were introduced during his term of office.

[2] The officers forged a commutation, including the great seal of the State and the Governor's signature.

Although such was his opinion, he withstood at times pressure almost incredible brought to bear upon him by friends of murderers. Sworn to maintain the laws, he did so, often at the cost of intense mental suffering—not on account of the criminal so much as on that of relatives. He was too humane and sympathetic by nature to look with composure upon lacerated hearts. On one occasion, while telling a pleading woman that her son must die the day following, he became faint from emotion, and did not recover for hours; on another he handed his secretary a letter, saying: "Write to this lady and tell her—as best you may, no language can temper the blow—*I cannot save her brother;* the task is too painful for me."

A brutal assassin condemned to death feigned insanity so artistically that the Governor was in doubt. He induced the superintendent of the State Insane Asylum to spend a week—disguised as a prisoner—in jail with the murderer. The result was convincing proof of sanity—and execution followed.

In brief, he was of the judicial habit of thought, inclined always to mercy—but sternly unwavering when facing established facts. These incidents are given simply to illustrate his character.

Doubtless all governors receive many threats of assassination. He did—and merely smiled as he placed them on the "anonymous" file of his secretary.

During his gubernatorial term he entertained in a manner and upon a scale commensurate with his dignity and circumstances. Occasionally, also, small gatherings at his home, of from forty to sixty guests, were made the more delightful by being chiefly literary; the contributions including essays, poems, satires, ballads, and musical compositions,—all original with the guests, and many of sufficient merit to find wider audiences afterwards through the magazines.

The years of Mr. Booth's administration, although not

marked by extraordinary incident, were full of interest and importance to Californians. He suggested many new laws, and amendments to those existing, nearly all of which have since been adopted. The spirit of the Executive pervaded all State institutions. His business experience and habits were valuable there. He left these institutions in much better condition than that in which he found them.

Suspecting the most important Board of Commissioners in the State of being corrupt, he acted instantly, examined affairs personally, went from investigation to immediate prosecution. One of them resigned with clean hands; another died pending trial under indictment; the chief offender, a man of great wealth, went to State prison for six years.

California never has been afflicted with a corrupt governor, or one mentally weak, and never has had one of higher character than Newton Booth.

SEC. 3. Of his work in the United States Senate, some of his speeches and his exquisite tributes to the dead are given in this volume; the remainder are omitted. All of the addresses may of course be found in the records. He was faithful in practice to his theory of the ideal legislator by being constant and energetic in quiet work. In a lecture he had said:

"The immensely increased pressure of public business demands from public men a constant and laborious attention to details, and makes despatch more valuable than speech—the committee-man more useful than the orator. . . .

"Now, legislative action is governed by public opinion, and the journalist has acquired the influence which the orator has lost."[1]

Such was his teaching—such his action. The Senate contained a no more valuable working member.

[1] Lecture on "Fox."

He served on the Committees on Public Lands, Civil Service and Retrenchment, Mines and Mining, and as Chairman of those on Patents and Manufactures.

Content to work quietly and faithfully for the interests of all people, he deliberately subordinated his personality to public service.

Those of his constituents who had expected him to pursue a course marked by a splendor of mental equipment in oratorical display—and they were many—were bitterly disappointed.

Yet, while he did not choose to seek national fame for eloquence and power in debate, he spoke at length and with polished force, as well as thorough knowledge of his subject, upon every question involving especially the interests of California. Let that, at least, be known in the State of his adoption.

Nine days after he took his seat, March 9, 1875, the Hawaiian treaty was debated in executive session. He opposed it in a compact and powerful argument. Considering later events, it is interesting to quote his prophecy [1]:

"But, Mr. President, it will not be seriously contended that this treaty with a nation which the Senator from Vermont (Mr. Morrill) aptly styled the kingdom of Lilliput, has been negotiated upon our part for any commercial purpose. *The object is political.* It is assumed that by bringing ourselves into special relations with the Hawaiian Islands we shall acquire a protectorate over them and eventually their sovereignty."

Again:

"No sir,—This colonial idea means an innovation upon our general plan of government. It will be a government at Washington of islands 2000 miles distant from our nearest port. It means that we are to become a great naval power, with distant possessions which it is a point of honor to defend, with all the additional expense and strengthening of the central government which that implies. It means that we, a Continental republic, shall enter upon a colonial system like that of the insular kingdom of Great Britain, and which many of the wisest British statesmen to-day regard as the great

[1] The speech is not given in this book.

mistake in the policy of their government. It is only a beginning, but a beginning which in my judgment we should avoid."

And in conclusion:

"I differ, Mr. President, with great diffidence upon this question from the other Senators of the Pacific Coast States, but I can come to no other conclusion. I can see in the avowed commercial purposes of this treaty nothing but loss, in its real political object nothing but danger.

"The problems of our government are difficult enough without further complications, and there is room on this continent for our highest ambition."

His attitude towards the Pacific railroads remained firm and unflinching. As fearlessly and as frankly as he had spoken in California he addressed the Senate whenever occasion gave opportunity for argument to be really listened to:

"I am unwilling by implication, by giving a silent vote, to be placed in the category of those who follow the hue and cry, who pander to prejudice for the sake of popularity, or who exact from the weak what they would not demand from the strong.

"These companies are not weak. If any one supposes they are, let him attack them in the citadels of their strength. They have but one rule of policy—first, employ all means to convince; failing in that, all means to crush! Since I have had the honor to have a seat upon this floor, when any question touching a conflict between them and the people has been under consideration, their agents, attorneys, and lobbyists have swarmed in our corridors; they have blocked the way to our committee-rooms, and have set spies upon our actions. To-day they would occupy these vacant chairs but for the timely order of the President of the Senate to double-guard our doors."[1]

"The bill is an attempt to make us *particeps criminis* in the fraud that the men who hang around our doors would perpetrate. Pass this bill, but change its enacting clause and let it read: *Be it enacted by the Central Pacific and Union Pacific Railroad Companies*, and then do not send it for approval to the President of the United States; for he represents the sovereignty of this people; send it for approval to the presidents of the companies. Yet that is scarcely necessary. It is the coin and mintage of their brain. It was approved in advance."

[1] Speech on "Pacific Railroad Acts," Feb. 14, 1877.

A year later:

"The bill of the Railroad Committee has been called a settlement. To my mind it is a surrender. The whole amount of money involved in this subject is of trifling importance compared with the principle which it proposes to surrender. Sir, the question is before us; let us not barter, let us not dicker; let us legislate. If we are as powerless as is contended on behalf of the Railroad Committee, let us learn that from the highest judicial authority, for if that be so there will be no more charters granted, nor aids bestowed while the world stands or Congress remains sane.

"The Senator from Georgia in his eloquent peroration said that these railroad companies are not the kind of corporations which he dreads. What he dreads is the great and growing power of the corporation of the Federal Government. I accept the term from his standpoint. From that point of view these corporations swell into the imperial proportions of sovereignty, or in their overshadowing presence this government dwarfs into the dimensions of a corporation. I accept the term. The stockholders in this corporation of the Federal Government are forty-five million people entitled to share and share alike in all its benefits. Its charter is the Constitution of the United States. It holds in its hands the title-deeds to liberty for countless millions yet to be. I trust it will ever be, as I believe it has ever been, full of grace, mercy, and loving kindness to its friends; dreadful only to its enemies. Look upon this picture and then upon that. The record of the corporation he does not dread can be read in the transactions of the Credit Mobilier and the Contract Finance Companies. His election is not mine, but I thank the Senator for the boldness of his speech. He has cloven this subject to the centre; he has cleft its heart in twain. It is a question as to where our allegiance is due. We cannot serve two masters. which shall we serve?" [1]

The Pacific railroads and the friends of their magnates were not alone in their fixed enmity to the Senator who dared to assail them so fearlessly, who ventured to invoke the spirit of justice in the august Senate, and who demanded the enforcement of the laws in defence of the public interests.

Other powerful corporations gave him a full measure of hostility.

The bold and repeated utterance of the idea that the people not only possess sovereign power, but should

[1] Speech on "Pacific Railroads," April 3, 1878. (Only this extract is given.)

actually insist through their representatives upon the exercise of such power, was full of real danger to monopolists everywhere.

It was of importance to suppress such eloquence. To do so, to a great extent, was not difficult. The telegraph wires could be spared the burden of it by those who controlled them. Owners and managers of journals could fill their columns with topics less menacing to their purses. The fees of political attorneys, in Congress and out of it, and many other places than Washington, were threatened with the shrinkage resulting from curbed power. Corporation hosts were strong enough in their widely various citadels, in both the great political fields, to dictate the tenor of despatches sent throughout the land; thrifty camp-followers were numerous, obedient, and vigilant. The arrogance of certain corporate organizations had been rebuked too openly; and the bitterest antagonism was aroused.

The individuality in the man, the work he had already done, the courage and power he had displayed, were to his enemies as offensive as his consistent attitude as Senator was alarming. The desire for revenge was strong, the need of political precaution great.

Thus it occurred that of his really brilliant services in the Senate little record was made throughout the country, and in California hardly any reports were published. In these days of electricity the delay of a week or two in proclaiming the work of a statesman robs that work of its immediate value; the suppression of the better part of it is almost as fatal to his political reputation as the silence of the grave.

In the brilliant array of giants in debate on "The Silver Question," he justly took high rank. He compressed into a speech of less than two hours suggestive facts; acute reasoning; knowledge of the inner meaning and outward results of financial methods in the United States for more

than a century; analysis of the relations, one to another, of gold, silver, currency, and *credit* throughout the world; philosophy of national and individual honor involved in the question debated; and illustrated it all with keen expression of logical thought, flashes of wit, and "sabre cuts of Saxon speech."[1]

On the subject of "Currency and Banking" he had shortly before written public letters which attracted wide attention.[2]

Both the speech and the letters are of permanent value, and are given in this volume.

So, also, is given his characteristic remarks on "Chinese Immigration," and an address to the Senate of peculiar elegance and power.

Having been elected as an independent Senator, he had little patronage at his disposal to reward political friends; and his personal friends grew regretful to the verge of indignation at what they thought his neglect of opportunity, or lack of energy, to assert himself. Distant thousands of miles, they did not learn how faithfully he toiled at the working-oar. Account of that was eliminated from the news despatches, by his enemies, with gold pens. He could not stoop to beseech constituents to scan the records—there was nothing of the moral mendicant in his nature.

Through perceptions too keen and accurate to avoid knowing this, sensibilities too quick to escape suffering, possibly there came to him regret modified by just pride of conscious worth, endured with quiet philosophy, tempered by silent contemplation of the past,—and came also listlessness of purpose to succeed himself in the Senate.

The war against monopolies he had initiated in local California had become a national one and there was a host of giant gladiators in the political field.

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[1] In Senate, June 8, 1876.

[2] See the *Springfield Republican*, December, 1875 and January, 1876.

Original, faithful, and effective during long public service, he welcomed retirement from it.

Nineteen years before his death, during the delivery of a masterly political speech,[1] he said:

"The political blows I have taken have all been in front. It is not often I intrude the 'personal pronoun, first person, singular number,' but I claim the privilege to do so, very briefly.

"The people of this State have honored me above my deserts. I shall die in their debt. They owe me nothing, except, when the time shall come, an honorable discharge, and I think I have earned that. The path I have trodden has not always been easy, and the burden I have carried has not always been light.

"I dare say this of myself in my public career: there has never been a time when I would not have stood uncovered before the smith at his stithy, the hod-carrier at the ladder, or the prisoner in his cell, to apologize for any wrong done by mistake or inadvertence; and if there has ever been a time when I would have touched my hat, or abated a hair's breadth of my manhood, in the presence of wealth or power, for the sake of patronage or place, I trust its memory may be blotted out,—and I am too old to change."

EXTRACT FROM SPEECH OF HON. HENRY EDGERTON, NOMINATING MR. BOOTH FOR GOVERNOR, AT SACRAMENTO, JUNE 28, 1871.

"I rise to discharge one of the most pleasant duties of my life, by presenting to this convention for its nomination to the office of chief magistrate a distinguished citizen—the Hon. Newton Booth, of Sacramento. Having in view either those personal attributes and qualifications which dignify and adorn a public station, or the important considerations involved in a successful political canvass, it would be difficult, sir, to say anything of Newton Booth that would transcend the bounds of just and decorous eulogy. . . .

"A merchant of the highest character and standing, now and for a long time at the head of one of the first commercial houses of the country; a competent lawyer; a legislator of extended experience, the author of much, and honorably identified with more, of the wisest and most beneficent legislation upon our statute-books; familiar with politics, but a politician only in the highest and noblest sense of that much-abused term; one who, in the front ranks of your scholars, has already done much to disseminate classic literature in the State; a first-rate orator, whose pure advocacy of the principles of the Republican party has done much in the past, and will yet do more in the future for the dissemination and triumph of those principles—he stands to-day, sir, in my humble judgment, in point of fitness for

[1] San Francisco, 1879.

the candidacy to which he is proposed, without a peer within the pale of the Republican party of California. But, sir, he possesses elements of availability of a more striking character. It is not necessary for Newton Booth, or anybody in behalf of Newton Booth, to define his position. During our long and bloody civil war, through good report and evil report, whether success attended or calamity befell our armies, he was always in the front rank of the patriots of this State. And, sir, his opinions were fixed and expressed in more than a score of original and imperishable orations."

SPEECH OF ACCEPTANCE.

The President: Gentlemen of the convention, I have the extreme pleasure of presenting to you the Hon. Newton Booth, of Sacramento.

Mr. Booth ascended the rostrum and said: After this generous reception and the marks of devoted friendship I have received, I should be more or less than the man I am if I were not moved almost beyond the power of self-command. If my sense of gratitude were boundless as the sea, I should be bankrupt in expression as I stand before you to-day. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks. I accept, gentlemen, the nomination for Governor upon the platform you have put forth. I accept the platform, not as an idle formality, not as a stepping-stone to office, but from conviction. I accept it as the latest expression of living faith of the party to which I am proud to belong.

If political parties are anything other than combinations to seek office, they are public opinion organized; they are forces whose general direction is fixed. They can be judged far better by their traditions, instincts, and governing ideas than by any formal declaration of principles. Tried by this test, which party to-day best deserves the confidence and regard of the American people, which has championed the great measures of human freedom and good government, which has endeavored to direct the current of events in the grand channel of right, which has stood as a bar and obstruction until it has been

swept forward by the sweeping tide? Both parties continue to-day the same organization that they did during the war. Each stands upon the history it has made. Can the Republican party ground arms in the presence of its old antagonist? We have heard much of the "new departure" of the Democracy. Perhaps it was time for the Democratic party to depart. Sir, when a political party abandons its old ideas, its instincts, and its traditions, it departs this life. For the first time in history we have the remarkable case of a suicide that insists upon holding an inquest upon its own body. Sir, the Republican party needs no "new departure." It stands upon its history. It has written no chapters that it desires to tear out. Every page is emblazoned with glory. Let the record stand; the party will stand by the record. Ay, they tell us they will accept the policy of reconstruction as a hard necessity. We adopt it as a living truth. They regard it as an obstruction which must be over-climbed in the road to office; we as a sacred principle baptized in the best blood of the land. The late Democratic candidate for Governor in Massachusetts was right when he said the American people would never abandon the attitude of hostile vigilance, which is the true interpretation of the policy of this administration, while one of their war trophies was threatened. And what are these war trophies? They are not captured citadels and cities, not guns and flags; they are moral trophies—a republic saved from destruction, freedom made the law of the land. By these trophies the Republican party proposes to stand guard while the stars shine.

We do not propose now, nor at any time, to rekindle the passions of the war; but we cannot forget its memories, and we would be false to ourselves, false to the dead, if we did not claim all the moral force bequeathed to us by the past, to accomplish every attainable good in the present and in the future. But grand as is the heritage

of glory that has come down to us by the past, we cannot live upon that; we must meet living questions as living men, looking forward to the grand future. The party has saved the government from an open foe; it must also protect it from an insidious enemy. The rebellion struck with bared arm in broad day, and with naked sword. There is a danger more alarming because more subtle, that comes as the stealthy poisoner, creeping in the dark: the corrupting power of money in shaping legislation and controlling political action. For us this question of subsidy and anti-subsidy has a far broader significance than any partial application would assign to it. It means purity of legislation; it means integrity of courts; it means the sacredness of private rights; it means that whatever a man has, whether it be broad acres or a narrow home, whatever he has acquired by his industry and enterprise, is his; his though he stands in a minority of one; his against the power of the world; no majority, no legislation, however potent, can make a private wrong a public right. It means this: Shall this government be and remain a mighty agency of civilization, the protector of all, or shall it be run as a close corporation to enrich the few?

Our party recognizing public sentiment upon the question, proposes to organize that sentiment into a living force so that the sacredness of individual right shall be protected by all the muniments of constitutional law. The instincts of our party are unchanged. In the recent European war we instinctively felt that the principle of the "solidarity of peoples" would be vindicated; that the old artificial system of balance of power, fruitful in wars and kingcraft, would be destroyed; that nations would rest not upon a central pivot, but upon broad, natural foundations; and if anywhere on earth there is a movement of liberal thought, the Republican party is in sympathy with that movement. If there is an aspiration for

human freedom, the Republican party is in sympathy with that aspiration. The country, the world, cannot afford that so generous an impulse in human forces should die; and it will not die. Let it be kept in accord with the great moral laws ordained for the government of the world. Its defeats will be for a day, and its triumphs for all time.

SPEECH

DELIVERED AT PLATT'S HALL, SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 27, 1872.

The presidential election in the United States is an historical event. Other elections are local; this is national. In its significance it is more than national. It is the only occasion upon which the voice of the whole people is heard. It is the popular verdict upon the conduct of public affairs—an open declaration of future policy—and it challenges the attention of the world. We are apt at all times to lose, in some degree, the sense of individual responsibility when we act in masses, but if there be any political duty in the discharge of which the citizen should exercise his deliberate judgment and highest patriotism, it is in casting his vote for President,—not so much on account of the transcendent dignity of the office as of the importance which, by reason of our national traditions, the nature of our institutions, and the spirit of the people, is necessarily attached to the event of the election. The success of this man or that man, the appointment of one set of men or another to office, is of little moment save to the individuals themselves (and of less to them than they are apt to imagine), but the decision of the American people, the expression of their will, is of the highest consequence. If we were an older people, if the lines of our policy had been worn by immemorial custom into grooves, and our habits of thought had become traditional; if we were a stationary people,

without constant influx of new life within, and a broadening horizon of career without; if the tenor of our history had been even, unbroken by sudden changes and great upheavals, the national election might be one of the forms and pageants of government. But now, in the flush and rapid growth of youth, our institutions still experiments, close behind us the revolution which threatened to engulph, now just entering upon a policy of universal freedom, now having cut loose from the moorings of prejudice and set sail upon the open sea beneath the divinely guiding stars, it is scarcely possible to exaggerate its importance.

We enter upon this election under circumstances so peculiar they are without a parallel in our history—possibly in any history.

Now, as for the past sixteen years, the country is divided into two great parties—two politically hostile camps—the Republicans, the party of ideas; the Democratic, the party of discipline. The latter in the time of its power had fully identified itself with the interests of the institution of slavery. The logical conclusion of its doctrines was reached in the South in secession. In the North it staked its existence upon the pledge that the Union could not be restored and slavery destroyed. It stood in deadly hostility to every measure which in the past twelve years has become a part of the fundamental policy of the government. It survived the institution with which it was identified, the principles upon which it was based, by the very force of its discipline. To-day, after an ostensible abandonment of its political tenets, with its local, State, and national organization complete as ever, in perfect working order, it adopts for its leader the man who of all others had most hated and reviled it, and hopes to triumph by a piece of political strategy. "There is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out!"

No progressive party can remain long in power and give entire satisfaction to all its members. With some progress will be too slow; with others too fast. There will be idealists, and there will be adventurers. The right measure will not be passed at the right time. The right man will not always get the right place. The offices will not go round. Real merit will be sometimes overlooked, and there will be soldiers of fortune disappointed in the hope of position. Among leaders there will be personal jealousies, and among the people some degree of impatience, because the work of years is not accomplished in days. No political party is perfect; none is likely to be while there is as much human nature in the world as now. Where there is free thought there will be differences of opinion, and the Republican party is pre-eminently a party of free-thought and self-criticism. There are always men, too, who attach an exaggerated importance to minor differences of opinion—just as we forget the general health of the whole body in thinking of a sore finger or an aching tooth.

The various elements of dissatisfaction in the Republican party were represented in the Cincinnati Convention. As a movement against the party it was not so formidable as that attempted under President Johnson. After twelve years' lease of power the only wonder is it was not more formidable. The nucleus around which it was gathered seemed to be personal opposition to the man who was so largely the choice of the party that his nomination for President was a foregone conclusion. The President was arraigned for the execution of laws by men who had assisted to pass them—by men who would have moved his impeachment if he had refused to execute them.

It is not for us to pass judgment on that convention and say whether it was controlled by its better or worse elements, by interested or disinterested men—within or without. It put forth an "Address to the American

People," and a platform of resolutions. With severe impartiality it gave the former to the Democrats, the latter to the Republicans with an "if." It is not too much to say that its nomination took the country by surprise.

Of Horace Greeley I have no reproachful word to utter. His past is secure from all but himself. Few men are better known to the American people in his strength and his weakness, his greatness and his foibles. Two master passions seemed to have struggled for supremacy in his past life—love of freedom and hatred of Democrats. If the first was ideal, the latter was personal and vindictive. His warmest friends find in him much to extenuate, and his bitterest enemies something to admire. If he was bewildered in the civil revolution he had so often invoked; if his face blanched at the battle he had so often predicted; if he had not strength to seize the golden opportunity he had so longed for from afar, we will never forget his early services to the cause of freedom. Whatever may be the result of this contest, he will go into history as the journalist, the editor, and his monument will be the New York *Tribune*. His life-work was finished when he accepted a Democratic nomination for President. Ambition is said to be "the disease of noble minds"; it is also the disease of youth, and like other diseases that belong to early life, when it attacks the aged, is apt to be fatal.

It is not too much to say that the "Liberal" movement alone, without the Baltimore endorsement, would not have had strength enough to carry one election precinct in the United States. As a popular movement, originating with the people, as an effort to form a third party, it was a failure. It would have had no inception but for the hope that it would be coddled into life by the Democracy. Whatever strength, whatever life, whatever hope of success it has, come from Baltimore and not Cincinnati; and Baltimore as promptly approved, ratified, and con-

firmed as though the whole were one scheme. Perhaps it was, and Tammany its author.

I congratulate you, my fellow-citizens; I congratulate the Democracy; I congratulate humanity; I hail it as an auspicious day, when, under any circumstances, for any purpose, the representatives of the Democratic party, in convention assembled, can subscribe to sentiments like these, which are a part of the Cincinnati resolutions:

"We recognize the equality of all men before the law, and hold that it is the duty of Government, in its dealings with the people, to mete out equal and exact justice to all, of whatever race, color, or persuasion, religious or political."

"We pledge ourselves to maintain the union of these States, emancipation and enfranchisement, and to oppose any reopening of the questions settled by the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth amendments of the Constitution."

"The public credit must be maintained, and we denounce repudiation in every form and guise."

"We remember with gratitude the heroism and sacrifices of the soldiers and sailors of the republic, and no act of ours shall ever detract from their justly earned fame or the full reward of their patriotism."

The world moves! If this new political shibboleth should sometimes stick in "an old-liner's" throat, like Macbeth's "amen," still the effort to pronounce it will do him good. Perhaps the convention could have done but one thing better—to have *Whereased* every principle the party had contended for in twelve years past that has been overwhelmed in the rising tide of events, and *Resolved* that the party is disbanded and its members released from allegiance.

The earnest, sincere acceptance by the Democracy of the Cincinnati platform as a whole would have been a moral triumph for the Republican party equal to its highest achievements in the field. But there is a difference between lip-service and heart-service; between creed and faith; between the letter which killeth and the spirit that maketh alive. There is a difference between accepting a situation as a hard necessity and embracing it as a

joyful opportunity. There is a difference between the spirit which says, "The lines are hard, but it is so written," and that which says, "Before ever the world was it was true; though the foundations of the world should pass away it will remain true; therefore, it is so written!"

These principles are the trophies of the Republican party. It achieved them in tribulation and trial. It clung to them when it was treading the wine-press. It bore them in the fires of battle—in the darkness of defeat it would not part with them; and washed white in the blood of the faithful, it flung them to the glad light in the triumphant glory of victory! Come weal or come woe, come joy or sorrow, they are a part of its history forever.

The practical question before the American people is, shall the Democratic party succeed, with a platform and candidate it has accepted for the sake of success, or the Republican, with principles which are its traditions, and a candidate who is its spontaneous choice? It is not the office of President which is the great stake, it is the prestige of victory—the control of the Government, its legislative as well as executive departments, its state and local as well as general administration. It is the moral effect upon our peace and tranquillity at home, and on the progress of free institutions abroad. Bear in mind there has been no pentecostal fire to convert the masses of the Democracy to new light. They receive the new doctrines as a party, not as men; as the Roman people were supposed to change their religion when it suited the pleasure of the Emperor to change his. They have been turned over in gross, as a colonel in the army is reported to have detailed a company to be baptized. They have been converted, not by a change of heart, but by a political edict, by a resolution in convention; and a resolution can undue what a resolution has done.

Now, under which general administration will there be greater national stability, individual security, and personal freedom? The one is assured—the other experimental. Why, my Liberal Republican friend, looking for impossible perfection in a very impossible quarter, do you believe that Horace Greeley can control the Democratic party, once in power? That the mountain will come to Mahomet? That Jonah will swallow the whale? Under such an administration the old questions will arise, and will not down at the bidding of any man. We have not yet reached the millennial era when the Government can be administered without party organization. Tyler and Johnson both assayed it, and both were compelled to throw themselves into the arms of the opposition, and the latter learned, as Greeley will learn if he should attempt the same rôle with the Democracy that Johnson did with the Republicans, how powerless an executive is against a dominant party controlling Congress. How easy it will be for the party "to palter with a double sense, and keep the word of promise to the ear but break it to the hope." How easy to leave the constitutional amendments undisturbed, but refuse the legislation necessary to their execution—to pay pensions to the Union soldiers and also to the rebel. We all profess to believe in local and State self-government. With the Republican this means that all government should be as near to the people as practicable; that San Francisco should govern itself in all municipal concerns; that California should govern itself in all matters of State policy; but that there is a reserved power in the General Government strong enough to protect it from all assaults within and without, and that it is its duty to guarantee to all its citizens liberty and equality before the law, and to throw over the humblest and weakest its broad, protecting shield whenever his rights as a citizen are assaulted. With the Democrat it means that the State has the right to judge of the constitutional limitations of

the General Government, and to absolve itself from allegiance whenever it believes they are transcended. Whatever may be done or left undone in regard to these questions, the fact that they become open questions is the greatest calamity.

There is no peace, no absolute safety, from the questions that brought on and grew out of the war while the Democratic party continues as a distinctive political organization, and the real issue now is, shall that party be restored to power, by a political *coup d'état*, or shall it be destroyed. I know of no destruction so complete and certain as its support of Horace Greeley, followed by defeat. I am anxious—more than anxious—for that event, because I desire that whatever there is of intelligence, ability, and patriotism (and I do not disparage or underestimate them) there is in the members of the party should be released from the thraldom of its iron discipline, taken up into new and living forms, utilized in the service of progress, and not be dedicated to the illusions of the past—to the worship of an idol which has been dethroned and should be ground into powder.

For myself I go further, and do not consider it desirable or possible that any political party, cemented together in civil war, should be continued after the entire moral results of that war have been secured. After the rebel armies surrendered the Union armies disbanded. They could not before. No promise, no truce would have justified it. The Republican party cannot afford to disband in the presence of its old antagonist, but the dissolution of the Democratic party, in the logic of events, will be followed by that of the Republican. New organizations will form themselves around living issues. There will be questions enough in the future to differ about, and difficulties great enough to challenge the highest patriotism and abilities of all.

There are those who affect to believe there is danger that the military will subvert the civil power of the country.

The common-sense of the people rejects this as a nightmare dream. There never was a time, from Washington to Grant, when any military leader could usurp the civil functions of government, and no man, however high his position, or venerated his name, deserves any credit—except for common-sense—for not attempting it. There is no danger that we will lose the forms of a republic. There is a danger that we may ultimately retain only the forms. Caleb Cushing's famous "man on horseback" is as distant and mythical as ever. The danger comes from another direction. The eagles on the coin, not in the standard, are its badge. It is gold, not steel, which threatens. It shapes itself in the endeavor to make government and law subservient to private rather than public good—to special rather than general interests. The contest will be between associated capital and popular rights. Let the field be cleared for that action, and let the dead past bury its dead!

But now, the immediate question of the hour, the one vital question involved in the present election is—Shall we secure what we have gained in the name of Liberty and Union, and take a bond of Fate that it shall never be forfeited?

"The destruction of Carthage is the safety of Rome."

During our civil war there were a great many theories as to how it should be conducted. There was a great deal of studying maps and planning campaigns. Almost every officer and every war-correspondent had a theory. There was the famous "anaconda theory" of General Scott, the starvation theory, the "on-to-Richmond theory," the theory of cutting the Confederacy in two, of capturing its strategic points, of taking its capital; overrunning its territory, of sealing up its ports. And there were men who were willing "to undertake the job by contract." Men who "never set a squadron in the field nor knew the division of a battle more than a spinster,"

had their theories, and put them forth in most excellent English. One officer, the Colonel of an Illinois regiment, and scarcely known beyond it, had his theory. It was a homespun affair, and involved only good sense and hard fighting; it was that the strength of the Confederacy was in its armies, and that they should be sought and fought, until they surrendered or disbanded. What he said or thought was or seemed a matter of little consequence, for the eyes of the country were not fixed upon him and his name was not even in the newspapers. He afterwards had "a wonderful run of luck." From an obscure Colonel he became General and Commander-in-Chief. Perhaps not a military genius, he had the safer qualities that belong to eminent good sense and a lucky faculty of doing the right thing at the right time. No one has accused him of being an eloquent man, but somehow sharp, pithy sentences seem struck from him, as sparks from the flint, which never die out of the memory. It was he who said: "I purpose to move on your works immediately." "My terms are unconditional surrender." "I intend to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." It was he who gave that very unmilitary order to Sheridan, "Push things." It was he who said to the vanquished rebel army (and what grander thing has been said on this continent, or any other?): "Go home and obey the laws and you shall not be molested." It was he who said: "Let us have peace."

There was another man, who, at the commencement of the war, as a journalist, had the ear of the country. Few men in the North had done more in moulding public opinion; few had been more steadfast as the champion of equal rights. If the Northern heart was fired, few had done more to fire it, for his challenge to slavery was one of scorn and defiance. When the war was inevitable, he thought of peace; and when it raged in mid-battle, and to return was more tedious than to go on, he sought the

magnificent scenery of Niagara—to negotiate a peace on private account.

We blame him not—believe he was honest in all. He is not the first man, in fact or fable, who has stood amazed, terrified, and appalled at the spirit he has invoked. He is not the first great teacher who has proved weak and vacillating in action.

Again we are to choose between two policies—victory and compromise. Defeated now, the Democratic party will disintegrate, and both the war parties will soon disappear from our politics. Then we shall have peace. There will be no hands clasped over a bloody chasm; the chasm will be closed and hidden from sight by grass as green and sweet as ever sprang from a patriot's grave!

ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT PLATT'S HALL, SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 12, 1874.

THE RAILROAD PROBLEM IN AMERICAN POLITICS.

Fellow-Citizens: The issues involved in the political canvass of this year are peculiar, and the conditions under which they are to be decided anomalous in American history. We shall err, however, if we suppose these issues and conditions are confined to California; they are common to the people of the United States. Everywhere there is a deep pervading feeling that old things are passing away; that the nation confronts new questions and difficulties—that again the Sphinx's riddle is propounded to us, which we must read or be destroyed. And yet when we come to consider these questions closely we find them new indeed in our history and new in form, but in substance and universal history they are as old as history itself; it is a new phase of the old, old contest between prerogative and personal freedom—between the power of the strong to take, and the right of each man to his own.

In the presence of new dangers party ties are relaxed. Where they bind together it is rather from social affiliation than the power of political allegiance. From force of habit and personal association, we look to our old political leaders and comrades for guidance and counsel; but pass along the street, take the men as you meet them, listen to their frank avowals, and you will find that the old party discipline, which was wont to marshal its hosts, like contending armies, is destroyed. Gather together a representative, intelligent assemblage like this, composed of Republicans and Democrats, poll it, and you will find that on the living questions of the hour, where there are differences of opinion, men no longer differ as Democrats and Republicans, but as men of independent convictions; and those who prefer to remain with old organizations simply feel that for the present there is nowhere else to go, and hope to accomplish new purposes with old forms. This is not a local, but a general truth, and there is a general feeling that a warfare should cease whose motive and meaning have gone.

It is natural under circumstances like these that men who believe that political parties are simply incorporations for the purpose of paying salaries to directors and dividing offices among stockholders, should begin to inquire, "What man hath done this?" and to look about for some victim for their impotent wrath. Sir, no man hath done it! They might as well seek for the hunter who built his camp-fire on the upper Mississippi to account for the ice-gorge that comes crashing and grinding down in a Spring flood after an April thaw. There are moral forces in society which can no more be controlled by conventions and resolutions than the tempest can be stayed by a proclamation of peace. While parties sincerely represent differences of opinion upon great and living political questions; while they continue the outward embodiments of principles, the representatives of ideas; while they are forces

moving openly to the accomplishment of a given result, they may err, may be wrong, but they will live. No desertion of leaders, no betrayal of principles can destroy them or perceptibly abate their strength. When they cease to be these things, and become "a pipe for fortune's finger to sound what stop she please" on, no man, though he combined in one the leadership of Clay, the eloquence of Webster, the iron will of Jackson, the philosophical prescience of Jefferson, and the moral weight of Washington, can hold them together. An agreement of purpose —genuine—sincere—is as necessary to their cohesion as is the law of gravitation to hold the world in shape, or the hidden force of life to keep corruption from the corporal frame.

Nor can political parties be manufactured to order by joining and dove-tailing materials upon a given plan. If they have any value at all they are living growths, not mechanical forms. In political as in ecclesiastical affairs, the preaching of doctrine precedes organization, and with the acceptance of doctrine the organization arises, we can scarcely see how or when. Yesterday it was not, to-day it is. Yesterday it was a spirit diffusive as the air and as impalpable; to-day it is strength incarnate—embodied power. You need have no fear, my friends, if your convictions are deep, sincere, and truthful, that they will not find form, expression, and triumph. Where two or three are gathered together for a good cause, the all-compelling spirit that organizes, directs, and conquers, is also in their midst.

There is no lesson enforced by history with more emphasis than that one of the effects of a great war, and especially a civil war, upon a republican government, is to create a strong tendency to a centralization of power, to raise up a ruling class or governing man. There are many philosophical reasons for this. One is, that success in war depends largely upon secrecy in council and unity

in action; and the thoughts of the people become habituated to these conditions, until that is tolerated as custom which was at first accepted as a necessary sacrifice. Another, that great wars generally bring to the surface great leaders. Another, and in our days a still more potent reason, is that war creates great social inequalities, by affording opportunities for the accumulation of gigantic and overshadowing fortunes; and in our days money is power. I do not refer now to the fortunes that are made immediately out of the operations of war, and the vast disbursements of armies; these, indeed, are great, but they are only feeders to the riches realized by money-kings out of the general disturbance of financial laws and accepted values. When gold, as measured by a standard fixed by the government, for five years fluctuates between par and two hundred and eighty, and all commercial prices are afloat, unsettled, so that no day, no hour, is a criterion for another, the men of money, sense, and instinct, the men of coolness, boldness, sagacity, and training, find golden opportunities, and they who are eminent in these qualities make for themselves thrones of gold. We sometimes see in shop windows cartoons of "Before and After the War." If we could see correctly represented the social condition of the whole country "before and after the war," we should realize what a vast increase there has been in the inequalities of fortune, to which custom deadens our sense. What was a handsome independence is now scarcely a ticket into the upper gallery, the third tier of social life. Private fortunes mount up into millions—in two cases approximate a hundred millions—and corporations control revenues which, a few years ago, would have sufficed for a first-class kingdom. This of itself would present a great but insidious danger to the Republic, for every student of history knows that government is but the outward form of what society is the inward spirit. To preserve a republic, there must be a general sense of manly

independence, of equality of right, and freedom of personal thought and action. Great accumulations of riches tend to destroy this by creating upon the one hand the feeling of dominance, the arrogance of power, and upon the other a sense of dependence—the servility of want; and there is still another class—would it were smaller!—hybrids in human nature, who are sycophants from the choice of their own slavish and subservient souls.

To this insidious disease, which time might develop or cure, there is added an open danger, the bold attempt, stripped now of all disguise, of great aggregations of capital to control the Government in their own interest for purposes that are selfish and corrupt. The forms of the republic are to be retained, but its spirit destroyed. Like Augustus Cæsar, they prefer the power to the title of king, and are willing we should toy with the semblance while the substance is theirs. This is the danger foreseen with prophetic power by Jackson. What was then a possibility, is now a fact; what was then a pigmy, is now a giant.

If there were no *a priori* reasons to teach that the tendency to concentrate power was a natural outgrowth of war, the experience of history would demonstrate the fact. In the times and countries where military power is the highest controlling force, the gravitation is towards successful leaders and chieftains, and the military class; where money is the most active principle it is towards aggregated capital—or, rather, to speak with exactness, toward those men who from disposition and opportunity desire and are able to make the operations of Government tributary to them, so that they shall have the control of all property, whether they claim the right of ownership or not.

The management of the railroad system of the United States, the great method of intercommunication affecting all property and every value, affords an opportunity for this of which history furnishes no parallel.

Do not understand me to say now that the owners or managers of railroads are different from other men, or that they have met together in a conspiracy to do a particular thing, and are methodically proceeding upon a fixed plan. Great social or political changes are seldom or never wrought in that way. Forewarned is forearmed. Even the great Napoleon confessed that his life was not governed by a fixed idea, but that occasion furnished opportunity until he believed that his steps were controlled by fate, and that his footprints marked the path of destiny. Wherever the opportunity of irresponsible power is presented, the man or men, or principle will not be wanting. That is the one gap in human affairs which is filled as soon as opened. We may want heroes and poets, statesmen, orators, and inventors, but in the race of self-seekers the strongest always survive.

CHANGES IN METHODS AND PRINCIPLES OF TRANSPORTATION CAUSED BY RAILROADS.

Before the introduction of railroads, all public highways by land and water were free to all upon the same conditions. The facilities for travel and transportation were insufficient, the methods often crude and imperfect, but the means were free. Exchanges were difficult, but they were not controlled. With the introduction of railroads all this has been changed. The facilities and methods have been improved—exchanges have been made easy, but the freedom is gone. The means are in the hands of a power that claims to be, and seems to be, independent of law and public opinion—a power which is often able to make law in defiance of public opinion. It is as easy as it is brutal to say, if you do not like "our" railroads you can go back to ox-carts and pack-mules. The old order of things has been destroyed by the new. The railroad was built over our highways, through public domain,

through private possessions, by right of the highest prerogative of government—the right to take private property for public use; it was built for public use, for a just, equitable, and necessary public use; and with a full consciousness that it was to destroy the old order of things these grants and concessions were made to it, and it was armed with these prerogatives. It is as easy as it is insulting to say, if you do not like the management of "our" railroads, build others yourselves. The answer is: The men who use railroads are not able to build them; most of them are poor, and those who are not have their means in other pursuits; besides, the probabilities are, you did not build with your money the road you control—the road may have made you rich, your riches did not make the road.

For many years it has not been the American fashion for the owners of railroads to put their own money into their construction. If it had been it would have insured a more conservative and business-like use of that species of property. The favorite plan has been to get grants of land and loans of credit from the General Government; guarantees of interest from the State Government; subscriptions and donations from counties, cities, and individuals; and upon the credit of all this issue all the bonds that can be put upon the market; make a close estimate as to how much less the road can be built for than the sum of these assets; form a ring; call it—say the Credit Mobilier or Contract and Finance Company—for the purpose of constructing the road, dividing the bonds that are left; owning the lands, owning and operating the road until the first mortgage becomes due, and graciously allowing the Government to pay principal and interest upon the loan of her credit, while "every tie in the road is the grave of a small stockholder." Under this plan the only men in the community who are absolutely certain not to contribute any money to the construction

of the road are those who own and control it when it is finished. This method requires a certain kind of genius, political influence, and power of manipulation, and furnishes one clew to the reason why railroads "interfere in politics." The personal profit upon this enterprise is not a profit upon capital invested, but the result of brain-work—administrative talent, they call it, in a particular direction. When the road is built capital will seek it, but until the whole principle of subsidies is abolished it will not seek to build it. It is easier, more delightful, and more profitable to build with other peoples' money than our own.

Again, I do not wish to say that railroad men are more selfish than other men, but that opportunities are offered —of which only the strong can avail themselves—that might make Cæsars of the best, and that no men are moderate enough to be trusted with arbitrary power. When Lord Clive was before a Committee of the House of Commons on a charge of having enriched himself by the plunder of India, according to Macaulay, he justified his acts, "described in vivid language the situation in which his victory had placed him—a great prince dependent on his pleasure; an opulent city afraid of being given up to plunder; wealthy bankers bidding against each other for his smiles; vaults piled with gold and jewels thrown open to him alone—and exclaimed in conclusion, 'By ——, Mr. Chairman, at this moment I stand astonished at my own moderation.'"

To form some idea of the magnificence of the whole prize at stake, let us suppose that the entire railroad system of the United States is under the control of one company. Nor is this a violent presumption. When we consider the colossal strides of the New York Central and Pennsylvania Central towards this result—the latter now owning or operating more than four thousand miles, making thousand-year leases and guaranteeing dividends

for thirty generations—and reflect that the owners of the trunk lines control their feeders as absolutely as though they owned them, it will not seem improbable that the whole system may pass under one general management. Imagine this accomplished, and that the principle that the law cannot fix rates and compel uniformity is established—one company would then have a monopoly of all inland transportation. A, B, C, and D own the coal mines which supply the city of New York. The mines of A are most valuable and nearest to market. He finds to his astonishment that his rivals can undersell him, and the value of his property is destroyed. He learns upon inquiry that while he pays freight according to the published tariff, B, C, and D, have special rates. He complains, and is told that he can haul his coal on carts or pack it on mules. He remonstrates, and is informed that he can build his own railroad. Finally, as a choice between that and bankruptcy, he sells or gives a controlling interest in his mine to the Directors of the "Mammoth Railroad Company."

The same process goes on successively with B, C, and D, and reaches the same result. Then the great "Anthracite Company" is formed, composed of the Directors of the "Mammoth Railroad Company"; a stock of coal is accumulated in the city; winter has come; the Director of the Mammoth looks in the mirror and says to the image he sees there: "Anthracite, we have got to advance your rates!" and the image reflects a smile and a bow; coal advances in the city, but there is no panic. Then some new regulation is established at the mine which provokes a strike. The rumor goes abroad: "No more coal." Then there are panic and famine prices in the city—murder at the mine—and the poor shiver and freeze over the white ashes in their grates, that Anthracite may swell Mammoth's profits. Some one ventures to say this is wrong—this is monopoly—and the whole brood of parasites that bask

in the social sunshine of Mammoth's favor and eat the crumbs that fall from his table, join in the cry: "He is a Communist! a demagogue! and does n't believe in the rights of property! We are comfortable—Mammoth gives us gold for our flattery. 'After us the deluge'!" The sentiment has been heard before—it was on the lips of the courtiers on the eve of the French revolution—and then a whisper brought down the avalanche.

The illustration I have instanced might be multiplied until every coal field in the United States would be under the absolute control of transportation—and coal is the great source of manufacturing power, as it is also the comfort and life of almost every home. You can scarcely imagine a single industry that would not be affected, might not be controlled, by a monopoly of the transportation of coal.

Does the result I have sketched seem an exaggeration? It is neither impracticable nor unprecedented. Do you believe, if you owned a coal mine on the line of the Central Pacific and the railroad company owned another, that you could compete with them on fair terms in this city? Under such circumstances, would not their arguments to you about election time have an eloquent persuasiveness of more than mortal utterance?

Then suppose the Mammoth turns its attention to wheat. It builds warehouses and elevators. The wheat passing through these can have "special rates," and get into cars with red stars or blue stars, while the refractory farmer finds his in a car without any star, and it never reaches the market in time. If there happen to be an election about that time, and a ticket comes around with a red star or a blue star on it, don't you think the "star-back" would commend itself to the farmer with a magnetism which would require manhood to resist? Then opposition warehouses and elevators become tenantless; other buyers find their "occupation gone," and every pound of wheat

pays its toll before it gets to mill. This may seem an unnecessary addition of machinery, as the road could put the additional tariff on the wheat direct, and so it would be in California, where the Directors are the road. It becomes important, however, say in Illinois, when the Directors of the road own the warehouses and elevators, the blue stars and red stars, and a larger body of stockholders own the road, and is one of the ingenious appliances by which the "inside ring" gradually possess themselves of the whole stock. For it often happens that those who most loudly invoke the principle of the sanctity of property act as though they believed that sanctity was a quality which belonged to their property but not to that of other people —on the principle, I suppose, that to the saintly all things are sanctified, and that sinners who do not belong to the ring are altogether ungodly—whose inheritance should be taken away and given to the saints.

Then suppose an instance, which, of course, is purely fictitious. Suppose a salt plain should be discovered in Nevada, from which salt could be laid down at the Comstock Mills cheaper than from the coast. But, salt is very cheap at the seaside; a "special rate" would place it in Virginia City at a price that would "defy competition." The owner of the salt plain could be given his choice between "published rates" and pack-mules. Do you think after he had succumbed the price of salt would be any lower, because another "middle-man" had been squeezed out? What could be done with one salt manufactory or deposit could be done with others, and we have added salt to the coal and wheat which have passed under the control of a monopoly of transportation that is not amenable to law.

A man owns a mine near the road; if he can transport his ore or base metal to the smelting works at reasonable rates, his mine is valuable. He does not succeed in getting rates which he can afford to pay. He holds on with

the sickness of deferred hope at his heart. His creditors become clamorous—perhaps his children are clamorous for bread. If at the next election the railroad has a ticket, do you think the owner of the mine could refuse to vote it? And, if he did, who would own the mine after the sheriff's sale? Oh, but our railroads don't put up tickets, and don't want mines for themselves or their friends. Perhaps not. Their successors may. It is not mercy—it is justice we want. But, why multiply instances? Go through the whole catalogue of the necessaries, the luxuries, the superfluities of life, there is not an article which would be exempt from this power to control. The long list would include everything which is worth controlling. In one of the parliaments of Elizabeth a member had finished reading a list of the articles upon which monopolies had been granted, when another started up and asked, "Is not bread there?" In the new list to be prepared for us bread would be there—everything would be there necessary to the comfort or sustenance of life, except the air of heaven.

But the magnitude of this result still suggests its impracticability! Why, four fifths of the preparatory work has been silently done, apparently without design! Take the seventy thousand miles of railroad in the United States—the great mass of this property is owned, or controlled as absolutely as though it were owned, by certainly less than ten companies, and the directory of these companies may not include a hundred men. If the present rate of absorption continue, how long before it will reach one head? It could be accomplished now in one day. Suppose the transportation companies—the white stars, red stars, and blue stars, who have contracts to run their cars over various roads—should conclude to combine, and, making their capital stock one, or two, or three thousand million dollars—determine to "place it where it would do the most good," and further determine that it could not

possibly do so much good anywhere else as in the hands of the men who are railroad directors. Then these men, as railroad directors, lease to themselves as transportation directors the various roads under their control—and the thing is done. But such a contract, you urge, would be bad in morals and void in law. I don't know wherein it differs in principle from a contract made by the directors of a railroad company with themselves to construct a road. But, you suggest, the stockholders would not stand it. I do not know why they would not, if their dividends are secured by the leases. But the people, you say, would not stand it. There would be an uprising, a revolution! Now you are the Communist, the agitator. *We* do not propose to invoke the bloody power of revolution, but the majesty of a pronounced public opinion under the benignant forms of law. Grant that this danger of unification is, as perhaps many of you think it, the chimera of an over-heated brain—that the tendency toward concentration has reached its limit. What, after all, is the practical difference? What Vanderbilt might do if sole owner, is doing in various sections by various corporations acting for a common purpose with a common interest and common instinct. It is only the difference between the king and the satraps.

Let me state the danger as exactly as I can. There is a natural tendency in every civilized society towards the concentration of capital. That tendency has been greatly intensified in this country by the convulsions of our civil war. The property in the hands of the people, the men of moderate means, is still a hundred-fold greater than the great fortunes, but it is employed for ten thousand different purposes. Concentrated capital recognizes by the instinct of money sense that the control of the railroads of the country will give it the control of all the property of the country; that to accomplish this, political power, political supremacy is necessary, and this it is enabled to

seek with such an immense pressure upon the rights and material interests of every man and every community, that there is imminent danger that we will become enslaved in spirit, lose that sense of manly independence which is the essence of freedom, while we are enjoying the forms of liberty, and barter the bright hopes of the Republic for a fictitious material growth. The power that threatens this danger has not yet reached unity, but the work is certainly being done by different companies acting in the same interest as though it had; while the tendency towards concentration under one head to one iron hand is so manifest that not to see it is to be wilfully blind.

That this statement is not exaggerated or emotional, I appeal to the experience of every business man in this community who takes part or feels an interest in public affairs. Get together a committee for the purpose of considering a question of public importance, the moment it trenches upon railroad ground, how many will feel that it is dangerous ground full of pit-falls for their personal safety? Attempt an organization to resist a railroad demand, no matter how bold and unscrupulous, how many will tell you, "I should like to join you, but it will injure me in my business; the railroad can take away special rates or give them to my neighbor; they can issue orders all along the line that none of their employees shall deal with me; they can ruin merchants who will not regard their orders. It may be a question of ruin, of bankruptcy, of bread to my family." The struggle of his manhood is earnest and painful, but the yoke is upon his neck, the iron in his soul. Others will join you, act with you in all sincerity, perhaps. There comes a time when the tempting offer is held out, a new road or bridge is to be located where it will inure to a great public use and private advantage, improvements are to be made that will advance particular property, then —there are vacant places on the committee, sudden conver-

sions, and ingenious compromises where one party takes the oyster and the other the shell.

A ballot-box is stuffed or returns altered to carry one subsidy; another demand follows. Men will say: "I know it is wrong—it is an outrage; but my property is all in the city. They could not affect its ultimate value, but it is mortgaged; they can unsettle prices by their threats, and I should have the sheriff at my door. I yield. I am not of the stuff of which martyrs are made. If a robber had his pistol at my head, I should give him my purse."

What interest is there here which cannot be made to feel this iron pressure? But, as if it were too tedious to capture these several interests in detail, they go to Congress and demand the possession of Goat Island—still demand it—boast that they will get it—and will get it if they carry this election. Reserved for military purposes, they scarcely intend to change its purpose; they only intend to bombard the city, instead of its enemies, when it refuses their demands!

God in heaven! You are two hundred thousand—they are three! Have they got a hook in the jaws of this leviathan, to draw it as they please?

I have known good men who gave up the fight, for resistance seemed hopeless. I have known others (often the hard-handed sons of toil, sometimes in the employment of the railroad), who, in a spirit of manly independence, preferred to eat black bread which was their own rather than pound-cake from another's table; and yet others who, from professional and clerical abilities of a high order, could have maintained a social position of their own, who, for the daily dole of a fixed salary, and for the gracious privilege of using the imperial "our" when they looked at a locomotive, were willing to run errands, repeat stale slanders, and mouth the hatreds of their employers with a gratuitous, cringing, and obsequious meanness that

must disgust the manhood of their masters, if they have any manhood left.

These influences, though more apparent in cities and commercial and manufacturing communities, are by no means confined to them. Even in the country, farmers will tell you that their rates may be changed, their depots moved, their accommodations restricted, or that they owe upon railroad sections with unperfected titles; and they, too, are in the toils. To one community hopes are held out; threats are made to another. Go through the State. Upon every pulse of industry there is an iron finger counting its beats; upon every throat there is an iron hand that tightens or relaxes its grasp at the interest or caprice of an iron will.

Add to this direct power that which it naturally draws to it. It is a power in hand which can be used for any purpose. Is there a project to monopolize the waters of a great valley, so as to own the lands as effectually as by title, the railroad has a new aid and ally, with promise of reciprocal advantage. It "makes itself friends of the Mammon of Unrighteousness," and all schemes gather around it as a convenient centre. It will defeat them if they do not aid it, and the bargain is made. It has its own lobby and newspapers. It enjoys a veto power superior to that of the executive, exercising its prerogative upon bills before they pass. Perhaps we ought to thank it for its moderation! Now we begin to understand not only the motives for seeking political power, but the means and appliance by which it is sought. Now we can comprehend how a central office in San Francisco, with wires laid to every county, sends its political rescripts to every convention of every party. We are to be allowed to vote, but not always to count the votes, if a superserviceable Board of Supervisors will appoint Election Boards to order. Sometimes we are allowed to vote for good men—men whom we could ourselves choose—but who will be, if

elected, in a minority so hopeless and be so enmeshed in the web of circumstances that they cannot stir hand or foot. We are to be allowed to go through all the forms; the Declaration of Independence and Proclamation of Emancipation will still be read on the Fourth of July, and the "flag of the free heart's hope and home" be carried in procession; the eagle will "moult no feather," on the coin of the realm, and the "Battle-cry of Freedom" will be musical as ever.

> So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
> The first, last look by death revealed!
> Such is the aspect of this shore;
> 'T is Greece—but living Greece no more!

I have referred but incidentally to that twin birth of incestuous shame, the Credit Mobilier and the Contract and Finance Company. I have said nothing of the two hundred and twenty-four millions of acres of public lands—three times the area of Great Britain—given to railroad companies, and at the last session of Congress bills were introduced giving one hundred and eighty-nine millions more—nor to the millions—hundreds of millions of which the Southern States have been robbed, and under the false pretence that the railroads were to be built by the paper companies. I have made no reference to the $30,000,000 this State and its counties have been asked for railroad companies through legislative action and popular votes, nor to the fact that while the General Government is paying $2,000,000 per annum on the bonds of the Central Pacific, and the State, $105,000, the company can successfully defy the State to collect its taxes, and with an effrontery that is sublime, makes the gifts and largess it has received one of the grounds of its refusal to pay; nor the fact that to-day there is not a piece or species of public property, from China Basin and Goat Island to all the broad acres of our national domain, from

the remotest spring in the mountains to the rolling waters of the rivers of the plains, upon which some incipient or full-grown monopoly has not fixed its covetous eye, and does not hope to obtain through some kind of political corruption or bargain and sale.

And if I mention them now it is to say that I regard them only as symptoms of a disease, the surface sores of a corruption that is inward, which threatens to destroy all freedom by destroying that manly independence which is its only sure foundation, and making dominant the principle that government is a thing for personal aggrandizement, to get rich out of it, and not ordained to give equal protection to all.

For the expression upon other occasions of sentiments like these, I have been freely called an agitator, a demagogue, an alarmist, and a Communist. As communism seems to be the "raw head and bloody bones" of this generation, and is made the symptoms of everything that is bad, I desire to say just how much of it I have.

I believe that the man who owns one dollar holds it by a right as sacred as the man who holds a million; and that the man who does own a million does not acquire by that ownership any greater right to take the dollar, than the owner of the dollar has to take the million. I do not subscribe to that doctrine of political ethics, "To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not it shall be taken away, even that which he hath." I do not concur in the new Scriptural reading, "Sell all thou hast and give it to a railroad company." The man who has earned his dollar by the honest sweat of his brow, or his brain; the man who has received by inheritance, or who has accumulated by industry, energy, thrift, frugality, foresight, or good luck, I would protect in his fortune, small or great, by every sanction or muniment of law. Housed in his possessions—cabin or castle—he should be protected from the touch of the Government and the fury of the mob.

But if he had despoiled the nation's inheritance, in his greed of gain and power; if he had bought legislators, judges, and executives; if he had organized corruption into a system, made bribery a trade until he had debauched the moral sense of the people by the grandeur of his robbery, and all titles became insecure in his grasping presence—I should say—I think I should say—that he had enough, and that the fact that he had taken so much did not give him in reason, and should not in law, a vested, absolute, and indefeasible right to take all there is left. And, whether it be a man or a corporation, or a system of corporations bound together by the common hopes of public plunder, I do not think I should modify the sentiment. To this degree has my communism come; is yours a shade less or more?

There are those who believe that a certain amount of political corruption is necessary for the maintenance of any government. I confess I respect those who vow the sentiment more than I do those who act upon it without avowing it. There are those who believe that the system now in vogue is the only one under which railroads can be built. I do not think so. I do not believe that 40,000,000 of American people, with $30,000,000,000 of property, must barter their birthright to secure transportation. I do not think railroads need be political machines any more than gristmills, tinshops, and farms. In thirty years the population of the United States will approximate 100,000,000 souls, its property values $100,000,000,000. Do you think the wheat is going to rot in the field, the fruit on the trees, the vessel at the dock, and that all commercial and industrial life is to stagnate if the administration of the Government is not given up to railroad companies and their allies? I do not believe the future of California, with all its illimitable possibilities, should be mortgaged now to any set of persons with power to appoint guardians and receivers for all generations to come.

To this complexion it will come, unless we burst the bands wherewith we are bound, before our locks are shorn.

For the whole of this great question no adequate solution has yet been proposed. The evil has struck its roots deeply and their ramifications are wide; to eradicate it is a work of courage and wisdom, of patience and time. But the work must have a beginning; the time to begin is now.

One solution proposed is, that the Government take possession of all the roads. That this would involve a concentration of power in the General Government, and must be preceded by a civil-service reform of a nature of which as yet we have had no experience, none will deny. It has lately been urged in newspapers of wide circulation in this State that we must vote for legislative candidates who would go into caucus in order to get appropriations for our State. The logical conclusion of this argument—if it have any—is that we must vote a particular ticket, designated in a particular way and in a well-known office, or our forts may be dismantled and our mails be stopped. Charles the First, in his boldest moments, would not have dared to use such words to the Commons of Great Britain, and if Louis XIV., when he said "I am the State," had acted upon such a policy, he would have lost his head. I do not believe any administration ever elected by the American people ever deserved such a reproach—if so we are already slaves. But the very use of such an argument by an intelligent man, in a public newspaper, must "give us pause" upon the question of conferring additional power until we have additional guarantees. We have at least reached the point, however, where we can say:

And where the Government has loaned its credit and given its lands to build a road and been defrauded of its securities, it has the right and should exercise the power to take possession of the road.

If no man has yet been able to devise a solution for the whole question, every man knows the first step which must be taken before any solution can be reached. The political power and dictation of these corporations, whether they comprise three men or three thousand, must be broken. That tyranny which is so potent when exercised upon individuals and interests in detail must be destroyed by a general uprising of all individuals and interests, heralded by a new declaration of independence.

The American people are a just people, a law-abiding people, a debt-paying people; and it is not necessary for any corporation to own the Government in order to protect its rights—that only becomes necessary in order to perpetuate wrongs. The time has come when the people should assert their right through forms of law to exercise that control over railroads which will secure uniformity, fairness, and accountability. The issue is fairly made up between the people upon the one side, and railroads and allied corporations upon the other. Which shall govern?

I have done. Standing in this presence—loving order as I love life, sworn to maintain it and ready to redeem the oath with my life—conscious of my responsibilities, and weighing my words—looking the future earnestly in the face, I solemnly believe that the choice of the American people is between reform now and revolution hereafter! And I adjure these corporations for their own sakes as well as ours not to involve us all in the common ruin which their madness threatens. Justice is the only sure foundation upon which our feet can stand.

AN OPEN LETTER TO JOHN B. FELTON.[1]

[NOTE:—John B. Felton was conceded to be a learned lawyer, a man also highly educated and accomplished outside of his profession, an orator of great prominence. It has already been said herein: "The allurements of proffered wealth and power to the brightest legal minds of highest culture" were great; and that such as he, even, were swept into the maelstrom of corporation service. So clearly and so fully does this "Open Letter" give the gist of Mr. Felton's speech, that it is not thought proper or necessary to reprint it.]

Dear Sir: I find in the *Alta California* of 22d inst. a report from your own notes of a speech delivered by you in Platt's Hall on the previous evening, and I learn from the head-lines that it was intended as a critical analysis of "Governor Booth's dose of political strychnine." A severe cold prevents me from answering your address on the rostrum where it was delivered, and I trust you will excuse this method of reply. I cannot stoop to notice the hired assassins of character, who find in your speech an armory of poisoned stilettos; I cannot afford not to notice you. Perhaps I should feel flattered that a man of your distinguished ability, profound scholarship, and great reputation should devote so much time to the consideration of any effort of mine—and I do. The feeling would have been somewhat different, I admit—something of gratitude would have been mingled with it—if your statement of my positions had been generous, candid, fair, or truthful. I have vanity enough to believe that I speak English with tolerable accuracy, and no one doubts your ability to understand it. You are credited, also, with that fine faculty of argument which enables you to state your opponent's propositions with more force and clearness than he does himself—when you desire to. I make due allowance for the mental obliquity which some natures necessarily acquire from the habit of looking at only one side of questions with interested eyes, and the determina-

[1] Published August 27, 1873.

tion of making that appear the right side at every hazard, from interested motives. I have known some persons who successfully counteracted this tendency in themselves by devoting a portion of their leisure to the careful study of the abstract and physical sciences, where truth, not victory, is the object sought. The study of Monte Cristo, though doubtless a delightful relaxation from severe mental toil, I do not think would have this corrective effect, even if supplemented by the teachings of "Rabelais laughing in his easy chair," and the mocking satire of the illustrious Dean Swift. Making, however, due allowance for any natural or acquired habit of thought, I am still compelled to the opinion that your own misrepresentation upon this occasion was conscious, designed, deliberate, and studied. I will tell you why: Soon after my nomination for Governor on the 21st of July, 1871, I delivered the opening address of that canvass in Platt's Hall. It was published in most of the daily papers in San Francisco, and by the leading Republican papers throughout the State. It was circulated as a campaign document by the Republican State Central Committee in every county of the State. Fully one third of the speech was devoted to a consideration of railroad and other incorporated monopolies, the danger to Republican institutions of great social inequalities growing out of vast concentration of capital, and to the imminent danger that associated capital might control in its own interest the whole machinery of our Government. The positions then were the very same as those maintained in the address to which yours purports to be an answer. In proof of this I republish at the close of this letter that portion of the speech of 1871, which refers to this subject, and shall be glad to know wherein my position then differs from what it is now. In every one of the thirty odd times I addressed the people of this State in the canvass of that year, I went over the same ground. Whatever other topic may have es-

caped attention, that was always fully discussed. When I addressed the people of Oakland you were one of the most distinguished of my auditors. From your accidental position in the audience you were the most prominent to me. I was flattered by your marked attention while delivering the speech, delighted with your warm encomiums when through. The doctrines wherein you now find "enough political strychnine to throw all society into convulsions" then seemed a very harmless anodyne. I cannot believe that even your public devotion and distinguished fealty to your party—since the close of the war—would induce you to support a man for Governor who, had he the power, would "Uproar the universal peace, confound all unity on earth."

Upon these questions I maintain the same sentiments now as I did then. I was nominated for Governor because my sentiments were known. I was simple enough to believe that the platform on which I was nominated meant what it said. If I had not made an open profession of my faith I should not have received a majority in any county of the State. May not the difficulty with those who would quarrel with me be, not that I have changed, but that I have not. My sentiments when I was elected were in accord with nine tenths of the Republican party. They are still. In the counties where the one tenth control the organization to stifle the full expression of opinion I appeal to the people and await the result without a thought or a care as to how it may affect my personal interest. You fall into a very harmless error when you mistake your own "convulsions" for those of society.

A stranger reading your speech, who had not read mine, would suppose that I desired to inaugurate a war upon the rights of property; when my greatest desire is to make each man secure in the possession of his own. I maintain, if you own a farm and desire to give a portion of its annual

income to a railroad or other incorporation, no one should prevent you. If you do not desire to—no one—not even a majority of voters, should compel you. You maintain that a majority of your fellow-citizens can tax you for such a contribution, even though you believe you will be injured, not benefited. I desire to secure every man in the fruits of his labor, skill, sagacity, and prudence from all robbery, whether under forms of law or not, and you accuse me of paralyzing industry. I say that railroads should not be political machines, and you accuse me of inciting a spirit which would tear up their tracks. Is that a concession that your clients are so committed to their present policy that they must continue it or abandon their road? I would cut out a cancer; you accuse me of meditating murder. I would stop that political corruption by which every man's possessions are endangered; you accuse me of attacking the rights of possession. One might almost suppose from your insinuations that I was prepared to throw a drag-net over a city, large enough to encompass in its meshes alike the widow's homestead, the cottage of the poor, and the mansion of the rich—or was an evil genius, whose very presence casts a shadow upon the honestly acquired title of my neighbor's property.

I protest against a favored few making Government a machine through which to acquire property at the expense of the many; you represent me as attacking the right of property.

You say the accumulations of the rich are the reservoirs from which the poor are supplied. God help the poor if some rich men in my mind's eye measure the supply. God help them if any man can obtain the power to measure it. The truth is, the capitalist, large or small, employs laborers for the sake of the profits upon labor, and the laborer accepts employment for the wages paid. "The reservoirs of wealth" are fed by labor—that is the original, constant, and only source of supply. Cut that

off and there would be neither poverty nor riches, but all would meet on the common level of common ruin.

I give voice to a common sentiment that the city is menaced by the greed and political machinations of a corporation, and ask that it be put under bonds, and find myself arraigned as a disturber of the public peace. Stating that vast concentrations of capital are dangerous to republican institutions, I am accused of desiring to check the general accumulation and fair distribution which result from industry, energy, foresight, and thrift.

A fair distribution is as great an object of political economy as a rapid creation of wealth. Suppose the two million acres of the San Joaquin Valley should come into the possession of a great irrigation company, with a paid-up stock of a hundred million dollars, who would employ 50,000 Chinamen. The amount of wealth, the amount of production, would be as great as though the valley were settled and owned by 25,000 American families. The net profits would be greater, as the consumption would be less. Will any one seriously contend that the first condition of society is as desirable as the second, or that a man who resisted the enactment of laws to create the first condition was a Communist or Socialist, and engaged in a war against property? Yet this is the meaning of your argument, if it have any.

You are pleased to draw an illustration from mining enterprise, and instance a case where success has been honestly earned, and honorably used. I beg to call your attention to an illustration of our respective positions, drawn also from mining. The Green Briar Mine is an incorporated mining company, with a capital of a million dollars, whose shares are owned by a thousand stockholders. The work has reached a point where it is self-supporting. The superintendent discovers a large and rich body of ore, and concealing the fact from others, communicates it to the directors, who immediately levy

an assessment, depreciate the stock, and buy it in. After a series of rich dividends the ledge pinches, a double dividend is paid from earnings reserved for this purpose, the stock goes up and the public take it. If I depreciate this peculiar kind of "industry" in aid of the concentration of capital, and ask laws for its punishment, am I to be arraigned as the enemy of that industry which produces and accumulates and dispenses? Do you really recognize no distinction between the industrious man and the *chevalier d'industrie?*"

Or again, a company of gentlemen incorporate themselves as the "Turbine Company." They manage, at election time, to control a majority of the stock in the several companies of the Mocstock ledge, and put in their own Boards of Directors. Then all of the ore from the various claims is sent to the mills of the Turbine Company, the members of which grow rich at the expense of their fellow-stockholders in the mining companies. Objecting to this method of accumulations, and arguing if it does not come within the prohibition of law it ought to, am I to be stigmatized as worse than the men who saturate houses with camphene and give them to the flames?

A railroad company is endowed as no other corporation has ever been before. Its Directors make contracts with themselves for the building of the road, for the purpose of exhausting the endowment and swelling their private fortunes. A few of the individual stockholders, who are not Directors, believing that their rights have not been respected, resolve to bring suit. They find no lawyer in the State whose reputation and ability commend him, in greater degree, to them, than John B. Felton. He prepares his complaint so skilfully and marshals his facts in such a solid column behind it, that the Directors will not even go into court, but compromise with the parties to the action by paying five dollars and seventeen cents for

every dollar invested, and add a magnificent fee for the lawyer. If I say that the nation who gave its lands and lent its credit to build the road is a sufferer by the fraud to the extent of its impaired security, do I thus become an enemy to railroads? Your doctrines drive you to the inevitable conclusion that fraud is a necessary element to the success of associated capital, and that in destroying that we shall destroy its life. If that is the moral atmosphere of your daily life, it is well you should occasionally come "up into the upper air."

Your Monte Cristo illustration does not deceive any one—not even yourself. It is not the policy of monopolies to destroy themselves by locking up supplies, but to tax supplies at their pleasure on their way to the consumer.

I instance a corporation that, in its determination to direct and debauch legislation, manipulates the machinery of both parties; which, controlling all the great lines of intercommunication, endeavors to override and crush out every man and every interest it cannot use; that makes bribery a trade, corruption a system; defies the State to collect its taxes; openly acts upon the principle that it will make the avenues to justice so expensive that no private litigant can afford to seek legal redress against its wrongs; openly maligns or secretly whispers away the good name of every public man who will not do its bidding. I instance the fact that 224,000,000 acres of public lands have been given to the railroad companies, and that they ask for 189,000,000 more; that the Southern States have been robbed to the verge of bankruptcy under the false pretence of building railroads; that, all through the West, towns and counties are groaning under taxes to pay interest on bonds issued ostensibly for railroads, but really for the benefit of contract and Finance companies. I point to the fact that this is not only a constantly growing power, but is rapidly centralizing, becoming more

and more a political element to the detriment and danger of a republican government. And I am told what?—that I am the teacher of a pernicious doctrine! Stanton died poor; Chase did not steal, and Boutwell was a retail grocer; that when the sky falls we will catch larks, and am treated to a lot of puns and *bon mots*, which if carefully common-placed and judiciously expended, would make a reputation for a first-class jester at a dinner-table.

You desire to know if, when I speak of revolution, I mean it as a prediction or a threat.

During the height of our civil war, on the 31st of May, 1864, you delivered an oration before the "Associated Alumni." I beg to refresh your memory with one or two of its eloquent passages:

"Am I asked what will be the consequence if California is treated with injustice, if ignorance and folly make unwise laws to oppress her? Well I know from the time of Homer down it is the prophet of evil who is blamed, not the cause. But will you find an instance in history where unwise laws have not weakened and finally sundered the ties of loyalty and love that bind the subject to the ruler. Where will you see a growing nation submitting long to the restraints that fetter her in her onward march. *Is there an example recorded in the world's annals of a great political abuse that did not at length shatter the system in which it had its root. . . . With this dread lesson in my heart how can I hesitate to tell you that in any great political abuse there is the seed of anarchy, revolution, and disunion.*—JOHN B. FELTON.

The "great political abuse" in which you then found "the seed of anarchy, revolution, and disunion," was in the failure of the General Government to have surveys of the public lands with sufficient rapidity, and in its then policy of not giving titles, but only possessory rights to mines! The time you improve to make your prediction or threat of anarchy, revolution, and disunion was when Sherman was before Atlanta, and Grant fighting his bloody way through the Wilderness.

In conclusion, if I am to be read out of the party and denounced a traitor, in the eternal fitness of things you

are the man of all others to pronounce the excommunication. Having come into the party late it is most meet that you should atone for your early supineness by your present proscriptive zeal. During the war I thought at one time or another I was brought in contact with every prominent Republican in this portion of the State. It never was my good fortune to meet you. Your social and professional position were as high then as now. Your intellectual eminence always, your pre-eminence not unfrequently, conceded, then

> "One blast upon your bugle horn
> Was worth a thousand men."

After the war was over, after the glad acclaim of victory —when our hearts were full of the sweet, silent thankfulness for peace—I, in common with 50,000 other Republican voters, learned three facts at the same time:

First—That you were a Republican.

Second—That you were a candidate for the United States Senate.

Third—That it was to be a "moneyed fight."

I have the honor to be

Your obt. servant,

NEWTON BOOTH.

The following is that portion of the speech referred to in the above letter. It was delivered by Newton Booth, as the Republican candidate for Governor, in Platt's Hall, July 21, 1871:

OUR RAILROADS—A PROBLEM.

In the rapid growth and development of this country new questions and new applications of old principles are constantly arising. That which seemed a trifle yesterday, may be of grave importance to-day and become a threatening danger to-morrow. The introduction and vast ex-

tension of the railroad system in the United States, placing our interior trade and communications largely under the control of great corporations, present some difficulties to practical statesmanship. The world has seldom witnessed so great and rapid a material change as that wrought by railroads. There may be those who can remember their invention. Forty years ago they were a curiosity in the United States. Now we have more than 50,000 miles in operation at a cost of $2,600,000,000. They are a part of the movement we call civilization. They are the arteries of trade. They are a necessity of the time.

More than any other branch of business, however, they represent capital massed. In our day there is a strong and increasing tendency toward the centralization of wealth. The great business absorbs the small, the powerful company the weak. In this country the control of internal commerce, through methods of transportation, is the prize for which concentrated capital and executive ability are struggling. It is a struggle between giants—a struggle in which popular rights, the rights of individuals, the rights of the weak, are liable to be disregarded. There is one company now in the United States that own and operate railroads which cost more than the assessed value of all the property in this State. If this principle of centralization should continue, and increase as rapidly in the next twenty-five years as it has in the past, it is not impossible that the whole vast system of railroads may pass under the control of one company, or a combination of companies with one head, with power and patronage enough to make the Government in all its departments subservient to its will. Does this seem chimerical? It is neither chimerical nor remotely improbable. It seems quite certain that three or four companies will soon control, if they do not already, nearly all the great lines of communication in the United States—the struggle for supremacy to-day being

between Tom A. Scott, representing the Pennsylvania Central; Jim Fisk and Jay Gould, representing the Erie; and Vanderbilt, representing the New York Central, with their various connections and dependencies. If one of these companies should absorb the others, or if they should combine, that company or combination in ten years might control every mile of railroad in the United States.

The problem to be solved is, how to increase and protect the necessary facilities of communication, and avoid the danger to republican institutions from immense accumulations of capital in few hands, or it may be under the direction of a single will; and the special danger which arises from the fact that any power which controls our internal commerce, touches every interest, and to that extent influences the well-being and destiny of the nation. I know not what solution will ultimately be reached, but the first step is to say, "Hands off!" to determine that Government shall not be used in any of its departments for purposes of speculation—that capital is able to take care of itself—and that concentrated capital is becoming so vast a power, it is necessary to detach it from all control of the Government to prevent its obtaining the entire control.

Having stated the question as I understand it, in its broad significance, it may seem trivial to discuss it in detail; but the particular phase of the question known here as "anti-subsidy," involves the whole principle, and we must consider it as it presents itself in its immediate as well as its remote effects. It is said, also, as both parties substantially agree in their platforms, the question is settled and its discussion idle. It is not to be denied, however, that there is a kind of undercurrent to public opinion, or belief, I know not how general, that popular feeling upon this question is mere sound and fury, which must be humored while it lasts, but whose force will soon spend itself. I do not think so. I believe the

popular instinct is right; that it will abide, and I desire to justify it.

The argument against State and county subsidies is: First—Upon grounds of economy. It is the most expensive method of building railroads that can be devised. A large percentage of every subsidy granted is lost before it reaches actual payment for work done. If $500,000 is deemed essential to construct a road through a county, the company asking the subsidy will add to that amount the sum necessary to carry the bill through the Legislature, and an additional sum to carry the election before the people. Thus the people will not only pay for the road, but furnish the money to corrupt their own agents, and forestall the just expression of their own will. Is it not better to establish the principle that if the people of a county want a road and are willing to build it, they should own it; and if a company wants to own a road, they should build it? The narrow-gauge road will soon extend facilities for transportation at greatly reduced expense; and since mechanical genius has grappled with the subject, it will not be long before the steam wagon is trundling over our roads, bearing its burdens to our doors. Next—County subsidies are unnecessary. There is abundance of capital seeking investment. Where there is sufficient business a road will certainly be built. If the building of a road this year will create a supporting business, wait a year and the business will bring the road without a public tax. Forcing it through may do some good, but also some evil. Its first effect is to enhance the price of unsettled lands and place them beyond the reach of the poor; but if the lands are first settled the advantage accrues to the many and not the few—to the producer, not the speculator. Third—It is unjust. Public wealth is simply the aggregate of private property, and if private enterprise cannot afford to build a road, and the public consents to make a donation for its construction, it is certain that some interest will be

taxed which will not be benefited, and very often, as in the case of towns lying near but not on the line of the road, property will be taxed whose value will be impaired, it may be destroyed. It is asked with insidious sophistry, "If a majority have not a right to do this?" No! This is confiscation. Waiving the consideration that a majority vote obtained for such a purpose is liable to be a result of corruption, the rights of minorities, the rights of individuals, are sacred. Government is ordained to protect, not to destroy them. Taxes should be levied only for the necessary purposes of government, in which all have a common interest. Lastly—The system is demoralizing. It opens the door to corruption; it gives the strong the advantage of the weak; it tends to build up the few at the expense of the many; it is in the aid of the concentration of wealth and power, not of their diffusion.

It is not a local question or partial one. It touches all departments of government; it concerns the very theory, purposes, and spirit of all government; it is no exhibition of unfriendliness to any man or set of men; it is no spirit of envy or detraction, no disposition to depreciate the sagacity and energy that achieves success, or takes from them invested rights or just reward. It is the recognition of the danger that if the power to tax can be levied at all in aid of individual interests, then the colossal fortunes in the hands of individuals and corporations may control the exercise of that power to the very limit of revolutionary resistance. It is the recognition of the sacredness of private property—that whatever a man has as the result of his industry, economy, and enterprise, is his own, and shall not be taken from him to be given to another; and that no law, no majority vote, can make a private injury a public right. It is part of an attempt to shut out from legislation all schemes, of whatever nature, of money-making and corruption. It is a protest against that spirit of speculation which is absorbing our public lands, and

converting what should be held as homes for the toiling millions, into imperial donations. It is the perception of the overshadowing danger of the hour, that this Government may be run in the interest of money and not of manhood—that gold may become king and labor its vassal. When General Jackson vetoed the United States bank bill in 1832, he used the following language:

"Distinctions in society will always exist under every just Government. Equality of talents, of education, or of wealth cannot be produced by human institutions. In the full enjoyment of the gifts of heaven and the fruits of superior industry every man is equally entitled to protection by law. But when the laws undertake to add to these natural and just advantages artificial distinctions; to grant titles, gratuities, and exclusive privileges; to make the rich richer and the potent more powerful, the humble members of society—the farmers, mechanics, and laborers—who have neither the time nor the means of securing like favors to themselves, have a right to complain of the injustice of their Government. There are no necessary evils in Government. Its evils exist only in its abuses. If it would confine itself to equal protection, and, as Heaven does its rains, shower its favors alike on the high and the low, the rich and the poor, it would be an unqualified blessing."

When this bill was vetoed on the ground that the bank was a moneyed monopoly, dangerous to liberty, the capital stock of the bank was $28,000,000. We are now threatened with a combination of capital of more than a thousand millions.

The ideal republic would be a community where wealth would be so equally distributed that the possessions of each would represent actual services rendered. There would be no Vanderbilts, Stuarts, and Astors, and no men who would toil through a lifetime to reach a pauper's grave. This ideal has never been realized on a large scale, and there is no historical probability that it ever will be. If direct legislation can do little to prevent inequality, it should do nothing to foster it. And legislation should prevent as far as possible those immense combinations of capital, which draw to themselves more than

imperial power. The law should do this in the interests of the rights of property itself; for if the tendency to centralization continues to increase, the time may come when social order and the tenure of all property will be shaken by the volcanic outbreaks of revolutionary forces.

SPEECH

DELIVERED AT STOCKTON, AUGUST 30, 1873.

Fellow-Citizens: In consequence of a violent cold I may not be able to address you at any considerable length; and I fear I shall not speak with more pleasure to you than comfort to myself.

I find in the resolutions adopted by the Taxpayers' Convention of this county a specific demand that the duties upon quicksilver and coal should be taken off, and that they should be admitted free. I have long believed that the duties upon these articles, and upon many others in the same category, were imposed at the instance and for the benefit of private interests, and not for the public good. Perhaps a stronger illustration of men being legislated into riches at the expense of others could hardly be cited than the provision which imposes a duty upon quicksilver. The Government does not derive a dollar of revenue from it. Its only effect has been to increase the revenues of the owners of large quicksilver mines. It says, in effect, to the consumers: A royalty is imposed upon you, not for the benefit of Government, in whose blessings you are equal participants, but for the benefit of certain of your fellow-citizens who own mines which could be worked profitably without it; you shall be taxed for the private advantage of some one whom you do not know, and for whom you do not care. The absurdity of this becomes still more glaring when it is known that for years, when the New Almaden mine produced more than the coast consumed, the surplus was sent to China, Mex-

ico, and other foreign countries, and profitably sold there at lower rates than it could be bought at the door of the furnace; that it was shipped to New York and sold there cheaper than the San Francisco price, under stipulation that it should not be returned. Further than this: for years quicksilver has been a monopoly which, transcending the boundaries of geography, has had the whole world for the field of its operations. A combination was formed some years ago, and I believe still exists, among the great quicksilver companies with the Rothschilds at the head, by which the production of each was limited to a fixed amount, and the particular division of the globe which each might supply was duly assigned. These potentates divided the earth into commercial kingdoms, and enthroned themselves as kings; and now, let any man endeavor to develop a quicksilver mine in this State, he will find himself harassed—perhaps ruined—by causeless litigation instigated by the monopoly. Looking at the duty imposed in this light, even though the monopoly has now become strong enough to make the price purely arbitrary, the principle involved makes the ship-money which Hampden refused to pay equitable and right, and the monopolies granted by Elizabeth public blessings.

This statement of facts, which is its own argument, will of course be treated as others of a like nature have been before, as an appeal to popular passion and an insidious attack upon vested rights. The power to oppress seems to be the one vested right which it is never safe to attack. Since the days of Hebrew story the oppressed have been the disturbers; since the time of Æsop it is the lamb who muddles the stream.

In regard to coal, although the Government does derive revenue from the impost, it is safe to say that not a hundredth part of the tax paid is for the benefit of the Government. The proportion of imported coal consumed to

the domestic is scarcely appreciable. Within a year, on account of a sudden advance in the English price, American "coal has been sent to Newcastle." Coal being a constant element in manufacturing power, whatever enhances its price enhances the cost of every article of manufacture; an addition paid by the consumer for which he receives no benefit.

The article of salt furnishes another instance of the injustice of this kind of discrimination. It is of universal consumption, and every one who uses it pays a direct tax levied by the Government in favor of the manufacturer. The largest salt-manufacturing company in the United States will to-day send salt to Canada and successfully compete with that from Liverpool. Standing on the border, you can buy American salt in British territory less than in our own—certainly by as much less as the amount of the duty levied by Government in favor of the producer. By reason of natural advantages and aided by this kind of legislation, the company referred to increased its capital stock a thousand per cent. without levying an assessment and pays dividends on the whole. Where do these dividends come from? Who pay them, and for whose benefit? How is it that such abuses arise and are tolerated?

They all come from one source: that while we all acknowledge and believe that governments are instituted for the equal benefit of all the people, yet, in practice, special and private interests are able to secure the enactment of laws in their own favor. It is so much easier to be legislated into money than to make it by plodding industry and economy that the field is as tempting as the rewards are great. You will find to-day if any great enterprise is projected, the first thing suggested is, how can the company secure some special privilege, avail themselves of some law already in existence, or procure the enactment of one that will suit their purpose? For in-

stance: your magnificent valley of the San Joaquin needs only the irrigation of the waters, whose sources are in the mountains, to make it blossom as the rose. How is it to be accomplished? Do men meet together and say, Nature has kindly stored this water for the benefit of the arid lands, and now it shall be equitably used for that purpose; and in its distribution we will endeavor to imitate the impartiality of heaven in sending the dews and the rains? No! The first step would probably be for some one, or some company, to get or claim a monopoly of the waters; and that such a thing is or should be thought to be possible is a disgrace to the civilization of the age and country! Next, get a monopoly of as much of the lands as possible; then get donations of lands from the General Government to construct the necessary works; then, such contracts and donations from farmers as will enable the company to complete the whole at the least possible cost to themselves. When completed there will be princely revenues upon the one hand—and quit-rent tributes upon the other forever!

I am not now arraigning the men who do this, or would do it. Possibly you and I might if we could; the temptation would be very great. But I do arraign the system that makes such a thing possible—which places such temptations before weak and erring humanity.

Now I presume it will be charged that I am opposed to irrigation, or fear some one will make something, so common is the idea that injustice is a necessary ingredient in every material improvement. If we should go through the revenue laws of the General Government we should find, if we could ascertain all the facts, that the impost upon nearly every article in the long, long list of dutiable goods had been adjusted by the private interests which are to be benefited. There are many reasons for this. One is that members of Congress and public men, finding a constant stream of money pouring into the Treasury, un-

consciously fall into the idea that the Government is a self-supporting machine. They gradually lose sight of the fact that the Government, as such, does not own a dollar, and of the homely truth that, having nothing of its own, it cannot give anything, directly or indirectly, to any one without taking it from somebody else. Another reason is that private interests are constant and earnest in their own advocacy, and are able, often very plausibly, to direct attention to a special good while the general evil is spread over the whole country and is lost sight of. If every inhabitant of the United States should on a particular day give one cent to a particular man, he would find himself in the possession of a fine fortune and no one would be much poorer. It would almost seem to be like getting something from nothing. But if everybody should keep on day by day giving a cent to every one else, we should soon get back where we started, minus the loss from collecting and distributing. That might be a harmless pastime, and enable each of us to play rich for a day; but when it is the many who give and the few who receive, the pleasure and profit are not equally divided. The system becomes as burdensome to the multitude of contributors as it is agreeable and delightful to the class of receivers. Still another reason is that a member of Congress, finding the productions of other States protected, is driven in self-defence to seek protection for those of his own, and goes into combinations with other members on the agreement that you shall have this if you will give me that. The result is that we have a revenue system so artificial and complicated that no one fully understands it; and one of the most honorable mercantile houses in the United States has been compelled to pay $275,000 as a forfeit for a mistake that was unintentional, which did not amount to $3,000; and although, taking all their invoices together, the house had actually paid more duties than the Government was entitled to collect. Of

course the Government must have a revenue, and a large one; but the only equitable manner in which it can be collected from imposts is by fixing the duties so that all that is paid shall be for the Government. The fundamental error behind all this is in the idea that the Government can direct the private business of the people better than they can themselves. Congress is an able body, composed for most part of distinguished men; but if it was composed of the ablest statesmen and men of affairs who have ever lived, from Moses to Gladstone, and from Joshua to Grant, and they were all as pure as the saints, they could not direct the industries of this whole country as successfully or as equitably as can the people themselves, by each "minding his own business." Is this Republican? Yes! It is the logical deduction from the central living principle of the Republican party—personal freedom—that man shall be free to do anything which does not harm some one else. Is it Democratic? Yes! It is the direct application of the principle of the party in its earlier and better days—"That Government is best which governs least." In truth, in the expression of this principle, both parties have been right, and neither has been willing to follow it to its logical results. Governor Palmer of Illinois recently said that the only way to prevent Credit Mobilier transactions and exposures was, not to elect Credit Mobilier men to office. The only way to keep them out of office is to have it understood, settled for all time, that it is a fundamental and unchangeable rule of action that the Government has no special favors to grant to any one! Until this principle is adopted, the rich and the powerful, and particularly the corporations which represent massed wealth, will be able in a greater or less degree to shape legislation in their own behalf by the constant pressure they can bring to bear upon public men. As it is, we have lived to see the day when one of the most distinguished and able of the United States

Senators can defend the Credit Mobilier, "that house built to receive stolen goods," and to assert that members of Congress had as good a right to take its stock as to take stock in a manufacturing company. We have lived to see the day when men who have grown gray in the public service, and whose good names we prized as a portion of our country's honor, have confessed that they were bribed so skilfully that they could scarcely tell how or when. They remind one of the swordsman who cut off his antagonist's head so deftly the poor fellow did not know it was off until he sneezed; so some of our statesmen did not know they were decapitated until a little snuff of investigation was thrown in their faces, and they immediately sneezed their political heads into the basket. The mania for incorporating seems to be so general it will scarcely be a matter of surprise if the time should come when every individual man will incorporate himself for the purpose of pursuing his avocation, from bootblack up. There seems to be an opinion that there is some kind of divinity that hedges in a corporation, and that it has only to ask to receive. What the great corporations do receive—what they take, even, with strong hand—is among the lesser evils of their management. If the Government levies a tax for the benefit of a corporation, we at least know how much we have to pay, and pay alike; but when a great railroad corporation acquires the power to levy its own taxes, they have not even the virtue of uniformity, and may be fixed arbitrarily to punish its enemies or reward its friends. It is a public misfortune that the public lands, in place of becoming homes for millions, should pass into the hands of railroad *Seigneurs*—and not always be used for the purpose of building railroads. I instance here a case which must be familiar to you all: That division of the Central Pacific Railroad which passes through your country was known as the Western Pacific. For the building of that road Congress made

vast grants of lands, over 1,500,000 acres to the Western Pacific Company. We do not know that one acre of that land ever went towards the construction of the road. Certainly no considerable portion of it ever did ; for when the Western Pacific Company turned over the franchise with the Government's loan to the Central, they simply kept the lands as the price of the franchise ; and the lands thus became an out-and-out gift from the Government to the members of the former company. The instance is by no means a solitary one. And, indeed, when land grants are made they are simply used as a basis of credit upon which to build the roads ; then, when the bonds mature, if the roads are worth what they cost, of course the lands are clear gain. You know something of the management of railroad subsidies in San Joaquin, and how the big companies absorb the little ones. Less than four years ago you voted a subsidy to the Stockton and Visalia road. What have you got, except an endless litigation to make you pay for something you did not get? But the gifts, grants, loans, and subsidies are not so bad in themselves as the corrupt means by which they are sought, and the great demoralization which results from the introduction of systematic corruption into public affairs. Why should the Central Pacific Railroad endeavor to control the whole politics of our State, and secure Representatives and Senators in its own interest, except that it expects to use the State and General Government for its own benefit? To what a pass has it come, when this creature of State laws, fed upon the people's bounty, is able to wield the whole power and patronage of the Federal Government, so that every federal office-holder, from tide-waiter to the collector of customs, from watchman to superintendent of the mint, holds his position at their pleasure and subject to their surveillance ; and, speaking in their behalf, a United States Senator can openly and unblushingly say that he will teach the people of the State the power one

United States Senator can exercise in the election of a Senator? How is it that a system of espionage has been established by which every man who disagrees with this company is threatened, and injured in his private business and public and private character? Was there ever before, in any community, a despotism so petty in its spites; so far-reaching in its power and disposition! It not only assumes to punish individuals for the expression of opinion, but whole communities—friends and foes alike! It threatens to remove shops, offices, depots, from one community to another for political effect; and puts up public accommodation at auction to the highest bidder. It makes the gifts it has received a power of extortion! Upon this coast it is the representative of the evil which I have endeavored to depict—the central figure around which all other schemes gather! Having made itself a political power, it must be fought as a political power. Against its tyranny I rebel—you rebel—the people rebel! Since no man or interest singly can resist it, there is a general resistance of the whole in favor of each. We do this in no spirit of wrath or vengeance, but in the spirit of justice. Tyrants may do wrong—the people cannot afford to.

In the name of Justice we demand that the people shall be allowed to do their own voting, unintimidated by menace; and that their votes shall be fairly counted. We demand that the laws shall be made and executed for the general benefit of all, and not for special interests. We demand the just and equitable payment of taxes. We demand free access to the courts, and that that brutal rule of action which wantonly ruins any private suitor who seeks legal redress against the company's wrongs shall be abrogated. We demand that fares and freights shall be regulated by law, so that they shall be uniform and just; and that the company shall not discriminate against persons or places by charging higher rates between some points

than between others of the same distance and similar grades. We demand a full investigation of the transactions between the Government and the company; a strict accountability for all the assets placed by the Government in the company's hands; and that there should be reparation and punishment for any frauds that may have been committed.

This is California's part of the great contest which is everywhere to be made in favor of a "government of the people, by the people, for the people." You have a ticket here that represents the people's side of the question. The Springfield *Republican*, the leading newspaper in New England, justly styles the political contest in California this year "A State's fight with a railroad." But the fight has more than a State significance. It is the beginning of a contest against all schemes that have for their object private advantage at public expense. It is the beginning of a contest which will make such schemes impossible by restricting government to its legitimate functions. It has been complained that I have not heretofore suggested a complete and adequate remedy for all the evils I have depicted. I do not pretend to know what final solution for the whole will be reached. We can only take one step at a time, and the first steps are plain. If the question should ultimately come between the Government owning the railroads and the railroads owning the Government, I shall certainly favor the Government ownership. But, first of all, it is essential that the people should own the Government, so that when the negotiations for sale take place, the railroads shall not make both sides of the bargain. In making this contest, they say we have gone outside of the parties. Wherever it has been found necessary to, so much the worse for the parties! Surely it can be no great harm for any one to say what everybody thinks, for any one to do what every one knows is right; and, if he have to go outside of a party or a church to do

it, still, God's sky is above him, the free air around him, manhood's strong heart within him—and sooner or later, in the right and appointed time, he will surely succeed!

SPEECH

DELIVERED AT UNION HALL, SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 20, 1875.

Mr. President and Fellow-Citizens: A bolder man than I am might well stand awe-struck in the presence of this vast audience and conscious of so much expectation. It seems to me that I can feel to-night the signal of the popular approval to the cause which has convened us.

The representatives of the People's Independent Party have met in convention, and their work is presented to the people for approval or rejection.

Whatever else may be said of it, it cannot be said that its declaration of principles is not clear and explicit, and its candidates are not widely known. Its platform surprised no one—is not a trap to catch votes, but is the sincere expression of the body of doctrine on which the party is founded.

At the head of its ticket is the name of John Bidwell, a man who came to California thirty-four years ago, and has lived here ever since. In that time he has committed two very grave offences. In 1867 he was the most acceptable candidate of his party for the office of Governor; he refused to abate one jot or tittle of his manly integrity, to trade, traffic, and barter his way to nomination, and of course in the eyes of village, cross-roads, and ward politicians he was a political incompetent. In 1875 he is a candidate for Governor, in obedience to a very general but popular sentiment, without the seal of approval of the men who claim the right to make and unmake Governors as their personal prerogative. These are offences

which the people may condone—the village, the ward, and cross-roads politician and the California Warwicks, never. He must be judged and punished. Unroof his house, let in the light of meridian sun upon his private life, track him like a sleuth hound for the thirty-four years in which he has seen California develop from a waste into what it is; see if you cannot discover some idiosyncrasy of manner, some fault or error. It may be that he is not absolutely perfect, as his traducers are. If you wish perfection, you will not find it among the people, but must seek it among those who make politics a trade. But tried by any human standard, I dare avouch that John Bidwell will be found a man true to his convictions, honest in his purposes, open in his dealings, and charitable in his judgments. He has not sought popularity by art, he enjoys it only as a tribute to his character.

But I am not here to eulogize any man, or to vindicate him against aspersions, however unjust. If this movement is not far above any personal considerations, it has no value or significance worth your attendance here to-night. I believe this people are tired and disgusted with that kind of party warfare, offensive indeed, because it is offensive to common decency and intelligence—tired of that servitude to party leadership, which is animated only by selfishness, and which regards the possession of the machinery of government of more importance than the object it was devised to accomplish.

In view of this, its leading idea, I ask your attention to some of the reasons why the People's Independent Party should commend itself to your favor and support.

First. It is a protest against the tyranny of party discipline, and a proclamation of the sacredness of individual liberty. It is the first political party to announce that none of its members owe it allegiance, except as it does right, and of this the judgment and conscience of each must decide. It carries no party lash, or political thumb-screw.

It affirms that it is the right of every man to participate in good faith and honest intention in its councils, but that no jugglery, no *coup-d'état*, shall control his action to the support or sanction of a wrong. It abjures the old test on canonization, "I never scratched a name, crossed a *t*, or dotted an *i*, in a party ticket." It is an association where honorable men may honorably act together for a common object, without a slavish abandonment of the right of private judgment. For years it has been the fixed habit of both political parties to appeal to the people, while constantly asserting that all the people belong to one party or the other—which it was treason to desert. Thus each was arraigning the other before a tribunal which both maintained did not exist. That tribunal, however, which really does exist in free thought and independent opinion, the People's Independent Party desires to convert into a political power which shall regard the rights and interests of the people, not as the football of contending factions, but as the real object of government. It invites the co-operation of all who concur in its general purpose, who are tired of the thraldom of party discipline and would like to throw off the yoke, without renouncing any of the rights or duties of an American citizen.

In thus publicly proclaiming that individual liberty and the right of private judgment are superior to its organization, or to any party organization, in leaving the consciences of its members absolutely free to pursue the right, as they severally see the right, we believe it presents a valid claim to the support of all who place a higher value upon liberty and conscience than upon party fealty and success. It may be asked why this cannot be attained simply by independent voting, without concert of action at all. The answer is, that the man who stands absolutely aloof from all organization whatever can exercise only a silent influence at best. The time has come when

the active political influence of all good citizens is demanded in the interest of good government.

Second. It is one of the leading objects of the People's Independent Party to make the theory of local self-government a substantial fact.

Whoever has intelligently watched the current of events for the past few years can hardly have failed to observe a strong and increasing tendency towards a centralization of political power and influence, which, if not checked, will become as fatal to local good government and individual freedom, as the theory of the right of secession would be to national unity. The open form of this tendency is not its most dangerous form. If an officer of the army should decide who were and who were not members of our Legislature; if a United States marshal should decide who were entitled to vote, and how certain persons would have voted if they had voted, these would be open acts which would excite popular indignation, and find their own correctives. But if through the use of Federal patronage and distribution of appointments, conventions can be controlled, then the machinery of State and local government may be as effectually managed at Washington, as though it were accomplished by open force. The vastly increased Federal patronage makes its use for any but the strictest purposes of government, dangerous not only to local self-government, but to all good government. And, if the possession of the Federal Government, with its powers and patronage, is to be made the great object of every political contest—local or national—and the people are imbued with the spirit of this idea, we have practical centralization, all the more dangerous because it has the popular assent. The Democratic party, always an advocate, in theory, for State rights and local government, has been even more at fault in this than the Republican, as its discipline has been more strict. How can we have intelligent local government, if every local election is to

be regarded simply as a part of a great national campaign? if we are to obey instructions, always stand in line or follow a party leader; and because a Presidential election is coming off after a while—it is never more than four years distant—any one who breaks ranks must be shot? It was natural that this idea should obtain during the civil war, when national questions were all-absorbing, and the fate of the nation the subject nearest to every heart. But in time of peace I submit that it is subversive of the true principles of local government, which are the real foundations of national greatness. We cannot carry the principles and policy of peace into war, and we ought not to bring the spirit and policy of war into peace. The election of a Board of Supervisors or a city Assessor may be—probably will be—in the next four years a matter of more practical importance to you in the daily walks and business of life, than that of President. Separate them, and you can decide both intelligently; unite them and sink your private judgment in blind partisanship, and it is all a matter of chance and accident.

The People's Independent Party hold and believe that the American people constitute one nation, whose unity, baptized in blood, is sealed to all the future; and that its glory is not in any splendor of equipment or concentration of power; that its General Government can best be buttressed and strengthened by the proper administration of local affairs by local communities; that the true sources of its greatness are in the intelligence, industry, and morality of its citizens—its best safeguard in their willing affections.

Third. The party addresses itself to the consideration of living questions of pressing and immediate importance. It recognizes the truth, and makes it the guiding principle of its political action, that the people do own this Government, and should control all its departments—national, State, and local—for their common benefit, and not in the

interest of rings, schemes, aggregated capital, or great corporations, that this shall be truly a Government "of the people, by the people, for the people." We have passed the great danger which threatened our national unity, to confront another which threatens to canker our social and political well-being. The question of the effect upon our political system of vast accumulations of wealth, the increasing disparity—the widening gulf—between the rich and the poor, and of great corporations, with perpetual succession, is comparatively a new one in our history. Jefferson and Jackson foresaw it, but it confronts us now with startling reality. I know that whoever discusses or refers to this question is accused of agrarianism, socialism, communism, demagogism, and all the other isms which are considered bad. But it is a question that cannot be sneered out of existence. It will not down at any man's bidding. "The rich do grow richer, and the poor poorer; cunning idleness does eat the bread of honest industry!" the powerful can avail themselves of facilities of law to become more powerful. Somebody once said that there was but one security against Vanderbilt's owning everything—the certainty that he would die, and suggested that as one of the compensations of mortality; but a corporation may be a Vanderbilt endowed with immortality. And if it is to be hereafter held to be the law that conditions imposed upon corporations may be removed, but that privileges granted are in the nature of a contract, and not repealable, we had much better have Vanderbilt—unless, indeed, he could incorporate himself.

There is a rapidity in the growth and expansion of corporations which is quite startling, if you will stop to think about it. A few years ago a corporation was formed to use the waters of a spring for supplying the city. The object was a good one, the beginning small. Now that corporation owns, or claims to own, pretty much all the water available for the supply of the city;

its charges are limited only by the ability of the consumer to pay, and it estimates its property, rights, and privileges, for the purposes of a sale to the city, at from $15,000,000 to $20,000,000, and hopes to be in a position to dictate terms of sale. I am not criticising the men who originated this corporation, nor those who have put their money in its stock at the market price as a legitimate investment, but that scheme of law or policy which makes a monopoly of water possible, and that kind of politics which may give a corporation the control of a municipal government. A gas company gets the right to lay its pipes in your streets. In a very short time, by the accumulations of its profits, it is able to prevent all competition; it can fix its own rates, and, while paying dividends on $8,000,000, it will pay taxes on one-sixteenth of that sum, with a cheerfulness that is refreshing. You can see, from these instances, what an immediate and direct interest local corporations have in controlling local governments, and how easily they may obtain this control, if you elect local officers simply with a view to the Presidential election and the distribution of Federal patronage.

Less than fifteen years ago two corporations were formed for the purpose of building a railroad from the Mississippi to the Pacific. The project had been discussed for years. Its accomplishment was regarded as a national triumph. There was a charm about the magnitude of the undertaking. It was a road that was to cross wilderness, desert, and mountains, weld the continent and wed the seas. The Government was in the midst of a war, and its operations and expenditures were upon a gigantic scale. There was little time or disposition to criticise a bill in details which promised magnificent results; loans of credit and grants of lands were made with a munificence which seems imperial in the prosy times of peace. The corporations represented very little capital of their own, but very great executive ability and an immense

capacity to receive. In less than twelve years from the time the first shovel of earth is turned, these corporations own the transcontinental railway, tracts of land which would make an empire, the steamship communication between New York and San Francisco, and between San Francisco and China, and all the principal lines of transportation by rail and water in California. Without local competition, at any time powerful enough to crush competition, now they can fix their own rates, discriminate between places, between individuals, build up or destroy, reward or punish. By getting control of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, they remove through competition, and their increased profits from the advance on the through freight, which is paid by the people of the State, would support the common schools of the State—a tax levied at the sovereign will of the companies themselves. Their net income for the single year 1873 from the transcontinental road alone, and before the increased tariff, was $12,886,793.28. This must be increased to at least $20,000,000. Yet, under a technical construction of law, they can successfully refuse to pay interest on the Government loan, until now the arrearage amounts to $19,294,122.40. They refuse to pay the one-twentieth of their net earnings to the United States, as a sinking fund for the redemption of the bonds issued for their benefit—bonds which will amount, principal and interest, to more than one hundred millions of dollars, to be paid by the people. Enjoying all this, they resist the payment of their taxes by every means which legal ingenuity can devise.

Think for a moment of the vast interests and power concentrated in so few hands—the railroads across the continent; the lines of interior communication by land and water in California; the steamship line between New York and San Francisco; that between San Francisco and China. All this obtained within twelve years! When and where else would it have been possible? And *how* ob-

tained? The Credit Mobilier, the Contract and Finance Company, the Pacific Mail bribery, are only incidents of its history. Regarded only in a social aspect, are the facts not startling? When you reflect that Government is but the effect and representative of the forces of society, is there not an alarming political significance in all this? "Out of politics!" When did power neglect opportunity? They mean in their hearts that they are above the law. They mean in policy to run the political railroad underground. They mean, in fact, "when the lion's skin is too short, to eke it out with the fox's." Is not the relation of corporations to the Government, and their influence upon it in all departments, a living question before the American people? Is the revenue under consideration? The manufacturing corporation asks Congress to legislate a profit into its business by a protective duty. Is finance the subject of discussion? The National Banks insist upon supplying the people with currency. Great railroads absorb the small, combine, dictate terms, and rival the Government itself in power and patronage.

But the remedy. There may be none immediate, effective, radical. In politics as in medicine, we are apt to trust too much to specifics, too little to general treatment. The general treatment should begin. The evil should be stopped. I know of no better means than the organization of a party which shall represent the people, and stand at all times against the demands of special interests, which shall recognize that "when rights are protected, interests can take care of themselves." I know of no better means than by bringing the people together who think this, that the moral weight of their numbers may be felt as a political power. Take party platforms. How nearly they read alike. But for some references to the past, and the use of party names, you would have to look at the head lines to see which is which. The Minnesota Republicans and Wisconsin Democrats might ex-

change platforms in the dark, and not be conscious of the metamorphosis. The Ohio Democrat is for soft money, and the New England Republican is for hard money. The Pennsylvania Democrat is a protectionist, and the California Republican is (I guess he is—he ought to be) a free-trader. Under this confusion of terms, selfishness alone is consistent, and moves to the accomplishment of its purpose. As everybody is for the people, how will it answer for the people this year to be for themselves? The experiment is worth trying, for its novelty at least. Let all who do wish substantially the same thing stop calling each other names and quarrelling about terms, and face the common enemy.

The great value of an election is in its moral significance —the idea it expresses. The platforms of the three parties may be substantially alike. It may be only a question of sincerity. One may be the letter which kills, another the spirit which makes alive. Let the Democratic or Republican ticket succeed at the next election, and it will be a mere party triumph, in which every corporation that desires to aggrandize itself at the expense of the people will have its share of rejoicing. The success of the People's Independent Party will be a triumph of principle ; it will be hailed by the people everywhere as their victory, and its moral weight and influence will be worth infinitely more than any specific measures that can be devised.

Carlyle, in his *French Revolution*, gives an amusing description of a cartoon of that period. A farmer had called the chickens of the farm-yard around him and addressed them in the most paternal and friendly manner: "My dear, good chickens, I have called you together to ask you in what kind of sauce you would like to be cooked."

"But," exclaimed an old rooster, the patriarch of the barn-yard, "master, we don't want to be cooked at all."

"You wander from the subject, my dear chickens," re-

plied the farmer, "the question is simply *how* will you be cooked."

For some years the railroad and its allies in the various schemes and rings have been in the habit of convening about them the people of this State in different counties, and asking them how they will be cooked—whether with Republican or Democratic sauce. It is rather a hard conundrum. I think this is a good year for a successful barnyard rebellion, and an active determination not to be cooked at all.

Of course, old party leaders, and all who hope to obtain office through old organizations, object to a general union of the people, and an obliteration of old party lines. The Republican candidate for Governor objects, because he says the financial management of the State Government has been extravagant, and he alone is capable of reforming it. I am not here to apologize for, or defend, any extravagance or mistakes. Something is due to the truth of history. Under our system of Government, the Governor is not, as Mr. Phelps seems to imply, a kind of viceroy who determines just how much money shall be expended, and what for. That rightly belongs to the representatives of the people assembled in the Legislature. The Governor cannot, as he can in New York and some other States, veto items in an appropriation bill. The general appropriation bill comes to him on the last night of the session, and he must sign it or stop the wheels of the Government. Mr. Phelps will not have an opportunity to learn these facts by experience, and I volunteer the information. The Independents have never had control of any Legislature, or any representation distinctively in any until the last; and all the appropriations up to July 1, 1874, were made before that time. I shall have something to say hereafter as to how they exercised the power they had. It is due, however, to all who have had any connection with the finances of the State in a legislative or any other

capacity, to say that the expenses have been large, not from any misapplication of money under any administration, but from a desire, in which the people have also shared, which is in fact only a reflection of their disposition, to do in a few years what it has taken others a great many to accomplish. We have almost extemporized a system, which elsewhere has been of slow growth, and we have not gone in debt. Our State Capitol, buildings for the Insane, for the University and the Normal School are among the best in the United States. Whether this be a subject of pride or criticism, they were all planned before the Independent party had an organization in the State. Our insane and criminal population are exceptionally large, and for many years the State has contributed to the support of the orphans. No State in the Union, in proportion to wealth and population, contributes so much, by a State tax, to the support of common schools as ours. Connecticut, which has one of the best school systems in the Union, and about the same population as California, appropriates from Treasury about $200,000 for common schools; California, over $1,100,000, more than five times as much. But Connecticut, being a densely populated State, each district can support its own schools, while in the sparsely settled districts of California they cannot be maintained without liberal aid from the State. But this is all lumped in, in a general charge of mismanagement.

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Our expenses are too large; they can be reduced by intelligent criticism, not by mere fault-finding. The machinery of our government should be simplified; we do too much law-making—build on too extravagant a scale. The reform of all this rests with the representatives of the people. By careful attention to details, they may be able to give generously, as they now do, to the support of common schools—the nurture of freemen; to shelter the insane; to give such poor sight and hearing as art can

bestow to the blind and deaf; and find it more humane and eventually cheaper, to assist in caring for the orphans than to abandon them to the chances of private charity and a street education. These unfortunates suffer for no fault of their own—no one will be willing to "drown them to save their board."

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Finally, the Independent party commends itself to popular favor, because it affords a common ground upon which all can meet who desire to forget the animosities and heart-burnings engendered by the civil war. It cannot expect the support of any Democrat who believes that the adherents of the lost cause will ever again rally under the stars and bars, or of any Republican who fears "the next gale which sweeps from the *South* will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms." But it does commend itself to all who accept the fact of history as conclusive, who believe with Vice-President Wilson: that the rebellion was the inevitable result of conflicting institutions and forces; that it is over, and that peace should be as sunbright in its glory as the war was terrible in its darkness; that the reconciliation should be cordial as the conflict was awful.

To accomplish this is the work, not of politicians and statesmen, not of President and Congress, but of the American people. The wound heals slowly that is often chafed. That would be a divine moment in our history which should strike down every party tie and party name which perpetuates a war memory, and brings the people together who are willing to forget, in a solid and impenetrable phalanx. "The American people was the real hero of the war," and must also be the apostle of peace and reunion. Why should they not come together? Sumner would remove the names of battles from flags, because they were remembrances of civil war—why can we not take the names from our political banners, which

are also reminders? The Vice-President journeys through the South everywhere, received by all classes with respect and kindness due to his age, character, and position. Fitzhugh Lee goes to Boston, and is met with the fervor of hospitality, by the men he met in arms. It may be well to sneer at this as sentimental gush. I prefer to believe it the spontaneous outpouring of reconciled friendship—of that spirit which is as sincere in the fellowship of peace as in the struggle of war. It is the spirit which animates this people, and manifests itself on every occasion. The Centennial Commissioners appoint Adams of Massachusetts and Lamar of Mississippi orators; Sherman, who marched to the sea, and Johnston, his great antagonist, as Grand Marshal and Master of Ceremonies—and all the people approve. The blue and the gray commingle at the graves of their dead comrades. There comes a time when the instinct of sentiment is a truer guide than cold philosophy or calculating prudence. Is this a time to hunt up every act of lawlessness and outrage that has occurred for years in States whose civil, social, and political institutions have been broken down, and frame them into an indictment against the people? Is this an hour when we should forget fraternal peace in the memory of fratricidal strife?

But they tell us a great many rebel generals have been elected to the next Congress. Why should they not be? When the Government amnestied them, did it mean to say, "We restore your rights, but you shall never enjoy them?" When they take their seats in Congress, it will be with an oath to support the Constitution of the United States. I do not believe that the men who are willing to die for their convictions will be most ready to perjure themselves for place. Parties are but necessary evils. There are great moments in a nation's life when the times should rise above them. Why may not the true spirit of the people have way? This is the Centennial year. Let

it be a "year of jubilee." Before us is a grand outlook of history. Who shall estimate the power and population of this country at the close of the century now dawning, if we the people are equal to the divine opportunity? Who knows what trials may await us, what temptations may beset? Let us challenge destiny as one people. Let us have the only union which can be permanent—a union of hearts. Let the true feeling of the hour find genuine expression unrestrained; and reconstruction will come—not by legal enactment, not by force bills or writs of law, but in the hearts of the people, like the dawning of day, like the breath of the morning, like the Spirit of the Lord.

SPEECH

DELIVERED AT SACRAMENTO, AUGUST 25, 1877.

Ladies and Gentlemen, and Fellow Citizens: If any one has come here to-night expecting to hear from me any attempt at oratorical display, he will be disappointed. The candidates for the various offices in your gift, between now and the election, will, no doubt, discuss in your presence questions of State and county policy, and define their respective positions. All I desire to do is to have a plain neighborly talk with you about the general situation, and to express some of the reasons why I believe that every good citizen, who believes that the policy of President Hayes should receive that generous support which its success demands, and which its purity and patriotism deserve should unite with the Republican party as the only political organization that can and will stand behind him in his hours of difficulty and trial.

As I see you before me to-night, with this beautiful sky above us, and recognize that you are all Americans bound together, as I believe, by the common ties of patriotism,

I recall the fact that the broad lines of demarcation, which a few years ago separated us into hostile camps, have passed away forever. And I am glad of it. By no act or word of mine would I recall any of the animosities of the past.

New questions are crowding to the front; great questions, which demand our serious consideration; questions upon which public opinion is undergoing the slow process of formation, and which has not yet crystallized into party organization. Why, my friends, if you should take the various resolutions passed in this State this year by the Democratic county conventions and the Republican county conventions, and put them into a hat—and if they were all as long and as numerous as the resolutions of the Sacramento Democratic County Convention, it would take a big hat to hold them—and then draw them out by chance, one at a time, nine times out of ten it would puzzle you to tell which was Democratic and which was Republican. If the two parties would hold a State convention in this State this year and each put forth a platform, you would have to get a magnifying glass and read between the lines in order to tell one from the other, or who the things belonged to. And you could take either and change a few words and "presto! change," you could hardly tell one from the other. All this would have been very different a few years ago. Which party has changed, or has there been only a change upon the surface? Or is it true that we have drifted away so far from our old anchorage that it is impossible to calculate our departure by the same stars? It seems to me that upon the old questions, the vital issues that separated us a few years ago, the Democratic party, like an army in retreat, has surrendered every position it occupied; surrendered each after a hard fight, and now it is admitting that all the distinctive principles for which it contended were wrong. It has accepted the results of the war; it

has accepted emancipation; it has accepted universal suffrage; it has accepted the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution of the United States—all the acts of reconstruction; it has accepted the greenback; it has accepted Hayes' administration. In the name of reason, what is there left for it to do but to disband? Nothing in its life would become it like the leaving of it. What reason is there why any good Democrat, patriotic in his impulses, who does believe that the present administration is patriotic, that it is generous in offering the olive branch of peace, and that it is sincere in endeavoring to reform our civil service, and which ought to be a success—what reason can there be alleged why he should not come over and stand with us—with the only organization upon which he can rely to make it a success? Although we do seem to agree in opinions, there is a question of sincerity; there is a question as to which organization you can act with in order to make your action most efficient. Beneath opinion there is principle; beneath principle there is sentiment. I know that neither party is absolutely perfect. We do not find perfection in this world, even in political parties. It is a question of choice in whose hands do you believe the destinies of the nation are most secure? Which best represents the American idea? The American idea in politics I take it to mean just this, and nothing more: Individual liberty, personal security, equal rights, and national unity. That is its centre and circumference. Which party, by its history, by its traditions, by its sentiments, best represents the American idea?

In considering public questions your judgment may be warped by your own personal interests. You may shut out the sun with your hand, but only Omnipotence can destroy the sun. But leaving aside all questions of personal interest or personal prejudice, there is not one of you before me to-night who is so strict a partisan that he

would not be willing that any public question should be tried by that test—does it promote individual liberty, personal security, and national unity? Let me ask the question, which of the two parties that divide the American people to-day—and there are but two—which by its traditions, by its history, by its sacrifices, by its defeats, and by its triumphs, has best represented those grand guiding principles, liberty, security, and national unity? There will be differences of opinion about the various questions which arise, but if that is the test by which they are to be tried, where will you find them?

Looking forward, beyond the horizon of to-day; looking forward to the future of your children; looking forward to the destinies of this great, free country; if either of these parties is to be destroyed, defeated, and blotted out, which should it be? I have no concealments to make; if I had, it would be folly to attempt to make them in the presence of my friends and neighbors, who have known me for twenty-seven years. I have desired, I do desire, that all the animosities that have characterized us in the past, that the deep impressions that were burned into us by the civil war, should be cast forever into oblivion. I do earnestly desire that even the memory of them should be buried beneath a common sod, that covers alike the Union and the Rebel dead. I do desire that the American people should have one common object—that the dead past should bury its dead, that we should look forward alike to one bright, happy, and glorious future; and I do most sincerely believe that the only obstacle to this consummation, the only cloud upon this prospect, is that the Democratic party continues a powerful organization in this country, bound together, as I believe, not by a cohesive power of living ideas, but by the traditions and prejudices of the past. Therefore I think the Democratic party ought to be destroyed and defeated.

It was my fortune to be present at most of the turbulent scenes which transpired in the House of Representatives in the American Congress during the counting of the Electoral vote. I watched the clock as the hand measured the hours, believing that if the time should strike when that Congress should dissolve and the result of the election not declared, this country would be plunged into anarchy and possibly into civil war—bloodier and more terrible than that through which we have passed. I shall never cease to remember with gratitude, with respect, many of the Southern leaders who stood up in that Congress, manfully contending that the contract made should be observed, standing with patriotism and good faith upon the law; and I cannot forget that there was a large element of the Democratic party there loud in voice, violent in manner, fierce in vituperation, resisting every step of the count; resisting it by filibustering motions, and marking it a scene of violence and disorder that has no parallel in legislative history outside the National Assembly of France during the bloody days of the Revolution. Voting with that element of obstruction every time were two of the Democratic Representatives from California—Mr. Wigginton and Mr. Luttrell. These men talk to Republicans here to-day—honey would scarcely melt in their mouths—they would make you believe that they were extremely judicial, characterized by a lofty patriotism. Then, aloes were not more bitter. Now, inside the Democratic party to-day, there is a contest for leadership between this violent, disorderly, turbulent element and the conservative element that was willing to abide by the law, and the resolutions this morning received of the Pennsylvania Democratic Convention, and the violent speeches of Mr. Pendleton and of Mr. Ewing, show but too plainly that the violent and the extreme element of that party will attain the leadership; and I appeal again to all patriotic Democrats who believe that with the honest, just, and

fearless administration before us, we can have peace, security, good-will, harmony, and political prosperity, to come over and unite with us, and make that administration the success that it deserves to be.

Now these are general political considerations. You can weigh them; you can decide them; you can determine if there be anything in them, and I appeal to your sober judgment and to your sincere patriotism——

A Citizen: I want to know if that purity, as you say, exists in the Republican party, what is the matter with Senator Sargent and Page and others?

Mr. Booth: I suppose that Senator Sargent and Mr. Page and others can fight their own battles. I have not contended that the Republican party is absolutely perfect—perhaps it is not so perfect as you are. But, my friend, you must remember that, outside of yourself and myself, and your friends and my friends, and of your wife and the woman I hope to marry [merriment], there is not absolute, entire, and immaculate perfection in more than 8,000 or 10,000 people even in this very virtuous town.

I had been speaking of general political considerations. Now, there are some questions that are crowding themselves to the front that we cannot ignore; that, in my judgment, are deeper than mere questions of government. They are questions that belong to society, to our common civilization; and it becomes us to give them candid and careful consideration.

Recent startling events throughout this country have disclosed what seems to be a contest between capital and labor. There will be many who will come before you and who will try to make political capital out of the disturbances which, unfortunately, have so recently pervaded our country. Now, right here, before I go any further upon the question, I desire to say that I believe I am as true, as sincere, as hearty a friend of the laboring man as any one can be who has not more ability than I have. I am too good a friend to him to flatter him. I respect his judgment too highly for that, and I respect it too highly

to promise impossibilities for the sake of his passing favor. Some remedies that have been proposed for these social disturbances—for this is what it seems to be to my mind, —have reminded me of what John Bright said of Disraeli, that he would try to stop an earthquake with a dose of quinine. Some of them have reminded me of the model constitution that some wag proposed for France during the days of the Revolution. It read something like this: "Section 1. Everything belongs to everybody. Section 2. Nobody is charged with the execution of this decree." Some of them have reminded me of the man who said that if he was elected to Congress he would introduce a bill to bring in the millennium. If anybody could discover a method by which the man who has to labor for his daily bread could fix the compensation for his own labor, and then fix a price at which he could buy the commodities produced by other people's labor, he would have accomplished a miracle compared to which the finding of the philosopher's stone would be an incident of every-day life. If any of you know any means by which this thing can be done, you are the greatest man who has lived on earth since Julius Cæsar, and I hope you won't keep it a secret. Carlyle has said, and it is not more true than it is sad, that the saddest sight on earth is that of a man who is willing to work for bread and who cannot get the opportunity. And it is a terrible commentary on the Christian civilization of the nineteenth century that in the growth of society this very sad thing does sometimes occur. Any one who has been looking at the course of human affairs and industrial pursuits, even for the last few years, cannot fail to see that there has been a gradual change in the relations of employers and employed. A good deal has been said, and a good deal foolishly, I believe, about the antagonistic or unfriendly relations of capital and labor. Now, capital, as capital, does not think. Labor, as labor, does not think. Some capitalists are wise, and some are foolish. Some are

liberal, and some are mean. Some invest their capital in bonds, and some in industrial enterprises. Some laborers are skilful, others are unskilful; some are provident, others are improvident; some are industrious, others are lazy. But when a man has labor to sell, he goes to some one who wants to buy labor, and then they are in the position of making a bargain, and the laborer wants to get the most he can for his labor, and the man who employs him, as a general proposition, wants to buy his labor at the lowest price. But it is just so with the laborer when he goes to buy anything. Perhaps he does not buy labor directly, but he buys the commodities that are produced by labor —everything that he wears, everything that he eats, the house that he sleeps under, are all the product of labor,— and in buying them he buys labor only one degree removed, and he buys it just as cheap as he can, so that really labor patronizes labor, just as much, and a little more, than capital does, because there are more laboring men than capitalists. And that rule runs through all the transactions of life—that the seller tries to get the best price he can, and the buyer to pay the least that he can.

A few years ago, not a great many years ago, a large proportion comparatively of the labor was performed by the hands with a few simple tools—it was handicraft. It is only a hundred years since the steam-engine was invented, and what a powerful revolution that has worked in every industrial pursuit. Some of you can remember— I can—when mechanical work was done with comparatively few tools. For instance, the shoemaker had his kit, and it did not take much to buy all the tools that he wanted in the manufacture of shoes; the carpenter had his chest, he had his jack plane and his saws and his chisels, and then he would take the lumber that came from the sawmill and do all the wood work in a house. Now, the wood work is all prepared for him by costly

machinery. I recently passed through the railroad shops in this city, and it was a marvel to me to see the wonderful combinations of machinery working with automatic precision, with almost intelligent ingenuity, and accomplishing in a day what a few years ago could not have been done in months.

Then another change has been going on. It used to be that the mechanic would take a piece of work and he could do the whole of it himself. Now you know it is divided up. One mechanic does one part and another another, and a third the third, and the fourth puts it together. Even in the manufacture of so simple a thing as a pin it goes through some twenty-five or thirty hands, I am told, before it is absolutely finished. Now it is a necessity of labor to avail itself of machinery, of expensive machinery ; and the fact that the mechanical laborer only does a small part of a single job, that it is divided up among so many hands, has necessitated and brought this about—that there is capital invested in machinery, and that that employs an army of laborers. And this is bringing about gradually a comparatively new relation between the employers and the employed. Why, it has reached even further. I can remember, and I am not a very old man, when the farm was regarded more as a home, a place to bring up the family, than as something to make money out of. And the father and the sons worked and farmed themselves with such few agricultural implements as were then known. But now farming has got to be a great business. To carry it on successfully much capital is invested—invested in lands, in agricultural implements. That business is assuming the shape that the mechanical and manufacturing pursuits have.

Now, in this country the business in which there is the most capital invested, except in farming—the business that touches every other business most nearly, because it controls the great arteries of commerce and trade, and the

business which directly and indirectly employs the greatest body of men, is the railroad business.

Let us look for one moment at the incidents of this strike and see if we can draw any deduction from it. The first step was that most of the great railroad companies combined to make a reduction of the wages of labor. That was the first combination. When capital organizes you can be sure that labor will organize in opposition. And it was a part of the agreement among railroad employes in many instances that they would not work and that they would not allow any other persons to take their places. Then transportation upon most of the great railroad lines was stopped. The business of the country received a shock, and then, as always happens in violent and turbulent times, the worst elements of society, the thieves and incendiaries, came to the surface and made the disorder an opportunity for plunder and riot and destruction. This violence was repressed, partly by the military, but I am glad to say—I am proud, as an American, of the fact—in a far greater degree by the awakened moral sense of the people; and I am glad to say that, as a friend of the laboring man, law and order and the preservation of society had no stronger advocate, no firmer friend, than the laboring man himself. And some of the inferences I draw from this are these: Anarchy and destruction are remedies for no evil, and the honest laborer of this country scorns any association whatever with thieves and incendiaries. Second—That we need no great standing army in this country. I am not of those to be frightened from my propriety by the passing disorders, into adopting and equipping a great standing army, which in all countries and in all ages has been a ready-made instrument of despotism. When the time comes, if it shall come, when the American people need a standing army to police the land, to repress and keep in subjection public sentiment, they will have forfeited their right to be a Republic.

Third—When capital organizes, labor, too, will organize, and I am glad of it. I am hopeful for the future for it. It is well that these two principles, whether they be friends or antagonists, should stand face to face in an open field and upon equal terms. If capital has the advantage of an intrenched position, labor has the advantage of numbers. Tell me not that gold is king, or that commerce is king, or that cotton is king. Labor is the king of this earth, with its brawny arms and giant face bronzed and marked with toil and care. I trust that the hour will come when he will be crowned in triumph, and I am hopeful that through this organization of labor the time will come—not in your day, perhaps, not in mine, but in the future not distant—when organized, intelligent labor shall be able to own and control all the tools and machinery necessary for production, and shall have a full and undivided share in all the blessings it creates.

And I want to say this right here, that while I do not desire, while no one desires, to apologize for the violence, I know this to be a fact—that whenever any great mass of men is driven from any cause backward and backward towards the sharp pricks of starvation, the reaction will come. When Jefferson was in France before the Revolution, whose volcanic eruption shook the very foundations of civilized society throughout the world, he went among the peasants. He saw how they lived, saw the beds they slept upon, the fare they ate, and he said that from his knowledge of human nature a revolution was inevitable. The prophesy may not be one that we desire to lay to ourselves, but if ever the conditions of American society become such that the great mass of the laboring men cannot have not only their bread, but cannot gratify those wants which civilization has made a part of our second nature, there will come a revolution. I know that often the lot of the man who toils for his daily bread seems hard. I know it is hard to have to sell Monday's

labor to get Tuesday's bread for wife and children. But, my friends, the lines of this country have fallen to us in comparatively pleasant places. There is no other country in the world where daily labor can be so secure of a bountiful supply of bread as in the United States of America. There is no other country where the opportunities for education of his children are so free and so open; and there is no other country where he can stand erect in the conscious dignity of his manhood.

It is not true that the seeds of this discord were sown by the system under which railroads in this country have been constructed for the last twenty years. Under this system fraud has been organized. Railroads have too often been built, not so much for the legitimate profits of their operation as for the profit that could be made out of their construction, and the losses to the actual capital of the country through this have been ten-fold greater than by the destruction from strikes and riots. They were built, not as cheaply as possible, but at the greatest possible cost, that the companies, the inside rings, that constructed them, might realize inordinate profits, and that the small stockholders and the tax-payers should pay them. And while we are wiping the outside of this cup, it becomes us to consider at least something on the inside. While we are whitewashing this sepulchre let us not forget that within it are corruption and dead men's bones. Open violence is an enemy that can be met upon the threshold; but fraud is an insidious disease which preys upon the vitals.

Now, my friends, I wish to ask you again, do you know of any ready-made, instantaneous remedy for this relation that exists between the employers and the employed? Do you know any means by which any man who is willing to sell labor can secure the amount for his services which he believes he is justly entitled to? There are persons who believe that if the silver dollar is remonetized it would

be a kind of panacea for all the evils that flesh is heir to. But suppose you should try it? Do you think it would be any easier to get a silver dollar that contains 412 8–10 grains of standard silver than it is to get now two half dollars that contain 383 grains? There are those who believe that an unlimited issue of greenbacks would bring about a kind of financial millennium. Do you know any means by which this Government could enrich all its people, when, in fact, the Government is to be carried on every day, every hour, by taxes paid by the people? You will not find any instantaneous relief by any heroic treatment. This world will not be made a paradise except through the slow, patient centuries, thousands of years of labor by its inhabitants. Many measures will be proposed. I suggest that they all be tried by the test of the Republican doctrine of American ideas—personal security, individual liberty, national unity.

I am told that my friend Judge Curtis proposes that we should get some kind of relief by paying the public debt of this country in greenbacks. Let us examine the proposition for a moment and see whether it is right and politic. I confess I do not know exactly how he intends to get the greenbacks to pay the public debt—whether he means—and Pendleton of Ohio I believe has the same idea—I do not know whether they mean that we should set the public printing-presses to work and print off greenbacks and tell the men who hold our bonds to bring them in and get greenbacks for them or get nothing, or whether they mean that the volume of greenbacks remaining as it is, all the revenues of the Government shall be collected in greenbacks, and these revenues applied to the payment of the public debt after the payment of current expenses. Would either be honest? Would it be right to say to the men who hold the securities of our Government that are drawing interest, "Here, you must come and take our promise to pay that does not bear any interest or you shall have

nothing?" Now I know that is often a popular outcry made against bondholders. They are supposed to be a class of people living off of other men, and whose interests are entirely distinct and antagonistic to the others. To me it does not matter whether a bond is held by a poor man or a rich man, so far as the obligation of the country to pay it is concerned. In truth, most of the bonds in this country are held by banks—savings banks—invested in estates for the benefit of widows and orphans. Many are held abroad, and when they are held abroad they are held often, very generally, I think, by comparatively poor persons. But whether they are held by the poor or the rich does not make one particle of difference in the obligation to pay. Does it? The honor of the country is pledged and that cannot be forfeited. By maintaining the credit of the country in good faith, we have been able to reduce the interest on our public debt, until we can now place four-per-cent. bonds at par. Seven years ago we were paying six per cent. interest upon all the funded indebtedness of the country. We then owed something more than two thousand millions of dollars, and by fulfilling the contract to the letter we were able to place a loan, first at five per cent. and then at four per cent., and now simply by maintaining our credit we should be able to fund the whole at four per cent. certainly and I believe for less, and every one per cent. that we take off reduces the interest that you pay per annum eighteen millions of dollars. Now, is not honesty the best policy? Does n't it pay? If you commence tampering with your credit, if you commence trying to pay it as my friends suggest, in silver, is not it probable that you will lose more than you will gain? The four-per-cent. bonds we are now selling are forty years. A three-per-cent. bond at sixty, or at the outside a hundred years, could be placed upon the market as readily as they can. And I do candidly think that this generation is paying off the public debt of this country

rather more rapidly than they ought. That we might very well if we placed it so that it is absolutely secure, the faith of the country pledged for its redemption, we might just as well spread it out over a few more generations, and not burden ourselves with the payment of it so rapidly as we do.

A good deal has been said, and it is one of the questions that interest us, on the subject of currency. Now, on this subject, I do not understand that either the Democratic party or the Republican party has a fixed policy. That is to say, Democrats differ with each other in regard to what the currency ought to be, and Republicans differ among themselves in regard to our financial policy. Governor Hendricks, before he was a candidate for Vice-President, said that if he should leave his home in Indiana to travel to the Atlantic sea-board, if he wanted to be a Democrat all the time, he would have to change his opinions on the currency question every time he crossed a State line; and that sometimes in the various counties he would get bewildered and mixed up so that he would not know what his opinions were, or whether he had any. Fernando Wood, when he was asked (I mean in private conversation, jocularly) what his opinion on currency was, said that one of the members from New York had gone crazy trying to solve the question, and he did not propose to follow him; that he was going to keep out of that matter.

Now money is a good thing to have. It is convenient to have in the house; but it is rather a dry subject in the abstract to talk about. I have my opinions in regard to currency, and, although I have thought about it a great deal, I hope to keep out of the Insane Asylum.

I believe, first, that we should have a currency of uniform value. In this community we constantly experience a good many of the inconveniences and a good many of the losses of having a currency of mixed values—that is,

your silver coin is worth less in the transactions of life than your gold coin. Experience establishes the fact that credit in some form will circulate as money. Even here, although we have a gold and silver currency, the mass of transactions are made with bank checks, which represent simply credit. We shall have for a circulating medium for the whole country either bank credit or national credit. I prefer national credit. I believe that the note of this Government is as good as the note of any bank. I believe that its volume can be regulated by and through the Government as well as by and through the officers of a bank.

One thing I forgot, and I want to refer to it before I go on, that is the wonderful change that has come over the Democrats, who now insist upon paying the bonds of the Government in greenbacks, during the past seven or eight or nine years. When the greenbacks were issued they told us that they were unconstitutional. There was scarcely a Democratic judge in the land who did not decide that the legal-tender feature of the greenback was unconstitutional. And when Judge Chase left the Treasury and went on the Supreme Bench and decided that the greenback which he himself had made was unconstitutional, the Democratic party at once took him into its embrace for that decision.

Do you know how the bank note under the present system of National Banks gets into circulation? If you wanted to organize a national bank—we have none of them in this State except the National Gold Banks—five of you might have $100,000 of national bonds, and you take them to the Treasury of the United States and you deposit them there, and the United States Government would give you $90,000 in greenbacks that you could take to your bank and loan them for all the interest that you could get, while at the same time the Government was paying you the interest on the bonds that you left in pledge for them. This seems to be an entirely unneces-

sary machinery. I do not know why the United States Government should not issue its credit to circulate as money just as well directly as through a bank. What is the use? I do not know why if you have a bond and go to the Treasury of the United States and say: "Here, I want something that will circulate as money for this; you keep it for me until I bring the money back," that it should not just as well give it to you as to the bank, and then keep the bond and not pay anybody any interest on it until you or somebody else who held the note for it should take it back and get the bond you left in pledge.

I know this whole idea has been ridiculed, for most part by bankers—by men who have studied the science of finance as it has been written by them. I have read almost everything that has been submitted to me on either side of the question—the bank side—and I have never seen anything that seemed to me to be anything like an argument. I am in favor of some such scheme as that—the Government supplying all the notes that circulate as money directly—because it is fair and right; because it saves to the people the whole of the interest on all the notes that circulate as money; because I believe it to be the just prerogative of the Government and one not to be peddled out; because I believe it can be made the best currency that any people ever had; and because I fear the influence upon a General Government of so powerful an interest as the National Banks have become. I have said that this is not a party question, but I think my ideas are a fair deduction from the general principle which underlies the organization of the Republican party; the scheme is a legitimate deduction from personal security, equal rights, and national unity.

My friends, I have touched on a dry subject and have detained you too long. It is hard sometimes to revert to general principles, but I will ask you to try all the measures—all the measures of daily policy—by the test of

Republican principles. I invoke that you sustain the national administration. There are those who predict that the principles of President Hayes cannot be carried out, because it places the politics of this nation upon too high a plane. It is said that it is right but impracticable. I do not believe that the political administration of this country can be placed upon too high a plane to suit the people. I believe the more patriotic you make it, the more free from corruption and selfishness, the higher and the more assured its success will be. Do you not believe that with the policy of this administration carried out in all the departments of the Government that we can enter upon an era of prosperity and of purity of national glory such as we have never before known? Do you not believe that it means peace, that it means honesty, that it is patriotic, that while we stand together upon this platform we may face the evils of to-morrow, whatever they may be? I know that we are passing through difficult times. I know that there is discontent, but I have faith in the American people; I have faith in the American ideas, and I have faith that the administration now in power will exemplify them in all its actions.

SPEECH

DELIVERED AT SAN FRANCISCO, 1879.

I believe that the best interests of the State and nation, the good order of society, the general welfare, the protection of each in the enjoyment of his own, the security of equal rights before the law, will be subserved by the success of the Republican party at the September election.

That is my text.

I have personally known George C. Perkins, the Republican candidate for Governor, for about ten years. His private character is above reproach. His successful busi-

ness career is evidence of administrative ability of high order, and the fact that he enjoys the esteem and confidence of all with whom he has been brought in business relations is proof that his conduct of business has been as honorable as successful.

He has served two terms in the State Senate with entire satisfaction to his constituents. The first was during the administration of Governor Haight. It is well known that Governor Haight had for him not only the highest respect, but a warm feeling of personal gratitude, for his support in the great contest over the question of subsidies to railroads.

On the subject of subsidies let me say that the growth of the anti-subsidy sentiment has been slower and more difficult than we now realize in the hour of its triumph.

There was a time when it was the general feeling that all we wanted to usher in the millennial dawn in this State was railroad communication with the Atlantic, and that no sacrifice was too great to secure it. There was a time when counties and communities were bidding against each other for branches and connections. It was only as the evils of the system of building railroads by grants and subsidies developed themselves, its corruptions, wastefulness, and extravagance made manifest, that the people slowly awoke to the conviction that it was wrong; and not at once but by degrees came to the conclusion that if any one wants to own a railroad he ought to build it—and any community that furnishes the money to build a road ought to own it—and that no man has the right to vote away the property of another for the benefit of a third.

I appeal to every man who believes this principle to search his own experience and say if this is not a fair statement of the origin, the growth, the struggle, and triumph of that idea.

There are men to-day who but yesterday were willing

to vote away anybody else's farm, who persuade themselves, in the ardor of conversion, that they were original, "dyed in the wool," anti-subsidy men—that they have always been engaged in resisting the influence and curtailing the powers of great corporations, and "were stoned with the prophets," just as Ben Butler may have imagined that his Abolitionism antedated Lloyd Garrison's.

This contest first distinctly formulated itself in this State in 1869. It divided parties into wings; it alienated friends. The part which Governor Haight took is too well known to need more than a reference. It was distinguished and honorable. In the heat of a political contest, he singled out of his political opponents George C. Perkins, as deserving his grateful remembrance for his support on this question.

In 1871 I received the Republican nomination for Governor. The only reason for my nomination was my identification with the anti-monopoly wing of the party. I had the original, earnest, and steadfast support of Mr. Perkins. In 1873 I was elected to the United States Senate, after a contest made directly before the people on questions of railroad policy. Mr. Perkins supported me and voted for me, under circumstances and against persuasions which would have moved a man whose convictions were not steadfast. They did not disturb him.

Of course I am not here to give Mr. Perkins a certificate of character. He does not need it.

The charge has been made that, if elected, he will be subservient to the Central Pacific Railroad Company. I point to his record as a refutation. The man who could maintain the position he did, has independence enough to fairly meet any questions which may arise on the subject of corporations. He is not made of the kind of stuff which is subservient to any one.

With George C. Perkins for Governor, and A. L. Rhodes for Chief Justice, the people of the State will have perfect

assurance that the Executive and Judicial Departments will be presided over by men of unsullied purity, and of ability equal to their high positions.

California is phenomenal. The world talks about us, and our proverbial modesty alone prevents us from talking about ourselves. We have big trees, high water-falls, and an occasional earthquake. Nature works here on a grand scale, and in some degree the people emulate her extravagance. Our history is a series of surprises and paradoxes. Perhaps the excitement which led to the settlement of the country and filled the golden age of '49 and '50 with adventure and romance, has left an impression on the character of the people which it will take generations to remove. I am afraid we do not sufficiently practice that rule of homely wisdom—to do common things in a common way. We are something like the people Charles Lamb speaks of, who, having discovered roast pig by the accidental burning of a house, went on burning up their houses whenever they wanted roast pig. We go from one extreme to another, until excitement seems to be our normal condition. It is feast or famine, flood or drought, bonanza or porphyry—all going to be rich, or the bottom dropped out. We are nothing, if not unique.

This year we have a greater variety of politics and more of it to the square acre than any community on the continent. The abbreviations of party designations are beginning to try the capacity of the alphabet, and to bewilder the average memory. It would seem as if in this great variety every one might be suited, and yet there never were so many political orphans.

A stranger studying our institutions and character, who should make up his mind to believe that what we said of each other was true, would inevitably come to the conclusion that we are a very hard lot; that we are all either agrarians, and Communists, and robbers, and plunderers, railroad monopolists, water monopolists, or land monopo-

lists; that each of us had sold out to somebody, and that the buyer would certainly be cheated in the purchase.

Perhaps it is not all true. Some allowance must be made for the necessities of declamatory eloquence and sensational writing. If it were true, society would be on the verge of disintegration or revolution; for it is true now, as in the days of Sodom and Gomorrah, that some degree of righteousness is necessary to save the State. There must be the cohesion of honesty and virtue to hold the parts together.

Amid this perturbation and excitement, this multiplicity of organization, these charges and counter-charges, now, when the fundamental principles of constitutional government are to be tried in the crucible of experience, abating no jot or tittle of former opinions; holding, as I ever have, that the prosperity and progress of any community depend upon the condition of those who toil, and that whoever aspires to the leadership or statesmanship should study the wants and necessities of labor; believing that the first rule of political econony, "in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat thy bread," is worth all the books, treatises, and systems of philosophy on that subject since the Book of Genesis was written; believing that the primary danger to our Government—to any popular government—is greater from the greed of the few than from the passions of the many; recognizing that in the present state of industrial development incorporations are necessary for the prosecution of great enterprises, but maintaining unalterably that these, being creatures of the law, are at all times and under all circumstances amenable to the law, and subject to its regulation and control, and that the franchises, powers, and privileges they enjoy are rather in the nature of a public trust than private property; clinging fast to the principle that flesh and blood are of infinitely more consequence than adventitious circumstances of fortune, and that the central fact—the vital force of any popular

Government, from which flow its stability, prosperity, and greatness—is the freedom and independence of the individual citizen, and the security with which each holds and enjoys the rights which belong to him as a man; acknowledging no fealty to party which is not subordinate to private conscience and public duty; holding country higher than party, and justice superior to both, I am here to-day to declare my earnest conviction that the honor and welfare of the State and Nation, and the object of all government, the security of each in the enjoyment of his rights as an individual, will be best subserved by the success of the Republican party at the approaching election.

I disparage no candidates, attack no character, impugn no motives; I concede to others the sincerity which I claim for myself. I concede, too, that Republicans are not all saints; that the party is a human instrumentality, that it contains a great deal of human nature, that ambitious men may seek to rise through it, selfish men to secure private aims through it, hypocrites may wear its livery; and of what institution, civil or ecclesiastical, in the world's history may not this be said? But I do affirm that it is a party of great ideas, splendid achievements, lofty aims, patriotic impulses, and principles broad as humanity itself. I do affirm that the honor of the nation, the welfare of the State, the good order of society, and that liberty of the individual protected by law, which is the best achievement of civilization, are safer in its hands than in those of any other, whether it be of yesterday, last year, or fifty years ago.

For the purpose of making a diversion and raising a false issue the charge is made, reiterated, and scattered broadcast, that the success of the Republican party in this State this year, means the dominance of the Central Pacific Railroad Company over the State Government. I deny it. I make the denial bold, broad, and absolute.

The Central Pacific and other railroad companies have

a direct and immediate interest in the selection of railroad commissioners. They have the same kind of interest which other holders of property have in the choice of a State Board of Equalization.

If the charge were sincere, if it were not made for effect, attention would be directed to these offices, in place of the unjust attack on the head of the Republican ticket, who, when elected Governor, will have less to do with the interest of the railroad, than the Assessor of any county through which it passes.

If, however, Mr. Perkins were a candidate for Railroad Commissioner, I could proclaim my belief that he is a just man, and that the people could trust him to do right. I have known him winters and summers, and I cannot be shaken in this belief by false clamor for partisan effect.

Under the new Constitution other corporations may have interests to be effected by legislation, and by the political departments of the State Government, but those of the railroad companies have been segregated and given into the hands of a distinct Commission. It is a bold experiment worthy of a fair trial, but it is not to give it a fair trial to divert attention from the fact. Bear in mind constantly that other corporations, other forms of aggregated wealth, have all the interest in controlling the Executive, Legislative, and Judicial Departments of the Government they have ever had, and more, and that of the railroads has been reduced to a minimum—a vanishing point—and answer me if this attack on the head of the Republican ticket is sincere?

I shall feel justified in saying a few words about the "railroad fight." I have been there—I know what it is—and the blows I have taken in it have all been in front. It is not often I intrude the "personal pronoun, first person, singular number," but I claim the privilege to do so, very briefly.

The people of this State have honored me above my

deserts. I shall die in their debt. They owe me nothing, except, when the time shall come, an honorable discharge, and I think I have earned that. The path I have trodden has not always been easy, and the burden I have carried has not always been light.

The Central Pacific Railroad Company owe me nothing as a favor—nor I them—and so the account will stand to the end of the chapter. If we ever meet it will be on the severe ground of justice—and it is possible that neither are equal to that.

I dare to say this of myself in my public career: there has never been a time when I would not have stood uncovered before the smith at his stithy, the hod-carrier at the ladder, or the prisoner in his cell, to apologize for any wrong done by mistake or inadvertence; and if there has ever been a time when I would have touched my hat, or abated a hair's-breadth of my manhood, in the presence of wealth or power, for the sake of patronage or place, I trust its memory may be blotted out—and I am too old to change.

The first phase of the railroad question in this State was in regard to subsidies. It had been discussed incidentally in particular cases before, but it was first formulated into a general principle over which the great public took sides in 1869—about the time the Central Pacific Railroad made its Eastern connection. Its discussion was earnest, exhaustive, sometimes violent and angry. It is now settled. So well settled, it is scarcely referred to. To-day it is obsolete—as historical as the Declaration of Independence. The experience was not peculiar to this State. All through the Western and Southwestern States bankrupt towns and tax-ridden communities bear witness to the fact that the habit of voting subsidies was once as popular as it is now odious. It has been a good deal like the business of dealing in stocks. When the market is going up, nothing is so lovely or of such good report;

when it turns, it becomes of doubtful propriety; as it goes down, its morality becomes more and more questionable; when it is flat—when the tide is out and the mud shoals of bankruptcy are laid bare—it is positively wicked—total depravity.

Questions in relation to corporations, the nature of their franchises, the relations they sustain to the public when their general business is for a public use, and how far such business can be regulated by law, are not recent. Under the system formerly in vogue in this country, of granting special charters, incorporated companies often obtained special privileges and exemptions which, in the growth and changes of society, became onerous and oppressive. The phrase "chartered rights," which was invoked for their protection, became almost as odious as the "divine rights of kings." The courts, following the decision in the Dartmouth case, held that charters, or acts of incorporation, were in the nature of a contract, and could not be changed by law. In order to avoid this doctrine—or rather to remedy the evils which grew out of it,—nearly all the States have amended their Constitutions, so that incorporations other than municipal can only be organized under general laws, which can be altered, amended, or repealed like other acts of legislation. This change, which seems to us so benign and necessary, was not accomplished without long and ardent discussion. Companies whose charters were about to expire had a strong interest in resisting it—and there were many who sincerely believed that in every community there were some interests that needed peculiar protection, and certain men should be a special providence over them, whose rights should be guarded by unusual sanctions, hedged in by unchangeable law.

Even after these changes were made, it was strongly contended that the right to alter, amend, or repeal was modified and restricted. In this State it was ably insisted

that under this power the State Legislature had no right to change the maximum of tolls on railroads which had been fixed when the companies were organized. I have heard a distinguished Senator of the United States argue that the franchise of a corporation could not be changed, though the act conferring reserved the right to alter, amend, or repeal.

This point has been settled. Corporations are not superior to the law which creates them, and reserves the right to change. They are not Frankensteins, to enslave their inventor and creator.

In relation to railroads, the Supreme Court of the United States announced the final and conclusive doctrine less than three years ago:

"Railroad companies are carriers for hire. They are incorporated as such, and given extraordinary powers in order that they may the better serve the public in that capacity. They are, therefore, engaged in a public employment, and subject to legislative control as to their rates of fare and freight, unless protected by their charters."

Contemporaneously with that was the decision in what is known as the "Elevator case," where an individual, not a corporation, was the party in interest, and in which the general principle was more broadly stated:

"Property does become clothed with a public interest when used in a manner to make it of public consequence, affect the community at large. When, therefore, one devotes his property to a use in which the public has an interest, he, in effect, grants to the public an interest in that use, and must submit to be controlled by the public for the common good to the extent of the interest he has thus created."

That is, railroads are just as subject to legislative control as to their rates of charges as hackney coaches, turnpikes, ferries, and bridges. So are water- and gas-companies; so is the business of any man, in so far as he devotes his property to a use in which the public has an interest. The

principle is the same. It is only more important in its application to railroads because their business is larger and affects a greater variety of interests.

These questions were authoritatively settled less than three years ago. Before that they were subjects of dispute—there was scope for argument, cause for agitation, and room for independent organization. Now they are not only settled, but acquiesced in. It only remains to exercise the acknowledged power. The new Constitution, leaving other corporations and other individuals who devote their property to a use in which the public has an interest to legislative control, has created a Commission to regulate freights and fares on railroads.

The people of the State have a right to expect and demand that the rates of freights and fares shall be just and reasonable. They desire nothing in anger or by way of punishment.

They will not tolerate discriminations in favor or against persons or places. They want rights, not favors—equal rights under the law. The power to discriminate is too great and dangerous to be confided to the arbitrary exercise of any one. They recognize that classifications of freight are necessary, but they deny that these should be changed arbitrarily with a view to increase the railroads' profit. They deny the right of a railroad company to advance the freight of any article when its market price advances, and thus make themselves partners with producers and manufacturers.

These things, as I have said, are to be accomplished not in anger, or passion, or revenge, but in a spirit of fairness and justice, and under the majesty of the law. They are no longer topics for agitation and partisan appeal, but for judicial consideration and decision. To ask more than this is to deserve less.

In all the phases of the railroad question in this State —and it has had many—Mr. Perkins has been fairly

abreast with the best public opinion, and far, far in advance of many who now denounce him. It has ever been the part of new converts to attempt to atone for loss of time by a display of zeal, and to substitute violence for faith.

In the choice of a friend, a business agent, or a public officer, which do you prefer, character or cast-iron pledges?

Perhaps I ought to apologize for devoting so much time to this subject. If so, the place it holds in public attention must be my apology. I regard the issue as factitious. It is unfortunate, as it serves to divert the public from the consideration of other subjects of vital importance. Perhaps this is the purpose of its introduction. In this city your water-rates are more burdensome than railroad tariffs, and you are in more danger from the schemes of water-companies than of railroad corporations.

The effect of large landholdings in this State demands patient, thoughtful, and dispassionate consideration. The evil is admitted, and some remedy should be earnestly sought, which, without doing violence to rights acquired under existing laws, should prevent it from increasing and entailing itself upon the future. The good order and orderly progress of society, the perpetuity of republican institutions in spirit, as well as form, depend more on an equitable division of lands than upon anything else. If every man in this country could live in his own house, cultivate his own lands, we should have a bond of fate for security and progress, wise laws, and good government.

I have been in the habit of saying to our friends in the East that the question of vital and paramount interest to us to-day was that of Chinese immigration; that its present importance was only exceeded by the magnitude of its possible results; and that in the not distant future the practical issue would have to be met as to whether the civilization of this coast, its society, morals, and industries

should be of the American or Asiatic type. Am I now to be forced to admit that this question has been dwarfed, and is as little considered as though it were "relegated to the limbo of forgotten things"?

Whatever may be the result of this contest, the great contest remains between the Republican and Democratic parties. The Democrats see fit to run a headless ticket this year, trusting to Republican votes to put a head on it. I trust they will—but not just in that way.

These parties are national and historical. They are parties of ideas—forces in human affairs. Whatever local divisions and dissensions there may be, these two will remain in the struggle for control and direction. That the contest next year for the election of a President and the control of Congress will be doubtful, it would be useless to deny. That every State election this year, whether in Maine, Ohio, New York, or California, is a part of that contest, it is idle to conceal.

The Republicans of California stand in line with their brethren of the Eastern States, and purpose to stand or fall with them.

Since the fourth of last March, for the first time in seventeen years, the Democratic party has had a majority in both houses of Congress. It has been bold and aggressive. It is announced that the verdict of history is to be reversed, that the principle of State sovereignty, for which the Rebellion fought, is to be vindicated, and that its only crime was its failure. The measures of the Republican party during the war, and during the still more difficult period of reconstruction, are impeached, their authors maligned, and the intention announced of repealing them all. The Democrats of the South claim that if there were any virtue in putting down the Rebellion and saving the Union, it belongs to the Democratic party of the North, and the Democrats of the North concede, that hereafter the principles on which the Rebellion justified itself are to

be recognized as the true interpretation of the Government. A distinguished Democratic Senator from a New England State argued in the Senate, with emphasis and power, that the war had settled nothing. Then nullification and secession are as open questions as when Calhoun argued for them or the Confederacy fought for them! Examine the debates on the Democratic side at the extra session of Congress. You will find one principle underlying them all: that the Government of the United States has only jurisdiction in any State by the State's consent. It was contended by all the Democratic speakers that Congress had no power to pass laws to secure a fair election of members of Congress.

It was contended, without dispute on the Democratic side, that the President of the United States had no right to use the army to enforce Federal laws in any State, except on the demand of the Governor or Legislature of such State. That goes a bow-shot farther than Buchanan's celebrated sentence in regard to the coercion of States —admit it and you make secession as easy as a town muster.

I think these things ought to be a bugle call to summon every Republican into line. Not only the future policy of the Government is at issue, but the memories of a past, made sacred by sacrifice, are at stake. In the tremendous conflict that divided the Nation, heroism may have been equal, sincerity may have been equal, but there was a right and a wrong—and they were too widely divided for the wrong to be reinstated in power, before the generation which was scarred by the battle has passed away.

The achievements of the Republican party make a great chapter in history—one of the grandest in the book of time. Was ever a party confronted with so many difficulties which made so few mistakes? It is to-day a moral power and patriotic force, which humanity cannot spare.

It has been charged—and that was the animus of most

of the Democratic speeches at the late session of Congress —that the Republican party was in favor of military control of elections, and the interference of the army in civil affairs. The charge is as ridiculous as false—an army of less than twenty-five thousand, two thirds of it guarding an Indian frontier, to influence or control forty-five millions of people! There was a time when the Republican party administering this Government controlled an armed power. When the Rebellion was crushed, there were more than a million of Union soldiers in arms, inured to danger and hardship, accustomed to discipline, proud of their leaders, flushed with victory. There was a time when power could have been perpetuated by force. At a breath of law this armed host, invincible to any power on earth, melted into civil life, and became indistinguishable in the peaceful pursuits of industry. History will point to that as the supreme triumph of the time. It is an abnegation of power which has no parallel in human affairs.

It has been charged (the charge is as old as the party itself) that the Republican party was hostile to State rights and local government. At the close of the war, eleven States were at its feet. It could have wiped out their boundaries, changed their names, made them military dependencies. Its chief care was to rehabitate them, and restore them to proper relations to the Federal Union.

It would be amusing, if it were not serious, to watch the average close construction Democrat of to-day, who believes the war has settled nothing, and that nothing has been settled since the Resolutions of '98, parsing through the Federal Constitution to show by copulatives and disjunctives just where the boundary line is between State and National sovereignty, and precisely how the General Government exists by sufferance of the States.

It is the satire of the time, and of all time, to see men claiming the especial care of the letter of the Constitution

to-day, who but yesterday were striving to rend the instrument to pieces and scatter it to the winds.

Next year there will be a tremendous conflict between these two great forces, moral and political, the Republican and Democratic parties. This year there is a marshalling of the forces. Can California afford to be absent from the Republican line?

If I have not convinced you, I at least am convinced that the best interests of the State and Nation, the good order of society, and its orderly advancement, the protection of each in the enjoyment of his own, and the security of equal rights under the law, will be subserved by the success of the Republican party at the September election.

SPEECH ON NATIONAL ISSUES.

DELIVERED AT SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 11, 1880.

The nomination of General Hancock for President, by the Democratic party, means one of two things—conversion or hypocrisy—a change of heart, or an attempt to deceive. If it be the first—if this be the evidence of a sincere abandonment of old positions, what reason can that party give for its further existence? Is it necessary to call the Democratic party into power to administer the government on Republican principles? The effrontery of a claim like this would be sublime if it were not ridiculous.

I have heard an illustration which seems to me apt: It is as if the prodigal son, when he had returned to his father's house, and eaten the fatted calf, should turn the old gentleman out of doors, demand a deed to the farm, insist that nothing less would reconcile him and make him forget the past unpleasantness!

I have been trying to find an historical parallel. I have failed. History is often absurd—but never, I think, so

absurd as that. I can imagine one: During the war of the American Revolution there was a large number of men in this country who were sincerely opposed to the independence of the United States. In some sections they were in a majority. They were called Tories, from their sympathy with the then governing party in Great Britain. They held themselves to be subjects of George III., just as much as the great body of the people in the Southern States from '61 to '65 held themselves citizens of the Confederacy. They resisted drafts, impeded the execution of the laws, fought with the red-coats, and made the Revolution a civil war —a war that divided neighbors and families. Suppose the Tories had maintained a distinct political organization after the war closed, and had met in convention, resolved that they stood by their principles, were proud of their traditions, and that they were of right entitled to the possession and control of the Government of the United States. Suppose they had nominated for President, General Gates, a soldier by profession, distinguished for his services in the patriot army, and had said, "accept this as an olive branch—we admit the United States are independent—give us the control of the government to soothe our feelings; do it, or we shall be mad so long as we live, and the longer we live the madder we 'll get—and you shall be responsible for the animosities which have grown out of the war."

Would that proposition be more absurd, preposterous, than that of the Democratic party to-day?

If it had not been for the Republican party there would to-day have been no Government of the United States to administer. I am not speaking of men, but of political organizations. If there be any way in which to administer a free government except through political parties, it has not yet been discovered. For the past twenty years the Republican and Democratic parties have stood in bold, defiant, aggressive opposition. However members

of these parties may agree or disagree upon measures of temporary policy, the difference between the parties as political organizations, in their scope, tendency, spirit, is essential, radical, fundamental. I repeat, and enlarge the statement, that we have a Government of the United States of America; that we have a great republic—the first great republic in history where no man calls another master—is due, under Providence, to that organization which will be known and honored in history forever as the Republican party.

I have heard the statement made, and its truth conceded by men with whom I politically affiliate, and for whom I have the highest respect, that no party was entitled to the credit of putting down the Rebellion; that it was the work of the American people. If this means that it was the work of the American people irrespective of party organization, I deny it. If there had been no Democratic party, the Rebellion would not have lasted a season, if it had ever arisen. If no Republican party had stood behind Lincoln, the rebels would have dictated terms at Washington, without a Bull Run.

Mere physical courage is an attribute which we share with the animals. If the war had been a mere exhibition of brute force, a trial of strength, a field for the display of military skill, it would have been the stupendous crime of history. It was only as a part of the conflict of ideas necessary to the salvation of the Republic, that it is redeemed from murder, to sacrifice, and takes its place in heroic annals. From the humblest soldier who fell in battle to the martyred Lincoln, it was the awful issues at stake; the tremendous interests imperilled; the great ideas involved, that sanctified it all. These ideas, interests, issues, were formulated, championed, and defended by the Republican party.

Political parties are not mere voluntary associations. They cannot be made to order. If they have any vitality

they organize themselves, and become great forces in human affairs. To ascertain the governing ideas of a political party we should not go to a particular declaration made at a particular time, for a particular purpose. That might be a passing qualm of conscience, or, perchance, a bid for office. We must examine its history. Especially if there be such, should we see how it has met great emergencies, that try the inmost heart and test the utmost strength. Has it arisen to or fallen short of the height of great occasions, when great interests were at stake, and the rights which underlie all forms of government imperilled?

There may come a time to parties—as there often does to men—a time of trial, when the very soul stands revealed, naked in the burning light of day. After that professions and hypocrisy are useless to conceal. Nothing but the grave can cover infirmity.

The Democratic party has passed such an ordeal, and the highest boon it can rightfully ask is the charity of oblivion. The only mercy it ought to expect is forgetfulness.

I choose in this address to discuss historical facts, essential differences, central principles. There are differences of opinion among Republicans as there are among Democrats, on questions of revenue and currency, of tariff, greenbacks, gold and silver. Many of these will be gradually settled by experience. That these are questions of comparatively trivial importance is due to the wise, patriotic, and successful administration of the Republican party.

We are a Nation 50,000,000 strong. That we shall remain a Nation, one undivided, indivisible, there can be no doubt. No Englishman doubts there will always be an England for the English; no German doubts there will always be a Germany for the Germans; there will always be a France for the French. That there will always be

an America for Americans—that this fact has been accomplished, established—is due to the Republican party. What the government of the country shall be—how it shall be administered—is a question of only less importance than its continued existence.

The problems of law, administration, and policy which are constantly arising in a government like ours, are complicated and difficult. Neither you nor I, nor any one else, can understand them all in detail. What we are required to understand is the spirit in which they are to be met and solved.

No disinterested man, if there be such, will seriously contend that the Government would be better administered under Democratic than under Republican control; that its dealings with foreign nations would be more just and enlightened; that its credit would be better maintained; that its debt would be more rapidly paid; that it would be better protected from the vague, vast, portentous mass of Southern war claims which hang over it like a cloud. Surely no one will claim, whether disinterested or not, that the spirit of the Democratic party is more in harmony with social order, and that orderly progress of society which comes of evolution, not revolution, than the Republican. No one, however prejudiced, will claim that those personal rights which all government is ordained to protect—free speech, equality before the law, the security of each in the enjoyment of his own—are safer under Democratic than Republican control. No one, whatever his condition may be, will dare to assert that the American idea of government, personal liberty, and national union, centre and circumference, is safer under Democratic than Republican control.

The splendid achievements of the Republican party since the close of the war will be only less famous in history than the suppression of the Rebellion.

Pause for a moment! Go back in your memories to the

sad, bitter day when the joy of victory was turned to tears, and the sweet dawn of peace was clouded by the death of Lincoln.

Did ever a nation confront graver problems, more complicated difficulties, more serious dangers, than ours did then?

The questions our fathers met in the establishment of a government, after the achievement of independence, were far less difficult. The war of the Revolution, itself, welded the people into one; the war of the Rebellion dissevered them. The governments of eleven States had been destroyed, and the people of these States were animated with a hatred for the Union, which was intensified by defeat. The actual poverty of the South was scarcely less to be deplored than the fictitious, inflated, speculative prosperity of the North was to be feared in its ultimate effect.

Four million slaves, who had inherited slavery with its submissions and weakness from immemorial generations, had just been emancipated, and were to live side by side with their late masters, who regarded their emancipation as an act of despotic power. A million of men under arms, flushed with victory, proud of their leaders, were to be disbanded and absorbed in pursuits of civil life. A currency fluctuating from day to day, demoralized business into speculation or degraded into gambling. A debt so vast it could scarcely be estimated, and behind it a mass of claims too vague and vast for definition. A credit prostrated until it was a byword and a reproach.

Confronting these questions, between order and anarchy, civil government and military rule, payment and repudiation, with nameless and countless complications of settlement, in the moment of supreme civil peril, our chosen leader, whose character exalted to the highest plain of humanity, made him worthy to wear the crown of martyrdom, whose wisdom and purity, and the great love the

people bore him, were pledges of the Nation's safety, was stricken down, and the hearts of the people were stirred by wild thoughts of vengeance. The sea of trouble was tempest-tost by passion.

In war, all questions are subordinated to success—all measures look to one end—all appeals are to one sentiment. War over, the intensity of excitement relaxed, the stimulus of heroic achievements and tangible resistance withdrawn, difficulties of administration begin. These had never been more manifold and complicated than with us. For never had civil war been waged over so wide a country, involved greater loss of life and property, enlisted deeper passions, or been fraught with graver interests.

Go back again to the bitter day when the lightning flashed over the civilized world the saddest tidings the wires have ever borne—that Lincoln was dead,—what a weary waste of difficulty lay before the Republic! What a dark cloud of danger overhung it! An army in hand which in any other country an ambitious leader might use to subvert civil authority; a united Government to be established over a discordant people on the basis of justice to each; freedom to be secured to 4,000,000 emancipated slaves in a hostile community. This to be done with a credit prostrated by unexampled expenditures, and under a load of incalculable debt.

Contrast then with now; that with this; not sixteen years have gone; not half a generation; our credit is the highest in the world; our debt liquidated until it is easily in hand, and substantially all held at home; the nation stands in the foremost rank of time, and an indissoluble union has been sealed with universal freedom.

To assert that the party has made no mistakes, would be to claim that it is more than human. Measures are often experimental—sometimes a choice of evils. A party must be judged by the result of its policy. To say that the Democratic party would have improved on this mag-

nificent result, the grandest in civil history, is to insult common-sense, and libel common honesty. It has stood as a party of obstruction. It has stood as a prophet of evil, intent on making its prejudices good. It has proposed no great measure; it has championed no great idea; it has uttered no broad catholic truth. Whatever has been achieved for human progress, national stability, personal freedom, has been accomplished in its despite. It is even driven to the necessity of making a merit of acquiescing in what it was powerless to prevent, and is impotent to reverse. Twelve years ago it denounced the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments of the Constitution as revolutionary and void. To-day it concedes they are a part of the organic law. It has taken the party twelve years to discover what all the world knew. General Hancock, in his letter of acceptance, says these amendments must be maintained. I read that part of his letter with delight, and half expected to find the logical sequence—that he would advise everybody to support Garfield, who had assisted in their adoption.

The earnest, sincere acceptance by the Democratic party of these amendments, crystallized results of the war, would be a triumph for the Republican party, scarcely less than its highest achievement. But there is a difference betwen lip-service and heart-service; between creed and faith; between the letter which killeth and the spirit which maketh alive. There is a difference between accepting a situation as a hard necessity, and embracing it as a joyful opportunity. There is a difference in the spirit which says, "The lines are hard, but it is so written. I acquiesce in the inevitable," and that which acclaims, "Before ever the world was it was true; though the foundations of the world should pass away, it will remain true; therefore, it is so written."

These represent principles which are the trophies of the Republican party. It achieved them in tribulation and

trial. It clung to them when it was treading the wine-press; it bore them amid the fires of battle; in the darkness of defeat it would not part with them; washed in the blood of the faithful it flung them to the broad light in the triumphant glory of victory. Come weal or come woe, come joy or sorrow, they are a part of its history forever.

I desire to adhere to my text. It may be late to state it in the middle of the discourse, but you will pardon the omission; it is, that a free government can only be administered through party organization; that political parties are forces which must be judged by their tendency, direction, results. And that the triumph of ideas, the moral triumph in the war of the rebellion, which redeem the war from butchery and emblazon it among the constellations of history: that the unity, credit, and general prosperity which in the face of unexampled difficulties the country has attained, are due, not to any unorganized, vague sentiment diffused at large, but to the powerful organization of that sentiment in the Republican party. That all these achievements have been in opposition to the Democratic party—that the antagonism between the parties still exists, by reason of the antagonism of spirit, purpose, and tradition, and will exist so long as both shall live. That they represent the ideas of diverse civilizations—the one the relic of the social aristocracy and African slavery of the South, the other the product of the universal freedom and local democratic institutions of the North,—and if either is right the other is so fatally wrong it has forfeited its right to a place in history.

If I must refer to facts which are but too familiar, it is because of the difficulty of demonstrating a proposition which ought to be evident from its statement.

Again I ask you to revert to one of the great crises of our history. Lincoln was inaugurated on the 4th of March, 1861. The Confederate Government was already

organized; its Constitution had been agreed upon; its President selected. It had appointed diplomatic agents to treat with the Government of the United States. General Twiggs, commanding the Department of Texas, had turned over his entire army, with posts, fortifications, arms, and munitions, depriving the Government of the United States of half its military force, and of the control of Texas, with the Mexican frontier. Forts, arsenals, and public property had been seized, not only within the limits of the seven States which had passed ordinances of secession, but within several which had not. It was evident to the dullest understanding that one of two calamities was imminent—either a dissolution, which would be a national humiliation and disgrace, or war. Both could only be averted in one way. If the Democratic party of the North had made one authoritative declaration, that the laws of the United States must be enforced throughout all the land, that the flag should never recede an inch on American soil, the Union might have been restored with peace.

The Senate of the United States was in session for twenty-five days while the fate of the nation hung in balance. Horace Greeley says: "No Democrat in the Senate, and no organ of Democratic opinion out of the Senate proffered an assurance or an exhortation to the President, tending to encourage and support him in upholding the integrity and supporting the laws of the Union."

The opportunity went by. The word was not spoken, "and the war came."

In the course of an elaborate speech in the Senate, on the 10th of May, 1879, Senator Hill, of Georgia, said: "No, my good Northern Democratic brethren, *you* saved the country at last; you saved the Union in the hour of its peril—not the Republican party."

The audacity of this declaration is unequalled in the

oratory of ancient or modern times. If Danton's definition of oratory and leadership be correct, "*L'audace, l'audace, et toujours l'audace*," the Senator from Georgia, in one sentence, made Cicero a babbler and Demosthenes a clown; made Cæsar a camp-follower and Napoleon a sutler.

Let us make every concession that is consistent with truth; let us state the case at its best for the Democratic party of the North; let us admit that war was inevitable —that it was a conflict of moral forces, old as time, strong as death, for which statesmanship had no solution, peace no arbitrament. If when war could no longer be postponed, was not a thing to be dreaded but to be met, if, then the Democratic party of the North had made one authoritative declaration for the maintenance of the Union, the war would have been short and decisive. Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Arkansas might have been saved from the Confederacy. It would not have been necessary to hold Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri by force of arms. The war would have filled but a few pages of history. At that crisis, when every instinct of patriotism called aloud for action, the Democratic party of the North, as a party at best, stood with folded arms and dumb lips. Silence then, is an accuser now. For the long continuance of the war; for chapters, volumes of desolation; for hecatombs of heroic lives, history will hold that party responsible. The stain of blood is on its hands so deep, not the ocean of time can wash it out. It would "the multitudinous seas incarnadine, making the green ones red."

On the 4th of July, 1861, Congress was convened in extraordinary session. It was in the midst of war. The proclamation of the President calling on the militia of the States for seventy-five thousand troops had been answered by the Democratic Governors of Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri with denial,

contumely, and insult. Massachusetts troops had been murdered in the streets of Baltimore while marching to the National Capitol for its protection.

Many seats in both Houses of Congress were vacant. Three weeks after Congress convened the battle of Bull Run was fought and lost, and the sombre days were upon us. Members and Senators were leaving their places, preparing to cast their lots with their States or to urge their States to cast their lots with them in the ranks of rebellion. Some no doubt left in sorrow, some in anger, but all with defiance. Baker, in the fervor of oratory, denounced a speech of Breckenridge as "polished treason," and asked "what would have been done with a Roman Senator who had made a speech in the Roman Senate so full of encouragement to the enemy, when Hannibal was encamped before the walls of the city, as the rebels were about Washington?" Fessenden, from his seat, murmured through clenched lips, "He would have been hurled from the Tarpeian rock." Breckenridge left the Senate to drag Kentucky into rebellion, Baker to meet death at Ball Bluff.

Oh, voice of Genius! Oh, lips touched with the live coal from the altar of freedom, too early hushed—too early closed in death! Oh, martyr of liberty and Union, would thou couldst have lived to witness the fruition of thy teachings, the garnered results of thy inspiration and heroism!

In this stormy session Broderick was not in the Senate. The term for which he was chosen had not expired, but the seat to which he had been chosen was filled by another. Would he had been there! I can fancy him rising from his seat and saying: "Some of the seats in this Chamber are vacant, and others will be vacant soon. Some Senators remain because they can serve the Rebellion here better than elsewhere. Gentlemen, stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once. An open enemy is

better than a deceitful friend. You took part in an election and will not abide the result. That is infamous! I have no need to parse the Constitution to tell me I have a country. I need not go to State trials for a definition of treason. Go, gentlemen! Your conspiracy may succeed—for I know not what vial of wrath Heaven may have in store for mankind—but if you do succeed in overthrowing the Republic, you shall perish in its ruins."

No, he was not there. He is not here, but I can almost see his stalwart form, clad in the cerements of the grave, stalking before me, pointing with slow, unmoving finger at the Democratic electoral ticket of California; and I am filled with wonder that any friend or follower of his can dare to vote *that* ticket, in the solemn presence of the past. Against *that* ticket, contrived as though to insult his memory and "justify the deep damnation of his taking off," "his form and cause conjoined, preaching to stones would make them capable."

The war went on for weary months and years. Its murky clouds were seldom illumined for us save when victory flashed from the sword of Grant.

The Democratic party had utterly failed to meet the question of union or disunion. There came another time of trial. It had another great opportunity to redeem its past. There came a time when the exigencies of war demanded the emancipation of the slaves. The choice was beween emancipation and victory, slavery and defeat. The word was spoken, the bonded were made free.

As a mere war measure the proclamation of emancipation was more than the sword of Gideon, more than the sword of Michael; it was the sword of Truth from the armory of the God of Justice. But it was far more than a war measure. It concerned universal humanity and all time to come. It was one of the great events of history. As we recede from it in the perspective of the ages, it will rise above the pyramids, above the Himalayas, above the

stars. Then the clock of time struck twelve. Then, if ever, "the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy."

In this jubilee of humanity there was one note of discord; one voice of lamentation. To the Democratic party the light was darkness. No wonder that in its councils the war was a failure. What to it was the Union without slavery?

In this great chapter of events which makes our age heroic, I ask what patriotic act or utterance can rightly be ascribed to the Democratic party? There were Democrats who were patriots, but their patriotism found voice and action ouside the party. The more they were patriots the less they were Democrats.

Why go back? How can the spirit, tendency of a party, its moral force, direction, and purpose be judged but by its history? These are not changed in an hour, by resolution, or by setting up a figure-head for office. I charge that the Democratic party has been false to the Union, false to freedom, false to humanity. Its claim to administer the Government, which it was willing to abandon or eager to destroy, is monstrous—a satire on patriotism, reason, and sense. Nothing in its life would become it like the leaving of it.

Why go back? The Democratic party itself gives the challenge. It pleads no baby act—invites no statute of limitations. It comes into this canvass flaunting its traditions, proud of its identity. It appeals to its followers as "The gel-orious old Democratic party!" The distinguished gentleman who presided at its late National Convention congratulated that body because it contained so many men who were in the Convention of '56, which nominated James Buchanan, and took hope that the party would again succeed, and restore the administration of the Government to Democratic principles. Think of that! The administration of the Government of the United

States brought back to the point where James Buchanan left it! A local orator recently asserted in San Francisco, that the present political canvass was a Democratic uprising to reconquer the ground which had been lost in the past twenty years. Think of that! The ground which the Republican party has conquered in twenty years for stability of government—the supremacy of law—for human liberty and progress, is to be retaken in one charge by the massed Democracy.

There is no occasion to go back to the past. The Democratic party to-day bases its hope of success on the assurance that it will receive the support of every State that joined the Confederacy—a support secured and made certain by the same means which carried their secession. If it ought to succeed, if it deserves success, the preservation of the Union was a blunder, emancipation a crime, the war for the Union gigantic murder, and the Republican party a monster of iniquity. It will not succeed; the stars in their courses fight against it; the time has not come when the American people will concede that on those great questions of government, humanity, liberty, which in our generation were championed on the one hand by Abraham Lincoln, and on the other by Jefferson Davis, the right is in doubt. They are not questions of a day or an age, but of all time. They are a part of a conflict which in some form is old as history. It has come down by the pyramids of the Nile, by the fountains of Judea, by the temples of Greece, by the amphitheatres of Rome, by the schools of the Middle Ages, by the palaces and cities of modern art; and it will continue in some form until the right shall be overthrown or established, until anarchy shall come down like night, or liberty and order shall become the peaceful heritage of all the nations of the whole earth.

SPEECH

DELIVERED AT SACRAMENTO, OCTOBER 20, 1886.

Mr. President, Ladies and Fellow-citizens: I once heard Starr King, of blessed memory, say in a lecture on Webster, that the climate of New Hampshire, where Webster was born, had three seasons—setting in of winter—winter—breaking up of winter.

In this country we seem to have three political seasons—preparing for an election—holding an election—getting over an election.

It did seem for some time that the Democratic party in this country had concluded not to hold an election this year. The Republican local ticket is so unexceptionable we may properly make its election unanimous. There never was less excuse for Sacramento Republicans to scratch a ticket or to revise it. Whoever expects to vote for a better will not obtain it from any "mutual admiration" society, and will die of old age before he has an opportunity.

I am not one of those who believe that this frequency of elections is an unmixed evil. Of course it involves trouble and expense, but it identifies the people with the Government, it creates a sense of direct responsibility in the men who administer public office, and is an essential part of our republican institutions—our representative democracy.

The approaching election is important. It involves the choice of the Governor and all the State officers for four years, of the entire Legislature, of three Justices of the Supreme Court, of six members of Congress, of all county officers, and of a United States Senator.

The two great parties which so nearly equally divide the voters of the whole country have named their respective tickets, and it is to be assumed that they are com-

posed of fairly representative men. In so far as the canvass is conducted as a discussion of ideas, principles, and measures, and a fair inquiry into the fitness of the candidates for the offices they aspire, it can only be productive of good. In so far as it degenerates into misrepresentation, personal abuse, aspersion of private character, it is evil in turning attention aside from the true issues, and in pandering to and cultivating a depraved appetite for slander and vituperation.

As for that hyper-criticism that takes exception to the cut of a man's coat, to the tie of his cravat, that calls a man cold if he does not gush, selfish if he does not proclaim his own charities, I could wish that those who indulge it could be placed in the fierce fight that beats upon a candidate, that they might exhibit to the world a spectacle of absolute perfection.

Of the candidates for Governor, Mr. Swift and Mr. Bartlett, I can speak from personal acquaintance. The personal character of each is above reproach. If I knew I were to die to-night, I should be willing that either should administer my estate without bonds. I do not believe there is any one who knows them both intimately, who has not the same confidence in their integrity and good faith.

I first met Mr. Swift in the Legislature of 1862-63, of which we were both members, and have been intimate with him ever since. He is in the best sense of that often much abused phrase, "a self-made man." Without early advantages, born to the lot of labor, from early youth dependent on his own exertions, he has neglected no opportunity of self-improvement, until his ability is known and recognized throughout the entire State. He is at once profound in thought and practical in application. He is a successful man—but his success is the measure of his industry and talent. In versatility I do not know his superior. His long experience in public affairs, his mature

judgment, his close observation in extensive travel, well fit him for the complicated questions which are constantly arising in our State policy.

Neither Mr. Bartlett nor Mr. Swift have been "thick and thin partisans." Neither can indulge the old Democratic boast that he has never dotted an "i" or crossed a "t" of a party ticket. Mr. Bartlett has sometimes acted as an independent Democrat; Mr. Swift as an independent Republican. For the past twenty-five years Mr. Bartlett has been sincerely in sympathy with the policy and purposes of the Democratic party, and desirous of its success, and Mr. Swift has been devoted to the principles and purposes of the Republican party, and it is as the leaders and representatives of their respective parties they are presented to us as candidates.

If the issues between the parties are not sharply defined, if you have to read between the lines of platforms of conventions to discover there is a difference, it is not because the Republican party has changed its principles.

I presume the Southern Democrat will admit that this is a Nation—one and indivisible—but he believes it became such, not by virtue of the Constitution, but as a result of the defeat of the Rebellion. He accepts the doctrine, not as a fundamental truth, but as a hard necessity.

He will admit that slavery has been destroyed, can never be restored, and, perhaps, that it should never be, but he will contend that the proclamation of emancipation, the amendments of the Constitution and measures of reconstruction were acts of arbitrary tyranny.

There is a problem in mathematics that two lines can forever approach, but never meet. However the Democratic party may seek to ignore the past, may be willing to accept results, it can never reach the lofty plain of patriotism on which the Republican party has stood from the time of its organization. The difference is funda-

mental, historical; it is in spirit, scope, tendency, purpose, idea. You must not look so much between the lines of platforms to find it as beneath the lines.

I am not here to assert that the Republican party is perfect. No human agency is. But I do proclaim my belief that it has accomplished more for humanity than any other political organization in all time. It does not propose to abandon any of its trophies, at a senseless cry of "bloody shirt." It does not propose to close the book of its achievements, and refuse to read the great chapters it has written in history, while its old antagonist stands as a living reminder of the past. It is not composed entirely of political saints. It does not claim a monopoly of the virtues. We must agree with the Republican orator who said: "He knew men of whom the only good thing that could be said was, that they were Republicans, and others of whom the only bad thing that could be said was, that they were Democrats."

I think these last are Republicans in disguise—perhaps I should say unconscious Republicans. They will become Republicans when they die. A good old Methodist preacher once said to me in my youth: "My young friend, John Wesley was a Christian a long time before he knew it."

In my boyhood days, there was a religious sect called "Perfectionists." If there were an association to-day, and perfection were the test of admission, you might get in, I could not; if I did, I should be lonesome.

Not all the boys in blue in the armies of the Potomac, of the Cumberland, and the Tennessee knew the Westminster catechism, or could repeat the Thirty-nine Articles. Not all the officers who wore shoulder-straps and sashes were devoid of self-seeking and personal ambition. Selfishness, personal ambition, always have been, always will be, ingredients of every political movement. Even religious and philanthropic associations are not altogether

free from them. "There is a great deal of human nature in man." Even in this nineteenth century, in this "home of the brave and land of the free," the old Adam has not entirely been cast out. I have often observed in human affairs that an ounce of active selfishness will accomplish more than a ton of good intentions. That political organization is best and will accomplish most that regards society as it is, with its tremendous forces for good or for evil, seeks to combine these elements for the best attainable good, to marshal them the way they ought to go, to harness even ambition and selfishness to the chariot of progress. That, we claim, the Republican party is and does, and that the Democratic party is not and does not. The one subordinates success to truth, the other truth to success.

Let me illustrate the charge that the Democratic party subordinates truth to success—that it is disingenuous, not bold, open, and frank.

The Democratic State Central Committee have plagiarized the Republican motto, and at the head of all their advertisements they place the sentiment: "Protection for free labor and home industries." In the language of Dogberry, this "is flat burglary as ever was committed." We have all heard of "stealing the livery of heaven to serve the devil in"—this is stealing the livery of the Republican party to serve the Democratic party.

The Democratic platform of this State declares that the duty on wool should be restored to what it was in the tariff of 1867. This is simply a bid for the votes of the wool-growers. Every intelligent Democrat knows that if the duty on wool is to be restored to what it was, or maintained at what it is, it will be by Republican votes in Congress, not by Democratic. At the last session of Congress, the Democratic leader on the floor introduced a bill placing wool on the free list. Out of 185 Democratic Representatives, less than forty voted against its

consideration; out of 140 Republicans, only seven voted in its favor.

In the Forty-eighth Congress, the contest in the caucus for Speaker of the House was between Carlisle, of Kentucky, and Randall, of Pennsylvania. Next to the President, the Speaker of the House is the most important political officer in the Government. He appoints the committees, can recognize whomsoever he chooses on the floor, and, in shaping legislation, has more power than the President. Carlisle is an honest man, and has the courage of conviction. He is the ablest advocate of free-trade doctrine in either house of Congress. Randall is a man of perhaps equal ability and integrity, of larger public experience, a Democrat, no doubt, from conviction, and a Protectionist from the accident of his birth and residence in Pennsylvania, where in some districts they still think they are voting for "Polk and Dallas, and the tariff of '42."

Of course, Carlisle was nominated and elected. In the Forty-ninth Congress, he was nominated in the Democratic caucus without opposition. Promptly on his first election, he appointed Colonel Morrison, of Illinois, Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, which has charge of all revenue bills, and shares with the Committee on Appropriations the leadership of the House. Morrison is bold, honest, and patriotic. He sincerely believes that protective duties are robbery. He has constantly, earnestly endeavored to modify the tariff in the line of his convictions, willing to take what he could get, if he could not get all that he wanted. The consideration of his bill for a horizontal reduction of the tariff was defeated by the almost unanimous vote of the Republican members, aided by about forty Democrats—recalcitrant Democrats, the leading Democratic papers call them. The *Louisville Courier-Journal*, one of the ablest, if not the ablest, Democratic paper in the United States, promptly read these "recalci-

trants" out of the party, asserts that none of them from the southwest can be returned to Congress, and advises Sam Randall to leave the Democratic party, to join the Republican, where he properly belongs, on account of his views in regard to protective duties.

Mr. Manning, the Secretary of the Treasury, is undoubtedly the ablest member of the Cabinet, and has the closest and most confidential relations with the President. If it had not been for Daniel Manning, it is not probable that Grover Cleveland would ever have been Governor of New York or President of the United States. When, a few months ago, he tendered his resignation on account of his illness, his letter contained two suggestions in the nature of a testamentary legacy. They were to the effect that if the coinage of silver were stopped we should have the best currency in the world; and that if our tariff were revised and duties imposed only on a few leading articles, we should have the best revenue system possible. He undoubtedly voiced the sentiment of the Administration, and the leading sentiment of his party. Now this is just the kind of tariff that England has, and it approaches more nearly to absolute free trade than that of any other nation in the civilized world. The principle of protection is entirely eliminated.

The people of the Southern States are imbued with the doctrine of free trade, and have been since Calhoun invoked "nullification" to prevent the collection of duties at Charleston. The Southern Confederacy held out the boon of free trade to England and France as an inducement to recognition. New York City, the commercial capital of the country, and so largely engaged in foreign commerce, is for free trade, and the Democratic party depends upon the Southern States and the city of New York for any national success. I am not here to discuss the comparative merits of protection and free trade. It is a broad question, about which many honestly differ.

What I object to in the position of the Democratic party is that it is not honest. The direction of the party, its best and intelligent sentiment, is for free trade—for such a tariff as Secretary Manning recommends. Every National Democratic Convention will adopt a resolution in favor of a "tariff for revenue only," and every Democratic State Convention will resolve in favor of protective duties on every local production.

Judge Baldwin once wittily said of a famous decision of our Supreme Court that "it gave the law to the North and the negro to the South." The Democratic party discounts that. It offers free trade or protection to any one who wants either, or it will serve them both together in just the proportions any individual voter fancies.

As a National Democrat the Californian is in favor of a tariff for revenue only—as a State Democrat he is in favor of protective duties on wool, on wine, on fruits, on quicksilver—and certainly one very distinguished Democrat would be sorry to see the duty on borax reduced. The Louisiana Democrat is in favor of free trade—and protection for sugar. Even the South Carolinian, though he may have sat at the feet of Calhoun, if he happens to live in a rice district, is for free trade—and protection for rice. The Michigan Democrat, nationally, is for a tariff for revenue only—as a Michigander, he is for protection to lumber and salt. The New Jersey Democrat is for free trade and protection for silk. The New England Democrat is for free trade, and especially for free wool, and for protection for woollen fabrics, and whatever else is manufactured in New England. The Pennsylvania Democrat will endorse the national platform "for revenue only"—as a member of Congress he will trade everything with everybody for protection of coal, iron, and Pennsylvania manufactures.

In national convention, in the supreme council, the party is for tariff for revenue only, discarding the prin-

ciple of protection. In the various State conventions its opinions make a political crazy-quilt, and justify the famous expression of General Hancock that "the tariff is a local question."

The position of the Democratic party on that subject was well illustrated by a wag, who said "it reminded him of the boy whose trousers were made the same way before and behind, so that the boy never knew whether he was going to school or coming home."

In contradistinction to this, the Republican party is in favor of "Protection of American labor and industries." It supports it as a principle—as a broad national policy. It proclaims it everywhere—in districts where it is unpopular as well as where it is popular. It does not hedge or double deal. It is consistent. Its position may be assaulted, its sincerity cannot be doubted.

The resolution of the Democratic Convention of this State on the Chinese question is open to a charge graver than disingenuous. An old acquaintance of mine coined a word not to be found in any dictionary—"duplicious"—which I have added to my vocabulary, and often find convenient. I desire to keep within the bounds of propriety, and will simply say that this resolution is "duplicious." It calls for the abrogation of the Burlingame-Swift treaty. The men who wrote the resolution knew there was no such treaty—the intelligent men who voted for it knew there was none. Every man in the State who is conversant with current history knows that the Burlingame treaty never had a more severe critic than Mr. Swift. Mr. Swift was one of the commissioners who negotiated the treaty with China, changing the Burlingame treaty and enabling our Government to restrict Chinese immigration. He had a most difficult task. He was one of three commissioners. It is but just to say that he had first to bring his own coadjutors to his own views, and to secure such concessions from the represen-

tatives of the Chinese Government as were possible. From the first he was handicapped by his associates. He did secure more than his most sanguine friends thought possible. It was for him a diplomatic triumph. That Chinese exclusion is not more rigid is not the defect of the treaty, but of the laws and their administration. The memorial which he prepared to Congress on the Chinese question is the ablest presentation of California opinion ever made. No one man on this coast has done so much towards educating public opinion in the Eastern States on this subject.

Yet the Democratic convention, ignoring facts, which are as open as the day, by an innuendo as cowardly as it is false, endeavors to identify him with the Burlingame Treaty. I have observed with surprise and regret that Mr. Bartlett justifies this attempt, and in doing so resorts to a verbal quibble unworthy of him or any other honorable gentleman. That is, because Mr. Swift has done everything in the power of man in changing the Burlingame Treaty, he is responsible for its adoption.

I want to be polite—or at least not impolite—I will simply say that this phrase, "Burlingame-Swift Treaty," is a gratuitous *ter-giv-er-sa-tion*. Any one who could be deceived by it would vote the Democratic ticket anyhow.

I charge the Democratic party with dissimulation in dealing with what are popularly known as the "labor questions." It has always claimed to be the champion of labor, the laborer's friend and protector. That has long been a large part of its political stock in trade. It was even when it justified slavery and the bringing of free labor in competition with slave. A Democratic national administration has been in power nearly two years. Seldom, if ever, in our history has discontent been so rife, have labor strikes been so frequent, and the orderly condition of society been so disturbed. I do not charge that these things are the direct result of a Democratic admin-

istration. Far from it. They might have occurred under a Republican. What I do charge and maintain is, that the Democratic party constantly holds out delusive hopes, and that their inevitable disappointment embitters the lot of men who are compelled to labor for daily bread. It inculcates and insinuates that the inequalities of wealth and condition are created by law; that the men who pay wages are the natural enemies of the men who receive wages, and that in this country there are arbitrary class distinctions; that the rich are necessarily oppressive, that the poor are inevitably oppressed. Its appeals are constantly to what it terms the "laboring classes," as if there were any class of people in this land of equal laws, that had an interest distinct from and antagonistic to the well-being of the whole.

Now the difficulties and hardships arising out of the inequalities of human condition are as old as history. Their solution has been sought by priest and philosopher, by toiler and statesmen. I do not know that their solution is possible.

Anarchism will not solve them; that form of Socialism which seeks to abolish private property will not solve them; demagogic appeals to prejudice, declamation, however brilliant, will throw no light upon them. If they can be ameliorated, or placed in process of ultimate solution, it will be by the orderly progress of society, not by social convulsion and revolution. It will be by holding fast to that which is good while seeking whatever is better. It will be by recognizing the truth that one man's liberty ends when it infringes upon another's rights; that there can be no liberty, security, order, or progress except under enlightened law; and that no power is so great as to be above the control of the law, no individual so weak as to be beneath its protection.

These principles, these aims and purposes the Republican party embodies and champions in a higher degree

than any other great political organization on the habitable globe.

The millennium will never be inaugurated by Act of Congress or of the Legislature. If there has been one since "our first parents fell," history fails to record it. The progress of humanity has been slow and toilsome, over steep and stony places, and its footprints have been marked with blood, even as the Saviour's were when he bore the cross to the crucifixion.

It is too early to pass judgment on the administration of President Cleveland. If we may infer the future from the past, it will not be distinguished either by its domestic or foreign policy. Even a Pan-Electric light would reveal nothing brilliant so far. Its attainments in philology seem to be higher than in statesmanship or diplomacy. It is likely to go into history as the author of two phrases, "offensive partisanship" and "innocuous desuetude."

I know what an "offensive partisan" is—it is a Republican in office. A Democrat in office is a sublimely disinterested patriot. As for the exact meaning of "innocuous desuetude," you will have to seek for it in the depths of the profound obscure.

It is somewhat famous for two other incidents. Cleveland sent a pre-natal message to Congress advising the demonetization of silver before he was inaugurated, and the national flag was half-masted for the death of Jake Thompson.

The highest praise that can be accorded to it is negative —it has not been so harmful as was feared. There is a reason for this. The Republican party has so deeply engraven its ideas, principles, and purposes on the national policy that they cannot be erased. The party may be defeated, but its moral triumph is secure beyond the chance of time or change of circumstances. You can no more obscure that than you can reverse the verdict of

history, or turn back the iron leaves in the book of fate.

The most ardent friend of the present administration will hardly claim that its diplomacy has redounded to the national honor. During the twenty-four years that the Republican party has administered the government, in its intercourse with foreign powers it maintained the just rights of the nation, under circumstances the most difficult and trying, with dignity, firmness, and self-respect. It did not have one voice for the strong and another for the weak. It did not truckle to the one or hector the other. Let me recall a few notable illustrations.

When in the hour of the nation's supreme peril—when the governments of England and France were seeking for a pretext to recognize the "Confederacy"—the English Secretary for Foreign Affairs said to the American Minister that the cruisers that were fitting out in British ports to destroy American commerce could not be restrained from sailing, as there was no municipal law to prevent, the American Minister replied, "My Lord, this means war," and no other cruisers sailed. For injuries inflicted under those which had sailed, England was compelled to settle under the provisions of the treaty upon the Alabama claims—another triumph for American diplomacy.

When Commodore Wilkes, in an exuberance of patriotism, seized Mason and Slidell, rebel emissaries, on the *Trent*, he violated the American doctrine that a neutral flag protects a neutral ship. Against temporary public sentiment in the North, a Republican administration stood firmly and calmly for the right. It snatched the flower of safety from the nettle of danger. It obtained from Great Britain the acknowledgment that there was no right of search on the high seas; that a neutral flag protects a neutral ship. That was the question about which England and the United States had fought in the

War of 1812, and which had not been settled by the treaty of Ghent. For the first time England conceded that the American doctrine was right.

The principle for which Lawrence exclaimed with his dying breath, "Don't give up the ship," for which Perry triumphed on Lake Erie and Jackson at New Orleans, was vindicated as a part of international law.

At the close of the war, when the sound of the cannon had scarcely ceased to reverberate, the American government politely but firmly said to Emperor Louis Napoleon that the French troops in Mexico had no business there, and had better go home. They went.

In the times of extremest peril, when the war clouds hung blackest and were charged with the lightnings of destruction, when the sky was tempest-tost, the Republican party abated no jot or tittle of the just rights of the nation—it maintained its honor abroad, while it preserved its existence at home.

Let me revert. I do not claim that the Republican party is perfect, or composed of perfect material. This government, State and national, will be administered by one of the two great parties which contend for supremacy, and have contended for twenty-six years. It is not a question of perfection, but of choice. Which will best maintain the honor of the country abroad, and develop its resources at home? Which will best promote social order and orderly progress? Which is more in sympathy with those individual rights which are the foundation of free government? Try them not by profession and platform, but by their traditions and history, their general direction and animating spirit, and there can be but one answer.

In the political campaign which resulted in the election of Cleveland, the Democratic party appealed to the people for a change of administration "that the books might be examined." They have been examined with

unfriendly eyes. No forced balance, no suspicious entry has been found. The money in the Treasury has been counted, and found to agree with "the books" to the fraction of a cent.

There are other records which the party might examine with profit. They would find to the credit of the Republican party, a nation redeemed from civil war, the greatest rebellion of history vanquished, a dissevered Union re-established, made indissoluble, and sealed with universal freedom. It would find a prostrate credit restored and made the highest in the world. It would find the amendments to the Constitution charters of political equality and civil liberty. It would find the Proclamation of Emancipation. It would find the greatest chapters of political history ever written in the book of time, illuminated with an effulgence as from above the skies, radiated with the light of the loftiest patriotism, and of a heroism that conquered death streaming from the illustrious names of Lincoln and Grant.

Fellow-Republicans: Can any Republican afford to fall out of the ranks in the presence of the consolidated Democracy? While the rebel army was in the field the Union army could not disband; no Union soldier could desert. At the coronation of Napoleon the Emperor asked Marshal Augereau "if anything were wanting to the splendor of the scene?" "Nothing," replied the Marshal, "but the presence of those who have died to prevent all this."

Shall the control of the destiny of this nation be given to the Democratic party? If so, let the roll be called of those who have died that the nation might live. Let polling-places be opened at every battlefield, from Bull Run to Appomattox, and the silent protest of the dead be placed on that page of history.

SPEECH

DELIVERED IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES, JUNE 8, 1879.

LEGAL TENDER OF SILVER COIN.

The Senate, as in Committee of the Whole, resumed the consideration of the bill (S. 263) to amend the laws relating to legal tender of silver coin, the pending question being on the amendment of Mr. Bogy to the amendment reported by the Committee on Finance.

Mr. Booth said :

Mr. President: The provisions of the bill under consideration, known as the "silver bill," are important; its theory is more important. I ask the hearing of the Senate to some considerations touching both its form and substance.

First, let us examine the bill in its details with a view to its probable practical operation. The first section provides for the coinage of a silver dollar of 412.8 grains of standard silver, and that said dollar shall be a legal tender for any amount not exceeding $20 in any one payment, and shall be receivable in payment of all dues to the United States except duties on imports; and that the trade-dollar of 420 grains standard silver shall no longer be a legal tender.

The circulating medium of the United States consists of greenbacks and bank-notes convertible into greenbacks, of gold coin, fractional currency now being retired, and subsidiary silver coin, really a token coinage by a limitation upon the amount to be issued, made equal to greenbacks in value; gold coin being used only in business transactions on the Pacific coast, where it circulates to the amount of about $25,000,000, and by the Government in the collection of customs and payment of principal and interest of funded debt, and worth at this time 12 to 13 per cent. more than the national and bank notes which constitute the great body of the circulation.

Now, certainly one great object to be attained, the

greatest, I think, in any legislation upon the currency, is to bring the different currencies in use to one standard of value, and, if possible, to that standard recognized by the commercial world. The new factor which it is proposed to introduce not only does not reconcile those now in use, but is an additional element of variation.

When this bill was introduced about a month ago, the bullion of the silver dollar it proposes to coin was worth 11 per cent. less than gold and 2 per cent. more than greenbacks. It is now worth 13 per cent. less than gold and $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. less than greenbacks. If this bill can be operative at all, the value of silver will be somewhat enhanced by the new use created for it, but just how much no one can predict. If, in the fluctuation of the bullion market or the value of legal tenders, the silver dollar should again become worth more than the greenback, who would pay an obligation in silver which could be discharged in United States notes? You compel the use of gold for certain purposes but give an option to silver, and whenever it is worth more than United States notes it will drop from the Mint into the melting-pot, but never go into circulation.

In that condition, you could only compel its use by withdrawing from circulation all national and bank notes of less denomination than $20, and then you would have the anomaly of requiring small transactions to be conducted and small payments to be made in a medium of greater value than large ones, in place of the absurdity of supposing it will be done without compulsion.

Suppose there shall be continued decline in silver in the markets of the world, and it would take more silver dollars than greenbacks to purchase a hundred dollars in gold or a hundred bushels of wheat, then, as fast as they could be manufactured, silver dollars would crowd national notes out of circulation, supplanting paper money, not by a superior, but by an inferior currency. That is the natural

law, if there be anything natural about money. I admit that it would be counteracted for a time by the practical limitation of silver coinage to the capacity of our mints.

This is purely mechanical, and does not concern the theory of the bill. The tendency of silver to fall below greenbacks would be mitigated, not destroyed, by the inability of the mint to manufacture silver dollars fast enough to supply the demand; this indeed would be a new variable quantity introduced into a question, which can only be solved by an equation—an equation we shall endeavor in vain to formulate where all the quantities are unknown variables. No man can predict the relative value of silver and greenbacks six months from now, or on the day this bill may become a law. Yet the practical operation of the bill depends upon the remote contingency that this silver coinage, with its legal tender limited to $20, shall settle to and fluctuate with national notes legal tenders for any amount.

Rhetorical criticism distinguishes between an improbable possibility and an impossible probability. I am at a loss to know to which of these categories this contingency belongs.

Though I admit that silver, being below greenbacks, the bill may be operative for a period—not, however, *ex proprio vigore*,—but simply from the mechanical disability of the mint to comply with the theory of the bill.

We have had experience enough to teach us that values cannot be fixed by legislation. The only possible way in which an identity of value can be maintained between two instruments created by law, is to make them interconvertible; and that brings me to consider the second section of the bill which provides:

First. That the Secretary of the Treasury is authorized to exchange silver dollars for an equal amount of United States notes which shall be retired and cancelled, and not again be replaced by other notes, etc.

Now, how is the Secretary of the Treasury to get silver dollars with which to redeem greenbacks? By collections of internal revenue?

If silver should be worth less than greenbacks, it will be paid into the Treasury to the extent of its manufacture; but who would want to exchange greenbacks for it, giving more for less? In that event, it must either lie in the Treasury as dead capital, or be paid out to reluctant creditors of the Government under the twenty-dollar legal-tender clause; the smallest claims upon the Government losing the largest percentage of the discount, and claims of $20, or under, losing it all. Suppose the silver to be worth more than greenbacks, who will pay it into the Treasury when he can pay greenbacks—that is, pay more when he can pay less?

To cover every contingency, suppose that, being in commercial value less than or equal to greenbacks, it does get into the Treasury, and that in the fluctuations of both or either it is enhanced—then first come first served. The most active holders of greenbacks would drain the Treasury's till, and the Government would be compelled to suspend *specie* payments after resumption. As soon as that contingency did occur, no more silver would flow into the Treasury, and silver-specie redemption would have the fluctuations of the tides without their regularity.

Again, we have a law requiring the redemption of national notes in coin on and after January 1, 1879. The present bill is not inconsistent with it, and if it be enacted and the resumption law not repealed, we shall have this condition of things on that day; the bills of the denomination of $20 or under can be redeemed in silver, of larger denomination must be redeemed in gold.

Of course the largest holders of money could avail themselves of this profit to the greatest extent. The banks would accumulate the greenbacks of denominations

larger than $20, in order to make the premium on gold. They would call in their own large notes, substitute the smaller, and be able to redeem their own circulation in silver while receiving the interest on their bonds and collecting their reserves from the Government in gold. Under the law a bank having any large bills in circulation could easily avail itself of the opportunity for the whole of this profit, and retiring its whole circulation by making the deposit required in the Treasury and then issuing a new one.

The remaining provision of this section requires that the United States notes which shall be redeemed in silver be cancelled and not be replaced by other notes. Upon this I have only two suggestions:

First. In the past few years silver has been just as mercurial, just as variable in value as United States notes; for the one quality we desire in money, stability, it is not superior. While this condition continues, it is a questionable gain to substitute an interest-bearing for a non-interest-bearing debt.

Second. No one, I imagine, supposes that silver itself, except for purposes of change, will circulate very extensively as money.

The freight on silver, when sent by express, by railroad, or steamship, may not be greater than on gold; but no one wants to carry even $20 in silver in his pocket, or to get an express-wagon, a hand-cart, or a dray to make a deposit in, or collect a draft from, a bank.

What would really circulate would be promises to pay silver, and we should end by using the credit of a bank instead of the credit of the Government as money.

There are those who think this an improvement, and that it is "specie payment." I do not; and I think the history of American banking sustains the conclusion that bank credit is not any more stable than the credit of the Government.

The fact that under every system of banking we have ever had prior to the one we now have, which is based upon the credit of the Government, the loss to the people through bank bills has equalled their average circulation every thirty years may justify the doubt that that model of human perfection, the bank director, is absolutely and immaculately infallible, or that the difference between him and that *summum malum*, the politician, is so great that it cannot be calculated by logarithms or measured by astronomical instruments.

I pass to section 3, and have to confess that its meaning is to my mind so obscure, that I fear I shall not comment intelligently upon the meaning it is intended to express. Its first provision reads:

> "That any owner of silver bullion may deposit the same at the mints, to be taken at its market value, as ascertained and publicly announced from time to time by the Director of the Mint, with the approval of the Secretary of the Treasury, and to be paid for either in silver dollars, or with gold coin, or United States notes."

The privilege to deposit is as wide as language can make it. Under any ordinary rule of interpretation payment must be made on the day of deposit at the market value of that day. Our mints have a capacity to coin, in addition to other necessary business, not to exceed fifteen million silver dollars a year. Under this provision of the bill, in the present condition of the silver-bullion market, enough bullion might be deposited in one day to run the mints for years; the Secretary of the Treasury would be at the mercy of the bullion dealers, and would be compelled to receive and pay for bullion in large quantities when it was high and unable to buy it when it became cheap. So far from being able to take advantage of fluctuations of the market, the fluctuations would take advantage of him.

What is the meaning of "market value" in this clause?

Of course the market value of silver must be quoted in something other than silver. To quote it in itself would be as absurd as saying the price of a bushel of wheat is a bushel of wheat, or to refine the mathematical axiom, "Things equal to the same thing are equal to each other," into "The same thing as equal to itself."

It is true that silver coin is manufactured silver, and bullion raw material; but in this instance the cost of manufacture is so uniform and so slight that it need not be taken into account. Silver dollars, where there is no legal restriction upon the amount which can be coined, will fluctuate in value exactly with silver bullion. As a matter of fact, we know that silver is quoted in gold. The Senator from Indiana [Mr. Morton] interpreted the clause under consideration as authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to pay for silver bullion the gold price in silver coin or greenbacks. This is the obvious meaning of the language, but the conclusion is so obviously absurd that I suppose we shall be driven to seek some other construction.

The meaning intended probably is that the bullion shall be paid for either in gold coin, or in silver coin, or greenbacks reduced to gold value. I only pause to note the fact that we are compelled to go back to gold as the world's standard of value even in providing the material for silver coin, and to point the moral that laws of trade cannot be overruled by acts of Congress, and that beneficent legislation on the subject of trade must be in harmony with these silent laws which we can neither enact nor repeal.

In this connection I may refer to the amendment offered by the Senator from Missouri [Mr. Bogy], that the "relation between gold and silver is hereby fixed at $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1." As the weight of the silver dollar has already been fixed at 412.8 grains and of the gold dollar at 25.8 grains, the amendment does not change either of these weights, but

only a rule of arithmetic, and makes the following a legal proportion: 412.8: 25.8:: 15½: 1.

The concluding clause of the section gives the Secretary of the Treasury the option to buy silver bullion out of the "bullion fund," but as the sellers have an unlimited option to sell under the prior provision the Secretary will not have an opportunity to exercise his until the rules which govern buyers and sellers are reversed.

The theory of the bill is to give circulation to silver, but its provision seems to me inadequate to accomplish the result. The logical conclusion of the able and learned speech of the Senator from Nevada is that we should make silver the standard of value and medium of exchange.

I do not underestimate the force of his reasoning in favor of what is called the "double standard," but no one knows better than he that only one standard will be in use at one time except so far as a specific use is given by law to the other, as is the case in regard to gold with us in payment of customs and interest.

The superior convenience of "paper money" will prevent the extensive circulation of silver coin. So long as the representative of value will answer the same purpose as value itself the coin will not circulate, but only its representative. Why not issue the representative upon the bullion without the expense and delay of coinage? The Government might receive silver bullion in bars or ingots and issue notes thereon in multiples of $5, redeemable at the option of the Government in silver coin, or upon presentation of a stipulated amount, in standard silver bullion.

As we shall ultimately reach the point where paper promises to pay silver will circulate as silver, why not start there and avoid the payment to the owners of silver bullion a profit which will accrue from the inability of the Mint to supply the demand for silver coin? Why not

look the whole question in the face, and adopt a bill which will give the theory of this bill fair play, if the theory be correct?

The question now arises, and it is a pivotal question, what should be the value of the silver dollar? How much should it express? Shall it be of the same weight as when we parted company with it, twenty-three years ago? Shall we assume that it retains the same relation to gold, the accepted international standard, that it did then, though we know it does not? Shall we recognize by law the relation which we know exists to-day and make the bullion in the silver dollar to be coined equal to that of the gold dollar which is coined? Shall we endeavor to ascertain what the value of silver will be when the bill is passed which shall make it possible to use silver as the basis of circulation, and establish upon that the legal relation between silver and gold? If the latter, who can determine or even approximate that relation to-day?

The Senator from Nevada argued very ably in favor of the double standard, but it was a double standard that started from the same point, the two lines running together, and where the variations of each were supposed to be corrected and equalized by the average of relation of each to the other. That is, gold and silver starting from a common point, both variable of changing relations to each other, both would touch a straight line drawn from that point oftener than either. This would undoubtedly be true so long as the variations of both were about that line, each being sometimes above and sometimes below it. I am aware of the difficulty of drawing that straight line of value. I anticipate the answer that it can only be fixed by first knowing the average of differences between gold and silver. But here a new factor comes in, the comparatively modern factor, the use of credit as money, and the impossibility of a correct solution drives me back to consider the necessity of the single

standard by which all values shall be measured, to which all quantities shall be reduced.

The assimilation in value between national notes and silver to-day is an accident—an accident which cannot be properly taken into account in fixing the relation between silver and gold in the adoption of silver as the currency of the country. The Senator from Nevada in effect admitted this when he expressed the opinion that the adoption of silver for that purpose would approximate its value to our present gold coinage; that is, bring back the relation between gold and silver to the proportion of 1 to 16. The general theory of his speech failed, I think, to give due weight to the use of credit as money, for he assumed that by universal experience only gold and silver furnished the materials out of which money could properly be made. Granting this for the purpose of the argument, though by modern usage and with vast labor-saving credit is used as money for ninety-nine one-hundredths of business, let us consider what is the philosophy of the double standard. It is this: that gold and silver, both starting from the same point, a common unit of value, their average differences after leaving that point will establish the line about which values ought to be determined, and that practically for the time being values always will be determined by the factor which happens to be below that line. This *is* a very different question from starting from two points, one ten degrees below the other, in the hope that the lines drawn from each will eventually meet and then vary about a mean line. Since the time we ceased to use the silver dollar it has diverged from gold ten degrees; shall we get down to the level of the one or up to the level of the other?

If we intend to get down to the level of the silver dollar as established by this bill, what shall we gain by the exchange? It will cost us an annual interest of at least $14,000,000 to make the exchange of greenbacks for silver.

If credit will answer precisely the same purpose as silver, but we must revert to silver because it costs more, by a parity of reasoning we ought to abolish all labor-saving machinery, for in making exchanges the use of credit is only an improvement on that labor-saving machinery of which money is the original invention. If, on the other hand, it is supposed that, by the use of promises to pay in silver, silver itself will be brought back to the relation in value it sustained to gold twenty-three years ago, I shall endeavor to show that with less difficulty and expense we can bring greenbacks and gold to a common value, utilize all without losing the special advantage of either.

I do not wish to be misunderstood. I do not expect to inaugurate the millennium by legislative enactment; I do not expect to reverse the law, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou earn thy bread"; I do not expect the world to move except as the glacier moves, imperceptibly. To-day will not be greatly better than yesterday or to-morrow than to-day.

Whoever looks to great immediate improvement from inflation or from instant return to specie payments may prognosticate and give loose rein to imagination in safety, for both are impossible; the first absolutely, and the last because no living man has the courage to face its consequences.

I have heard here and elsewhere that it is a point of honor to resume. Sir, if that be so, there is nothing else to be considered. If it be a point of honor to resume, it is a disgrace to think of consequences. The national honor is above all other considerations; when that is involved, the nation that hesitates is lost. Resumption in itself is easy, more easy than lying.

Pass a bill to-morrow that greenbacks can be funded into fifty-year 4 per cent. gold bonds, and the day the bill is signed gold and greenbacks will be of equal value. In six months, if any greenbacks are outstanding, they will be

at a premium in gold. If national honor is involved we are disgraced; and doubly disgraced because a redemption is so easy. It is true we should drive banks into liquidation, bring mortgaged property to the red flag, debtors to bankruptcy; but if the national honor be in pawn, we should redeem it though at the price of a million lives, and it is base huckstering to talk about loss of property. Perish all considerations of pecuniary loss to citizens in the presence of that greater loss, national honor.

Pardon me, Mr. President; this is mere "parrot-talk," it is "sound and fury." If the national honor were at stake, we should not hear of it first from the money-changers in the temple, but from the voice of the people driving the money-changers out; or to change the simile, it would be the people, blind to all else, stalking by the instinct of honor into the temple and grasping its columns to save it or perish in its ruins; for where honor is to be saved nothing can be counted as lost. National honor is not a thing discovered in debate and cast as make-weight into the scales of argument. It is not rhetorical hyperbole. Instinct feels it before reason discovers it. It is a thing for which to stand against the world, against the world in arms; supreme devotion to which would count loss as gain and would feel the world dropping beneath its feet with the ecstasy which consoles, sustains, translates, and transfigures the martyr—the feeling which makes man a hero, the hero a god. I confess I am impatient with phrases which are used to bridge over a want of meaning. Let us look at this question of "honor" closely. First, if any man of honor honestly thought after close communion this were the question, to him it would be the only question, and he would not stand upon the order of resumption, but resume at once. Until this were done he would

> "Make mad the guilty and appal the free,
> Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
> The very faculties of eyes and ears."

Let us look into this question of honor. We have passed through a war where the nation's honor and safety were at stake. In preserving both we spent all the gold and silver in the country (not to mention some hundreds of thousands of lives which were freely given for the national honor and which are not rated in money), and went into debt for some $2,500,000,000. A portion of this was borrowed from the people themselves, and there being now no gold and silver coin left, some form of credit had to be used, as some form of credit had long before *been* used, as money; a portion of this loan by the people was so used from necessity—that necessity which is supreme law.

Now, we are compelled to speak of the Government and the people as distinct things; but so far as revenue and debts are concerned, the revenues of the Government are derived from the people, the debts of the Government are paid by the people, and in this regard at least the Government is the corporation of which the people are the stockholders.

Let us suppose a corporation composed of one hundred stockholders, having exclusive possession of an island cultivated on joint account: The corporation owes a large debt, larger than it can immediately pay, one quarter of which, say $50,000, is held by the stockholders in the form of certificates of indebtedness. The directors say to the stockholders, the corporation owes you this amount, and we must borrow the money and pay you. The stockholders answer, these certificates we hold answer our purpose as money; if you borrow the money to pay us, you will have to assess us to pay the interest on the loan; besides all this, our relations to each other have been adjusted on those certificates; these relations will be disturbed and confused if they are retired; if they should be retired, we know we shall have to pay the interest on the loans which absorb them, and that ten per cent. of our number will

then furnish us certificates of their credit, which we shall be compelled to use as money precisely as the certificates we now use. Then the directors would answer their parrot-talk, we the corporation owe you, the stockholders, and as a point of honor we must assess you to pay the interest on what we shall borrow to pay you.

Some one will discover a fallacy in this illustration, because the stockholders do not hold these certificates in the exact proportion to their stock. To this the answer is that, among the people who are the stockholders in this great corporation, the American Union, there is not one who holds a green-backed certificate of indebtedness who cannot get for it all that it cost him in any of the exchanges of business, in the purchase of commodities, payment of debts, or by loan at interest. That portion of the question resolves itself to this: some form of credit will be used as money. At present the people are using their own credit for that purpose. Shall they continue to do that, or borrow the money to pay themselves, and then use the credit of a part, organized into banks, in the place of the whole, and give the banks the advantage to be derived from such use in place of retaining it for the whole. Shall it be national credit or bank credit? "That is the question." Let me not be misunderstood. I think it the true policy of the country to bring every form of currency used as money to the same standard of value; and that standard ought to be the gold standard, because that is the one recognized by the commercial world, and I believe it will be so recognized, whatever our legislation may be; but I am convinced that can be accomplished more easily with national notes than bank-notes.

I confess I fail to perceive the important consequences which were attributed by the Senator from Nevada to the omission to provide for the coinage of the silver dollar in 1873. If he be right, the Congress of the United States, like Atlas, bears the world on its shoulders.

I believe I have a high appreciation of the responsibilities of public office, but I have always consoled myself with the reflection that the mighty stream of human life and activity would flow on its great channel despite any accidental mistake of ours.

Why, sir, the whole silver coinage of the United States mints from 1821 to 1873 was less than $140,000,000. For more than twenty years the silver dollar had not been in use in the United States and was not known outside the collections of curious coins. To say that the value of silver and the monetary market throughout the world and the conditions of all values and all contracts was disturbed by an omission to provide for doing that which we had long ceased to do, may be true to that faculty, the imagination, which can construct the known out of the unknown, but is at least doubtful to the understanding, which can only reason upon facts. And, sir, if we had authorized its coinage from that day to the first day of this month, the only use we could have put it to would have been to receive it for customs and pay on our funded debt. Of this I shall speak hereafter.

The Senator's theory, if I correctly understand, is that embraced by the amendments of the Senator from Missouri, which would result in the use of silver alike in place of greenbacks in general business, and of gold in payment of the principal and interest of the funded debt. The plan is not without its advantages. One is, it would continue existing contracts substantially upon the same basis on which they were formed. This, however, would be destroyed if the hypothesis of the Senator from Nevada be correct that the value of silver would be enhanced by the new use created for it. Granting it, however, for the moment to the full, what is the advantage in this particular of exchanging one system for another at a large expense, simply for maintaining relations which will be equally maintained under the present system? Is it

alleged that the advantage will accrue in that silver will appreciate to the gold value? National notes can be made to do so with far more ease and certainty. Is it argued that we shall get the benefit of the double standard? The true philosophy of the double standard is that the two metals should start with a common unit of value, that their variations might mutually correct each other.

To start with one thirteen degrees below the other is simply to adopt the lower standard and to abandon the only benefit—mutual corrections—which is claimed for the double standard. It is not the "double standard" in any proper sense where all offices of both must from the nature of things be performed by one.

Is it argued that with silver currency we shall escape the bug-bear of inflation that haunts the timid mind? Silver currency cannot be inflated, because it costs labor to get silver. Costs whom and how much? The man who does get it; a dollar in service to get as much as will pass for a dollar. So long as it costs a dollar in service to get a national note for a dollar, there is no more danger of *inflation* in one system than the other. This much for the substitution of silver for national notes as currency in the general business of the country on the basis of value proposed in the bill.

Let us examine for a few moments the theory of substituting silver for gold in the payment of the principal and interest of the funded debt. If we have a right to do this, it is purely technical. At the time when we agreed by law to pay principal and interest in coin, gold was cheaper than the silver which it is now proposed to pay, and that was the reason of our election to pay in gold. At that time the silver dollar which we now propose to pay had no existence in fact; it was only a legal possibility, a very "barren ideality," for it had passed out of memory and did not enter the imagination; it was as

obsolete then in fact as it is now in law. The revenues which were set apart for the payment of this debt were collected in gold, for there was no silver with which to pay them, and no one contemplated there would be any. The silver dollar was not so much eliminated from the law as it dropped out of it. What shall we gain now by availing ourselves of a technical legal right to pay in silver that which we elected to pay in gold when it was our interest to do so, and which election has determined the market value of our bonds at home and abroad, the price at which they are bought and sold?

We shall scale down our funded debt thirteen per cent., say $200,000,000. But if the argument be correct that the use of silver for all purposes of money will bring its value on the basis of the proposed coinage to that of gold, then shall we take nothing by our device, for Banquo we shall have filed our mind.

What shall we lose? We shall lose the high estimation of public opinion, which is the world's conscience. We shall lose that fine sense of honor which is the soul of credit, and which it is even more profitable to the debtor to observe than to the creditor to exact. In the distinction between a moral obligation and a legal right we shall place ourselves upon the lower plane.

A nation that owes vast sums, and whose policy it is to use its credit at the lowest rate of interest, cannot afford even to seem to seek a temporary advantage by availing itself of a technical right.

By keeping upon the high plane of moral obligation, by maintaining our credit to a nice sense of honor in the forum of the conscience of the public opinion of mankind, we shall not only honor ourselves and our institutions, but we shall receive a temporal reward far exceeding any the tempter can offer. By so doing we shall be able to convert our funded debt into a security (and there is a world of meaning in the word security; it

does not mean insecurity), into a security bearing an interest of three per cent. per annum. If we begin to palter in a double sense, and keep the word of promise to the ear only, we shall lose the opportunity to save quadruple our questionable gains.

Something has been said of the Shylock spirit of the creditor which exacts the pound of flesh. The phrase is somewhat musty. It is to be remembered that the heroism of Antonio is shown in his willingness to submit to the penalty of his bond as he understood it as well as the rapacity of Shylock in exacting it ; and it is only an evidence of a sad tendency in human nature that the rapacity is immortalized, the heroism is forgot. If Antonio had promised to pay ducats—elected to pay gold ducats when that was his rightful advantage, afterward sought to discharge the debt in silver when he found a profit therein, the world's verdict in the case of Shylock *vs.* Antonio would have been different ; Portia's legal quibble as *amicus curiæ* would hardly have been justified, her divine appeal for mercy sadly out of place.

Sir, there is one rule of morals which can seldom mislead: in a doubtful question which involves your own interest, give the doubt against yourself. The nation which observes this rule will find its reward exceeding great in this world as certainly as the man who does will in the world to come.

I have reached certain conclusions which I shall state, not in their logical or natural order, but in that which is most convenient for my purpose:

First. That the funded debt of the Government should be paid in gold.

Second. That the "double standard" requires at the time of its adoption a common unit of value, and to avail ourselves of its supposed benefits we must increase the silver dollar.

Third. That all forms of currency in use at any given time ought to be equivalent in value.

Fourth. That gold by the common consent of the commercial world is the ultimate standard by which all values are measured.

Fifth. That some form of credit is now and always will be used as money in every civilized commercial country.

Sixth. That with us we ought to use the national credit directly in the form of national notes and not lend it to the banks for that purpose, and that we can and ought as a matter of wise policy to make national notes as good as gold.

It is only the last proposition which I intend further to discuss, and I trust I shall be pardoned if in the hurry of preparation I sometimes use language and illustrations which I have used upon another occasion.

I believe our funded debt can be reduced to the lowest possible rate of interest in the United States notes appreciated to the gold standard and maintained there by the use of an interconvertible bond the interest upon which is payable in gold.

I know the term "interconvertible bond" is wont to fright us from our propriety. To some it suggests the supernal, to others the infernal; to some it is a badge of repudiation, to others the harbingers of the millennium; to some it is a charm to exorcise every devil, to others a very devil which no exorcism can lay. To me it is a harmless instrument which cannot accomplish miracles, but does furnish the best practical solution of the currency question. There is no easy road out of the present depressed state of our business and industry. It is the necessary result of our history; it is one of the after-effects of the war and as inevitable as its bloody foot-prints. It is the mortgage left on our estate by the war. War is destruction—destruction of property as well as life. Imagine a million of men in this country idle for four years; how vast the loss to production. But a million of men, all their energies perverted for four years from pro-

duction, to destruction, when often the act of a moment can destroy the work of years, who shall estimate the difference or calculate the loss? But the business of the Northern States was never more prosperous than during the war. Why? The war, though it was the business of destruction, was still a business, giving employment to vast numbers of men and stimulating every industrial pursuit into the highest activity to supply the demand created by the war. The war was a great fire, into which every man was throwing his goods at an extravagant price, which the nation borrowed the money to pay. Revelling in the riches of the pay, we did not pause to reflect that we, the people, were the nation, and must pay the debt ourselves. Our riches were like fairy gold. We squandered our inheritance, borrowed of the world, and discounted our future at usurious interest. No man is so prodigal as the borrower who does not think of pay-day, none so poor as he when pay-day comes.

But our prosperity continued years after the close of the war. Yes, we seemed to be rich on the very waste of the war; the evidences of our own indebtedness were counted as riches. We, the nation, owed us, the people; the fairy gold had not vanished. There was one element of prosperity more real while it lasted, an active demand for labor to supply the vacuum created by the war. In the daze of the hour prices were factitious, extravagance the habit, credit inflated, and labor wasted in unprofitable enterprise.

But there is no such inexorable creditor as time, and pay-day has come. Seven hundred and fifty million dollars collected in taxes every year is a burden upon the industries of this people which no magic can conjure away. There are those who fancy we are suffering from over-production; as if there could be too great a production of what is necessary to the sustenance, the comfort, and enjoyment of life, while vast numbers are in want.

Over-production means inability of consumers, and every one is a consumer. It is not too much capital at one end, but too little at the other. We complain that capital does not seek new enterprise. How can it, successfully, when taxation is higher than interest in many other countries. I am not of those who believe that relief can come from all this except through patience, labor, and economy. Through these I know it can, and there is no other way opened up.

What would a man or a corporation do when embarrassed by debt? One thing, certainly: reduce the interest to the lowest possible rate. A nation may use its credit with greater advantage than an individual or corporation. It is perpetual, and the markets of the world are open to it? What species of loan will command the lowest rate of interest? A long loan, on account of its permanence as an investment, and a loan on call, by reason of its convertibility at pleasure. The national bond which would unite these qualities in the highest degree would be perpetual, but convertible at the pleasure of the holder.

The English consol is a perpetual 3 per cent. worth 95 per cent. and practically as steady as gold. The difference between 3 and 5 per cent. on our national debt compounded for thirty-five years would pay it off. Visionary as it may appear, that is one effect which I believe can be accomplished by a bond perpetual in terms, interest payable in gold, and convertible at the pleasure of the holder into United States notes.

How can such a bond be put upon the market successfully? By making greenbacks and bank-notes now in circulation convertible into it, and when it advances to par in gold redeem with it the outstanding 6 per cents. But if it does not advance to par? All legislation is to some extent experimental, and this will cost nothing; our 5 per cent. loan was offered long before it was all taken.

The monetary system of a country, like all its institutions, is far more the result of its experience of the accidents and exigencies of its history than of any deliberate predetermined plan. Universal experience has demonstrated certain fundamental principles, but the methods of their application must vary with circumstances. No one in this country advocates the establishment of an institution like the Bank of England, however wise its adaptation may be to the wants and interests of the United Kingdom. The Bank of Amsterdam has subserved a most useful purpose, but no one proposes to copy it.

The great body of our circulating medium consists of greenbacks and bank-notes. In what respect is the latter superior to the former? I admit that our present system of free national banking is the best that we have ever had. Perhaps it is the best system of banks of issue that can be devised. It is incomparably better than that which made shinplasters, wildcat, red-dog, and blue-pup familiar and significant names for paper-money; when a bank-note caught astray over a State line was arrested as a trespasser; when a counterfeit-detector and bank-note list were as indispensable to every counting-house as a cash-book or diary; when exchange on New York could reach 10 per cent. premium in the Western States without an appreciable difference in the solvency of the banks; when a man going from St. Louis to Boston would pass through as many systems of currency as States, and sometimes find a State system checkered with county lines like a schoolboy's atlas, and his "money of account" in the morning would be of no account in the evening. Our present system is infinitely better, because it is based upon better credit. There is absolute security for the ultimate redemption of national bank-notes. Redemption of what? The notes of the United States. It is not the credit of the banks which makes their notes good and

gives them uniform value wherever they circulate, but the credit of the Government.

Now, in political economy as well as in mechanics, all unnecessary machinery is a loss of effective power. Friction is to be avoided as much in one case as in the other. Examine the practical working of our banking system and see if there be not some unnecessary machinery and waste of power.

The Government could only have two objects in issuing greenbacks: first to obtain a loan without interest; second, to furnish a form of credit which should circulate as money.

A national bank is organized; it deposits a hundred thousand dollars in United States bonds and five thousand dollars in greenbacks in the United States Treasury, and receives $90,000 in bank-notes signed by the United States Treasurer, upon which it agrees to pay the United States 1 per cent. per annum. In plain English, what is this but the bank borrowing the credit of the Government for 1 per cent. per annum, and leaving security, with a fair margin, upon which security the Government pays the bank 5 or 6 per cent. per annum? That is, the bank pays the Government upon one form of its credit 1 per cent., and the Government pays the bank upon another form of its credit 5 or 6 per cent. in the same transaction—and that not for one year, but while the bank charter continues.

Now if the first object, a loan without interest, controls the Government in issuing the greenback, that is defeated by this operation to the extent of all bank circulation.

If the second, it is unnecessary, for the bank-note never can be better than the greenback in which it is payable.

You will observe I am speaking of the condition of things which exists, and not what would be if the greenback were eliminated.

Now suppose, for any cause, the bank goes into liquidation. The Government sells the securities, and, after redeeming the bills of the bank in Government bills (for which as yet there is no plan of redemption), pays over the residue to the stockholders. All this circumlocution, from the first establishment of the bank to its liquidation, to get back to the United States note, which could have just as well been issued directly in the first instance.

If it be necessary, by all means let us put fifth wheels on our coach, devise engines to drive engines, invent a grate to warm the fire, and grease water that it may run down hill!

It is constantly said that the Government ought not to engage in the business of banking. It *is* engaged in the "business of banking," and it undertakes to wind up banks and to administer upon their assets in a manner as unprofitable as unnecessary. It maintains a redemption agency for bank bills at the expense of the Treasury. It receives deposits and issues certificates. It issues bank bills to banks, requires reports from banks, regulates the reserves of banks, examines the affairs of banks, and keeps that kind of surveillance over banks which bank officers and stockholders are supposed to do. It does everything pertaining to banking which a bank might, could, would, or should do, except discount bills and sell exchange, which, in addition to receiving deposits, are the only things a bank should do, and which no one proposes the Government shall do.

The issuance of bills of credit to circulate as money is not a function of banking, but of Government, and no bank or individual is permitted to exercise it under any wise policy except by the consent and delegation of Government. That is evidenced by the care we exercise to guard the privilege. It is a privilege, and that is an odious part of it. True, it is a free privilege, but only

free to those whose circumstances or ability enable them to avail themselves of it.

If the present system owes its confessed superiority to the fact (as it confessedly does) that it is based upon the Government credit, why not go one step further and use the Government credit directly in place of lending it at 1 per cent. (out of which the expenses of the Government's connection with banks must be deducted) and paying 5 or 6.

If one quarter the thought and attention had been given to improving the national currency that have been to dovetailing into it the bank-note and maintaining and reconciling a system artificially complicated, the greenback would have been at par with gold long ago.

It seems to be apprehended on the one hand that without banks of issue there would be a deficiency of currency—that is, that it is necessary to pay some one to keep up a supply of currency—and, on the other, that but for the intervention of banks the Government would "inflate" the currency. Suppose the Government to-day could substitute greenbacks for the bank-notes in circulation,—the volume of currency would be the same, the quality no worse. Do you fear there would be a failure of the necessary machinery for the proper distribution of currency to meet the wants of the people and for the accommodation of business? Have the receiving of deposits, drawing exchange, and lending of money suddenly become so unprofitable or irksome a business that no one will engage in it without the added premium of a power to issue money?

Suppose the substitution made, and to-morrow the currency should be made convertible into a perpetual 3 per cent. gold bond, would not that improve the currency to the value of such a bond? Make the bond interconvertible with currency; will not that give it additional value, by making it the receptacle of the money of estates of

decedents and bankrupts under administration and giving it a power of absorbing money temporarily idle but wanted "on call"? Is there an apprehension that its absorbing qualities would become so great that the currency of the country would rush into it and disappear from circulation? That could only happen when such a bond was worth a premium in gold; then the gold of the world would seek it as an investment, until our 6 per cent. bonds could be exchanged for threes, a result I could contemplate with very considerable philosophic composure, even if it were nearer than I anticipate; while the catastrophe of an entire disappearance of our currency would be effectually prevented by the option of the Government to redeem it in gold. When that period arrives men will take their gold to the United States Treasury and exchange it for Government notes on account of their superior convenience.

Very seriously, I do believe a 3 per cent. interconvertible gold bond would appreciate to par, carrying the greenback with it with reasonable rapidity and certainty; that it would eventually take up all our bonds; that, as such a security would for many purposes be more valuable at home than abroad, it would be held in larger proportions at home than our present bonds are—large enough to afford an ample basis for any expansion of currency, if any should become necessary.

Under such a system, if more currency were necessary, in place of the circumlocution of lending Government credit to banks, the capital which now organizes banks would take Government bonds to the Treasury, get notes for them, with the absolute certainty that when, for any cause, the notes came home, they would find the exact security left in pledge for them. Government promises under all circumstances would be fulfilled to the letter.

In place of accumulating gold in the Treasury to redeem, enhancing its value by a large sudden demand, creating

an artificial stringency of money—the Treasury hoarding gold upon the one hand and the people hoarding currency upon the other to get the gold when the door of the Treasury is opened—we should redeem the United States notes with an instrument which would be a draft at sight upon the treasury of the world, an open sesame to the universal cash-box.

What an anomaly it is: a 4 per cent. forty-year bond is worth par. in gold throughout the civilized world; a United States note is worth 13 per cent. less than gold at home. This anomaly, in my judgment, is owing to our system of banks of issue.

It is urged with plausibility that the interconvertible system would enable operators "for a corner" to retire large amounts of currency from circulation and create an artificial dearth. The objection is more seeming than real. Such operations seldom extend their effects beyond stock-gambling. The ease with which the vacuum could be filled under the interconvertible system would greatly prevent the attempt. Every day we should know the exact amount added to or withdrawn from circulation; and this publicity would make a corner almost impossible. We should have a signal-bureau to predict a financial storm with infallible accuracy. It would be more easy to create a stringency on the banking plan whenever we reach any system of specie payment by investing in British consols. But is the banking system so perfect that it can discover so small a flaw as this and call it fatal? Are bank-notes subject to no vicissitudes?

While human nature continues as it is, with its thirst for sudden riches, its spirit of speculation, its moral epidemics, its periods of elation and depression, we shall be subject to financial crises at the meeting of ingoing and outgoing tides. Even bank officers are not steel against human emotions or proof against moral epidemics, the excitements of hope and the despondency of fear. When

revulsions come, as come they will, what can banks do to mitigate them? The danger to banks is from all sides. Their depositors will be clamorous for pay, their note-holders for gold, their debtors never so little able to assist them. They must contract from every quarter, add calamity to misfortune, and redouble the ruin which their notes redeemable in gold have made them powerless to withstand. In no American system of banking we have ever had or shall have, can any bank in the most prosperous times redeem its obligations except by going into liquidation. Albert Gallatin truly said: "The bank-note is a direct promise to pay on the part of the maker, with an implied promise never to ask payment on the part of the receiver."

The interconvertible system has been called inflation. Nothing can be further from the truth. Under it no one can put a dollar in circulation without depositing security for a dollar. In that it resembles and has all the advantages of the national-bank system. Under the national-bank system a bank desiring more currency deposits United States bonds in the Treasury, gets currency, and draws interest on the bonds deposited; under the interconvertible system, whoever wants more currency must deposit bonds just as the banker now does, but, unlike the banker, he would draw no interest. Whatever defects are chargeable to the latter system, inflation is not one of them. But, under the banking system, whatever profit there is on circulation is an inducement to inflation; to an unwise expansion of credit. From the very nature of the system of banks of issue expansion and contraction are periodical and ruinous. Banks only issue currency for the sake of the profit on the circulation; they will inflate it whenever it can be done with profit, and must contract whenever their safety is menaced. They contribute alike to the excitements of speculative periods and to the depressions which follow.

Dean Swift by his Draper letters prevented the circulation in Ireland of a copper coin authorized by act of Parliament and certified by Sir Isaac Newton to be of the weight and fineness required by law, because the privilege of making it had been granted to a private party. The idea of farming out to banks the privilege of supplying the people with currency is an absurdity whose enormity is only concealed by custom. It is reconciled to the habits of men, not to their convictions.

There are many who advocate the funding of a fixed amount of greenbacks per month, until by a reduction of their volume they should be appreciated to gold. That volume would vary with the necessities of business; it would vary with the seasons from day to day, be influenced by the "moving of the crops," and all the vicissitudes of business. It would at all times be controlled by the banks who would share with the Government the privilege of issuing currency. It is a mechanical method of feeling the way up to the specie point by a series of experiments instead of rising there through natural causes. In what respect is it superior to the interconvertible plan with a bond payable in gold? The bond it offers bears a higher rate of interest. It would compel the Treasury to keep a large gold reserve, and enable the banks gradually (and I suppose this to be the merit of the plan in the minds of its advocates) to convert the United States notes into gold and monopolize the whole field of circulation.

One thing is certain, under any system either the greenback or the bank-note will disappear from our circulation. No arbitrary fixing of the amount of greenbacks will or ought to keep them in circulation as mere tenders to bank-notes. We shall eventually have one system or the other. If we have the banking system, there will be no real resumption, no holding of gold as a reserve which gives an absolute assurance of payment on

presentation—the credit of the bank-note will still depend upon the credit of the Government behind it. There will be a great many banks of issue located at points distant from business centres, and not of the most convenient access. The profit on circulation given to the banks will be a premium offered for inflation, and a temptation to it, which even the superior human nature of the average bank director will not always resist.

Again, it is urged that under the interconvertible system the Government will become a borrower of the idle capital of the country. Why, sir, the Government is a borrower now to the amount of more than $2,000,000,000, and it can certainly be no disadvantage to transfer any portion of this loan from the idle capital of Europe to that of this country and from a higher to a lower rate of interest. But it is a strange misuse of terms to call the conversion of the greenback, which is one form of Government obligation, into a bond, which is another form of obligation, borrowing. That ought to be the right of the holder of the greenback if the Government does not redeem in gold. Equally strange is it to call that a loan by the Government if the holder of the United States bond converts an obligation which bears interest to one which does not. The whole theory of the plan is to organize the credit of the Government so that the interest paid shall be reduced to the lowest possible amount; that a creditor of the Government shall at all times have the option of taking a bond which bears interest, or notes without interest that will circulate as money; and that the bond and the note alike shall appreciate to par with gold with as much rapidity as is equitable to existing contracts; and that we shall have one currency, good for every purpose, bearing one device known of all men; not representing a privilege, but the credit of the nation; not regulated in bank parlors, but by the necessities of the time; not an idle promise to pay if you do not want

payment and a broken one if you do, but convertible at all times into an instrument which is a draft at sight upon the treasury of the world.

The Senator from Ohio in his speech advocating the silver bill eloquently reminded us that he proposed to re-introduce the dollar of the Revolution, and invoked upon it the blessing of sacred memories. I was not aware before that any silver dollars were coined by the United States in the revolutionary period of our history.

Sir, we have currency that is consecrated by memories more recent and not less glorious. We can preserve it as a memento of a heroic time, make it the symbol of unbroken faith and the pledge of a fraternal re-union, whose consummation is alone worth the precious blood that it has cost.

Much as I hope for the whole good that can be accomplished by this system, I do not imagine that if adopted it will at once start the laggard wheels of industry and make the waste places glad, but I do believe it will inspire hope, courage, and confidence, and that its simplicity and justice will commend it to the reason and conscience of the American people.

Mr. President, there is one monarch of the world to-day whose throne is above dominions and powers and principalities, whose rule is supreme over law, edict, and decree. That monarch is debt. It is the annual tribute he levies upon the industry of this country I am anxious to reduce.

LETTER

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE REPUBLICAN," DECEMBER, 1875.

CURRENCY SUGGESTIONS.

RADICAL REFORM BY WAY OF THE 3.65 CONVERTIBLE BONDS.

If the abstract question whether a currency of par value with gold is better than one which is not, could be propounded to the country, there would be but one

answer. The theory being conceded, the practical question is to bring the currency we have to par, and to keep it there, with the least possible disturbance to business and existing contracts. I believe that the device of the interconvertible bond may be used for this purpose more successfully than any plan which has been proposed, and I beg to offer a few suggestions in the hope that they will elicit that discussion which will expose any fallacy there may be in the theory.

If Congress should enact that all legal-tender notes should be convertible into fifty-year 5 per cent. Government bonds, principal and interest payable in gold, greenbacks would become par the day the bill was signed, but their absorption would be so rapid as to derange business, ruin debtors, and drive many of the national banks into liquidation. No one has proposed so heroic a remedy for a depreciated currency. As the bond I have described would very soon be worth a premium in gold, the entire circulation of the national banks would be returned for redemption—if it were not for the fact that the banks can redeem in gold or greenbacks at their option. To-day greenbacks and gold coin are both legal-tenders, and if a bank-note should be presented for redemption it would be paid in greenbacks; if greenbacks were fundable into a bond worth more than its face in gold, the banks of course would elect to pay in coin. In that event, all greenbacks issued by the Government would disappear from circulation, just as gold coin now does. Practically the bank-note now is never presented for redemption because of the absolute security of its ultimate redemption. The convertibility of the bank-note into the greenback gives them both the same value, though that is the only value the bank-note has. They are, in fact, interconvertible—either being given in exchange for the other in all business transactions. It requires no demonstration that two instruments issued by the Government and made inter-

convertible will have the same value so long as both exist.

The problem then is to make a bond into which currency may be converted, in which absorption would not be too rapid, and which would gradually appreciate to par as its credit would become established in the markets of the world. The English consol is a perpetual 3 per cent. bond, worth now 95 per cent., and it fluctuates so little that its value is as stable as that of gold. A perpetual American bond bearing 3.65 interest in gold, would become of par value whenever its credit was as well established as that of the English consol. Why not authorize the issuance of such bonds, and make them and the currency we now have interconvertible? It would "improve" the currency, and make its gradual appreciation to a gold standard a reasonable certainty. The bonds could be "registered" only, or of a denomination large enough to prevent inflation by their circulation as money. The interconvertible clause would add to their value, and make them slightly more valuable at home than abroad. The option of the Government to redeem greenbacks in gold would prevent their entire absorption in case the bonds should at any time be worth a premium in gold.

All legislation is experimental. Here is an experiment which can be made without changing any existing law, and with a positive assurance that it would do no harm. If successful in all particulars, in a few years the whole interest-bearing debt of the United States could be converted into the new securities; the Government would be able to furnish the currency of the country upon a promise that could alway be redeemed without the intervention of blanks of issue; and the volume of the currency would be self-regulating, in at least as high a degree and with less friction than through any system of banking which has been yet devised.

LETTER

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE REPUBLICAN," JANUARY 1, 1876.

I am moved by both *The Republican's* approval and criticism of my recent currency-reform suggestions (in the communication signed "N. B." on the 16th ult.) to unfold more fully the principles and probable operation of the scheme there briefly outlined. The pith of that communication was, that a 3.65 gold bond, interconvertible with paper currency at central Government agencies, with an alternative privilege to the Government of redeeming its bills in gold instead of the bonds, would be likely to operate slowly, but effectively, in restoring our currency to the standards of cosmopolitan commerce, and furnish, in a simpler, and cheaper, and even more effective form, than the national-banking system, our whole supply of paper money. On the last point, *The Republican* remarks: "On the other hand, we are not sanguine that it could accomplish all which the writer of the communication hopes for it, especially in ultimately superseding banks of issue, which, in this country, either state or national, and in England, both private and national, have always constituted an important factor of American and British finance."

The monetary system of a country, like all its institutions, is far more the result of its experience, of the accidents and exigencies of its history, than of any deliberate, pre-determined plan. Universal experience has demonstrated certain fundamental principles, but the methods of their application must vary with circumstances. No one in this country advocates the establishment of an institution like the Bank of England, however wise its adaptation may be to the wants and interests of the United Kingdom. The Bank of Amsterdam has subserved a most useful purpose, but no one proposes to copy it.

Any monetary system, to be successful, must have that permanence which is the result of a public confidence that it is the best practicable. Our present system of free national banks is in many particulars the best we have ever had, but no one is satisfied that our currency is the best possible or practicable. Until we attain one which satisfies the public conscience and sense of equity, we shall pass through a season of unrest and insecurity which is disastrous to business, and preventive of the healthy growth and distribution of capital.

Definitions sometimes become important. It is usual to speak of gold as the measure of value in the same sense that a pound is the measure of weight. The fallacy ought to become apparent when we consider that gold is a substance, the pound an abstraction—a conventional unit, a necessary "ideality"—used, among other purposes, to determine the value of any given quantity of gold. The value of a bushel of wheat is not measured by twenty-three grains of gold, any more than the value of the gold is measured by the wheat. The wheat has a value for certain uses, the gold for certain other, and the relative value of given quantities of wheat and gold is determined by their relative weight. The wheat may be weighed on Fairbanks' scales, the gold at the United States Mint, but both are brought to the same test—gravitation. In the early days of California the merchant there weighed the goods he sold, and the gold he received in payment. The only office the Mint subserves is, that it assays and weighs the gold more correctly and with less expense than the merchant or banker could.

Adam Smith announced the true measure of value nearly a hundred years ago—it is *labor*. Of course, to apply the measure, the article itself must have value to be measured. The relative value of two articles will be the relative labor necessary for their production. Their interchangeable value at any given time or place may be

influenced by a great many accidents not now necessary to be taken into account, and whose consideration would simply involve the discussion of the difference between price and value. In our currency we use the word "dollar" as the unit for the measurement of value (labor), as we use the word "pound" as the unit for the measurement of weight (gravity). Both are abstract terms. A sovereign government may decree that its dollars shall be one thing to-day, and another to-morrow, just as it could change the statute definition of the word pound; but neither values nor gravitation are changed by a change of definition.

If gold is not the measure of value, what is it, and what office does it perform? It is the representative of value and instrument of exchange. The exchange of a bushel of wheat for twenty-three grains of gold is the exchange of equivalents of labor. What gives gold any value to be measured by the labor of its production? Two things:—1st, its uses in the arts; 2d, and principally, the necessity for some instrument of universal exchange, and the fact that gold is the material which best meets the conditions required for such an instrument. Its value for the second use is just as real and as little arbitrary as for the first; just as intrinsic as that of railroad iron—in facilitating exchange, it performs the same office the railroad does.

We can scarcely conceive of the labor and inconvenience of a system of direct barter. Under it what we know as civilization would be impossible. Money—the use of some form of value, which can be converted into every other form—is the most efficient labor-saving device ever discovered. Now, whether we like it or not; whatever different nations may establish as "lawful money," the factor to which each is reduced to determine its value is gold—gold, because that is the product of labor best suited for that purpose. The Frenchman will keep his accounts in francs, the Englishman in ster-

ling, the East Indian in rupees, the American in greenback dollars; but the French, English, East Indians, and Americans are buying and selling of and to each other every day; the ramifications of their international trade constantly reaching every individual in each nation, and every day the balance is adjusted in gold—gold tried only by weight, without regard to alloy, "image or superscription."

The material which can perform this office in the world's economy need not suffer by poetical contrasts with the sword. I do not wish to be extreme or paradoxical, but I am by no means sure that, if all nations should, by law, demonetize gold, its value would be impaired—so necessary is it to have some common factor, the essential conditions of which gold best supplies. It would still remain the world's money, in spite of the world's laws, just as to-day it will buy 14 per cent. more of commodities, and pay 14 per cent. more on a debt, than greenbacks will, in spite of legal-tender laws, in the United States.

By this time you will acknowledge I am enough of a "bullionist" to suit the "straitest of the sect." It does not follow, however, that because gold is necessarily the "world's money"—*the material on which labor can most easily mark the units of value for the purpose of universal measurement*—that it should or can be made the circulating medium of the various countries of the world. Perhaps it follows, for that very reason, that it should not, and cannot, be. If it were abundant enough to circulate through all the channels of daily business in the civilized world, it might be so common as not to be precious enough to perform its great office of a final adjuster. If it could have met both these conditions, I am enough of a believer in the "survival of the fittest" to suppose it would have been adopted for both, by common consent, as certainly as it has for one.

I am not ignorant that the number of transactions which can be consummated by the same dollars, the same day, is large and varied. But consider—the national, state, municipal, and corporation debts of the world, over twenty thousand millions of dollars, with interest to pay —the vast expenses of governments—the daily buying and selling between some hundreds of millions of people; gold would have to be winged swifter than meditation to accomplish all this.

There must be some additional labor-saving device in the machinery of commerce to perform the daily drudgery of exchange, and square its accounts, every day, with gold as the common adjuster. That device is credit, utilized as money. Every nation that uses or authorizes "paper money" adopts that expedient. It may not be the best expedient, but human ingenuity has found no other—suggests no other.

Here, then, are two points of agreement reached by the common experience of civilized commercial nations:

First.—That gold is the most accurate representative of value, and therefore the factor into which all other values are ultimately resolved to determine their relations.

Second.—That credit may be used as money and to facilitate exchanges.

Each nation determines for itself what form of credit to use. It ought to be the best—"as good as gold," if possible.

I have said that our present banking system was, in many particulars, the best we have ever had. It is so, because it is based upon the best credit. There is absolute security that bank-notes will be redeemed. Redeemed in what?—the notes of the United States. It is not the credit of the banks which makes their notes good and gives them uniformity of value wherever they circulate, but the credit of the Government.

Now in political economy, as well as in mechanics, all

unnecessary machinery is a loss of effective power. Friction is to be avoided as much in one case as in the other. Examine the practical working of our banking system, and see if there be not some unnecessary machinery and waste of power.

The Government could only have two objects in issuing greenbacks: 1st, to obtain a loan without interest, 2d, to furnish a form of credit which should circulate as money.

A national bank is organized; it deposits a hundred thousand dollars in United States bonds, and five thousand dollars in greenbacks in the United States Treasury, and receives ninety thousand dollars in bank-notes signed by the United States Treasurer, upon which it agrees to pay the United States 1 per cent. per annum. In plain English, what is this but the bank borrowing the credit of the Government for 1 per cent. per annum, and leaving security, with a fair margin, upon which security the Government pays the bank 5 or 6 per cent. per annum? That is, the bank pays the Government upon one form of its credit 1 per cent., and the Government pays the bank upon another form of its credit 5 or 6 per cent. in the same transaction—and that not for one year, but while the bank charter continues.

Now if the first object—a loan without interest—controls the Government in issuing the greenbacks, that is defeated by this operation to the extent of all bank circulation.

If the second, it is unnecessary, for the bank-note never can be better than the greenback in which it is payable.

You will observe I am speaking of the condition of things which exists, and not of what would be if the greenback were eliminated.

Now suppose for any cause the bank goes into liquidation. The Government sells the securities, and, after

redeeming the bills of the bank in Government bills (for which as yet there is no plan of redemption), pays over the residue to the stockholders. All this circumlocution, from the first establishment of the bank to its liquidation, to get back to the United States note, which could have just as well been issued directly in the first instance.

If it be necessary, by all means let us put fifth wheels on our coaches, devise engines to run engines, invent a grate to warm the fire, and grease water that it may run down hill!

It is constantly said that the Government ought not to engage in the business of banking. It *is* engaged in the "business of banking," and undertakes to administer upon the assets of banks in a manner which is unprofitable and unnecessary.

The issuance of bills of credit to circulate as money is not a function of banking, but of Government, and no bank or individual is permitted to exercise it under any wise policy, except by the consent and delegation of the Government.

You say you "are not sanguine that the plan suggested would succeed in ultimately superseding banks of issue, which in this country and in England, both private and national, have always constituted an important factor of American and British finance." "Important," I admit, but in our case certainly not always a helpful one. I can remember when "wild-cat," "blue-pup," and "red-dog" were the familiar and significant names of the paper money current in certain Western States; when "cord for cord" was called a fair exchange between "Gallipolis bank-notes" and cord-wood at the steamboat landings on the Ohio; when a bank-note caught astray over a State line was arrested as a trespasser; and when exchange between Indiana and New York was at 10 per cent. premium, though the Indiana State bank was as solvent as any in the Union.

The present scheme is incomparably better, I admit—better because based upon the Government credit. Why not go a step further, and use the Government credit directly, in place of lending it at one per cent. and paying six?

If one quarter the thought and attention had been given to improving the national currency that have been to dovetailing into it the bank-note, and maintaining and reconciling a system artificially complicated, the greenback would have been at par with gold long ago.

It seems to be apprehended, on the one hand, that without banks of issue there would be a deficiency of currency; and on the other, that without them the Government would "inflate" the currency. Suppose the Government, to-day, could substitute greenbacks for the bank-notes in circulation; the volume of currency would be the same, the quality no worse. Do you fear there would be a failure of the necessary machinery for the proper distribution of currency to meet the wants of the people and for the accommodation of business? Have the receiving of deposits, drawing exchange, and lending of money suddenly become so unprofitable or irksome a business that no one will engage in it, without the added premium of a power to issue money?

Suppose the substitution made, and to-morrow the currency should be made convertible into a perpetual 3.65 gold bond; would not that improve the currency to the value of such a bond? Make the bond interconvertible with currency; will not that give it additional value, by making it the receptacle of the money of estates of decedents and bankrupts under administration, and giving it a power of absorbing money temporarily idle, but wanted "on call"? Is there an apprehension that its absorbing qualities would become so great that the currency of the country would rush into it and disappear from circulation? That could only happen when such a bond was worth a

premium in gold; then the gold of the world would seek it as an investment, until our 6 per cent. bonds could be exchanged for 3.65's, a result I could contemplate with very considerable philosophic composure, even if it were nearer than I anticipate; while the catastrophe of an entire disappearance of our currency would be effectually prevented by the option of the Government to redeem it in gold. When that period arrives, men will take their gold to the United States Treasury and exchange it for Government notes on account of their superior convenience.

Very seriously, my dear Mr. Editor, I do believe the bond I have mentioned would appreciate to par, carrying the greenback with it with reasonable rapidity and certainty; that it would eventually take up all out bonds; that, as such a security would for many purposes be more valuable at home than abroad, it would be held in larger proportions at home than our present bonds are —large enough to afford an ample basis for any expansion of currency, if any should become necessary.

Under such a system, if more currency were necessary, in place of the circumlocution of lending Government credit to banks, the capital which now organizes banks would take Government bonds to the treasury, get notes for them, with the absolute certainty that when, for any cause, the notes came home, they would find the exact security left in pledge for them. Government promises under all circumstances would be fulfilled to the letter, and paper money would no longer be a lie.

The plan may not be the best conceivable—is it not the best practicable? I do not imagine that it would start at once the laggard wheels of industry and make the waste places glad, but I believe it honest, practicable, and that it offers the most favorable conditions for gradual improvement and healthy growth of any yet suggested.

One thing is certain: either the greenback or the bank-

note will disappear from our circulation. No arbitrary fixing of the amount of greenbacks will or ought to keep them in circulation as mere tenders to bank-notes. We shall eventually have one system or the other. If we have the banking system, there will be no real resumption, no holding of gold as a reserve which gives an absolute assurance of payment on presentation—the credit of the bank-note will still depend upon the credit of the Government behind it. There will be a great many banks of issue located at points distant from business centres, and not of the most convenient access. The profit on circulation given to the banks will be a premium offered for inflation, and a temptation to it, which even the superior human nature of the average bank director will not always resist.

At the risk of becoming prolix, let me recapitulate:

First.—Greenbacks will be worth as much as the bonds into which they may be made convertible.

Second.—Making bonds and greenbacks interconvertible will give the bonds additional value by making them desirable for a large class of investments which would not otherwise seek them, and, by as much as is added to their value by this quality, the interest will be reduced which the Government is required to pay in order to bring its bonds to par with gold.

Third.—As the English consol, a perpetual 3 per cent. gold security, is worth 95, an American gold bond on long time or perpetual at 3.65, with the added value of the interconvertible clause, would appreciate to par with gold as its credit would become established, which would be as rapidly as the country can return to the specie standard in justice to existing contracts.

Fourth.—The "interconvertible" character of the bonds would enable the Government credit to circulate as money in just such volume as the business of the country would demand, without the intervention of the cum-

bersome, expensive, and unnecessary machinery of banks of issue, whose notes have no value except that of the Government credit.

Fifth.—There would be no occasion for the exercise of a power of doubtful constitutionality and dangerous policy in the creation of corporations by the General Government.

Sixth.—When Government notes appreciate to the specie standard, the legal-tender quality can be removed without opposition, and we shall again be within constitutional limitations on the subject of finance.

Holding no opinions from which I can be deterred from changing, under conviction, for better ones, by the fear of inconsistency,

I am, dear sir,

Your obedient servant,

NEWTON BOOTH.

SPEECH

DELIVERED IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES.

CHINESE IMMIGRATION.

The Senate, as in Committee of the Whole, having resumed the consideration of the joint resolution (S. No. 20) relative to Chinese immigration,

Mr. Booth said:

Mr. President: No question of graver importance or more absorbing interest to the people of the State I have the honor in part to represent has ever been presented to the consideration of the Senate than that to which I invite attention. To most of you, Senators, it is an abstraction; to them it is vital, touching not only the dominance of parties, forms of government, and methods of law, but the organization of society itself. I do not think I overstate the gravity of the situation in asserting my

belief that early legislation by Congress upon this subject may prevent a convulsion in California which will shake the foundation of social order. I deem it my solemn duty to express my conviction that if it shall be decided that the policy of free, unrestricted immigration of Chinese is right and must be maintained, the Government should be prepared to maintain it by force and to overawe a community which on this subject is rife with dangerous discontent.

It may be that it is wrong that it is so; doubtless many of you believe it to be grievously wrong, but you are entitled to know the truth, however it may influence your opinions or action.

On this question there is as general unanimity of public sentiment in California, and I believe in her sister States on the Pacific border, as is ever attained upon any political question in time of peace, and there is a deep-seated feeling that the sentiment of the community immediately interested in and practically familiar with the subject is not to be put aside as an exhibition of prejudice, ebullience of passion, or treated as a corrupt humor of the blood, but is entitled to grave consideration.

Public opinion is agitated in California and the most conservative sentiment is alarmed. We constantly decry agitation, but the only agitator to be feared is the presence of wrong; and while that continues there will be agitation or the stagnation of political death. The theory of our Government is not one of repression, but of voluntary obedience to laws which represent public opinion. When Enceladus stirs beneath the surface, the foundations of the temples are but as straw and stubble.

The people of the Pacific coast are widely separated from the great mass of their countrymen in distance, but they are blood of their blood, bone of their bone, and they yield to none in their devotion to the traditions of the Republic and love for its institutions. California is not yet a gen-

eration old. Its active men of to-day, its forming minds, went out from your midst, carrying with them American ideas, to meet new and strange conditions of life. It was a novel experience, and to those who enjoyed it it is like first love, the memory of which is sweeter than present possession.

No community ever better illustrated the American capacity for self-government. Social order preceded the restraints of law. The pioneers of the new "El Dorado" carried the American State in the "book and volume of their brain." There was no necessity for viceroy or charter or letters-patent. Men from every section of our common country, thousands of miles from the homes they had left behind them, met in a land so recently acquired that it still seemed foreign soil, under conditions so novel they seemed hardly a part of the daily life of human experience, and by a common impulse improvised a State. It is a new chapter in history and the best imprint of American civilization is upon it.

I trust I have not transcended the limits of good taste. I am not endeavoring to exalt the State of my adoption above other States, but to illustrate the adaptability of American character and the American idea of government. There are no States, few counties in any State, which were not represented in the early emigration to the Pacific coast. There is probably no Senator on this floor who was not bound by some tie of kindred or personal friendship to some of the pioneers of Oregon and California, who crossed the continent and buttressed the arch of the Republic on the shores of the western sea. No communities to-day better represent the average type of American character than the people of the Pacific States. And I reassert the claim that their general verdict on a question which lies at their doors, comes home to them, is entitled to grave consideration. The conditions which

create unanimity of sentiment there would create it elsewhere.

If China were situated relative to our Atlantic coast as it is to the Pacific, and a Chinese immigration had entered our Atlantic ports of the same character as that which enters the Pacific, and in volume as large in proportion to the population of the Eastern States as that is to the population of the Pacific, there would be no occasion to argue this question. It would demand and receive prompt, decisive action. If there were in New York, Massachusetts, or Iowa, or Georgia, one hundred Chinese male adults to every one hundred and fifty American voters, and it were realized that this was but a beginning, that the stream might swell to an Amazon without visibly affecting the vast reservoir from which it flows, the subject would be regarded here as it is in California, as one of paramount, supreme importance, touching the whole future of the Republic, its political institutions, industrial, and social, life.

Mr. President, if we confront Asia as we do Europe; if we realize that this continent might become, not the opportunity for the full development of that civilization which is the highest achievement and most precious inheritance of our race, but a conflict between two forms of civilization opposite in tendency and in the types of character they produce, every power of the Government would be invoked to avert such a catastrophe. This civilization in which we live is so familiar to us that we accept it as a matter of course, as much a part of our daily life as air and sunlight. Free institutions are its bright consummate flower. They are possible in no other. They depend for their maintenance not upon the discipline of the law, but upon the devotion of the people.

Introduce into the people a foreign element, incapable of assimilation, of a type fixed in its unchangeableness

by immemorial ages, alien in race, tradition, custom, and you will inevitably modify the social conditions which underlie government and give it form and character. Free men are necessary to create and preserve free institutions; independent, self-relying citizens are essential to an enlightened, stable, popular government, men imbued with American ideas to the American Government. It is the people who give form and character to the government, not the government to the people. They may interact, but the primary source and governing influence is from beneath.

Sir, the centre, the source of the civilization in which we live, of the institutions we believe to be its highest outgrowth, is the family.

Take away the bond of family, the feeling which identifies home with country, the ties of blood which give the strong kinship of race, from our civilization, and what is there left which is worth retaining? The immigration which comes to us from kindred races and plants the family on our soil is welcome. It will add to our strength, and its blood will soon blend with and become a part of the American type. But any immigration which does not come under these conditions will attack and destroy the foundations of our institutions, social and political, in proportion to its volume.

Mr. President, I appeal to all who are personally familiar with the subject to corroborate or refute my statement, that in the ninety-odd thousand Chinese population in California, eight ninths of which are male adults, there are no families; among them the marriage relation is practically unknown. Their numbers are recruited from China. Their presence will eventuate, not in a blending of people of a common race, nor in a blending of races, but in a conflict of races. It is only a question of time and numbers.

Sir, the problem of popular government on this conti-

nent is difficult enough, doubtful enough, without this new disturbing quantity, this insoluble complication.

I appeal to history, when and where have races so diverse, so antagonistic in character, been able voluntarily to maintain the same form of government? When has their commingling failed to reach the subordination of one to the other or collision injurious to both?

We are the creatures of a day, but time and universal experience do not change. We are not exempt from their conditions. We must meet this question at the threshold. It is the riddle of the sphinx. We must solve it or it will destroy us. If the advocates of the policy of unrestricted Chinese immigration are right, we should open wide the doors to the four hundred million Chinese, who are practically nearer to us to-day than Europe was fifty years ago.

Mr. President, the competitions of modern civilized life are sharp. It is a competition not merely for precedence but for existence. The character, the future, the destiny of our Republic depend far more on the condition of those who toil than of those who enjoy.

I am not speaking to California; I am not speaking to the Western coast: I am trying to speak to the East, and above all to you, Senators, to your patriotism, reason, and judgment; and I ask you what will become of the American idea which is founded upon the personal independence of American citizenship, of American institutions, and of that civilization on which they are based, and whose corner-stone is the family, if the American laborer, if the great mass of our fellow-citizens who bear life's burdens, fight life's battles—*our battles*—whose daily sweat waters the tree of luxury whose fruits we enjoy, is brought into direct competition for daily bread with a class who have no families to support, and give no bonds to fate and country, if the family becomes a

luxury of those who have achieved success, and not a condition of daily life?

Mr. President, you have been taught to look upon this question as one of mere labor agitation. If it were that only, it would be entitled to consideration and not sneers. The essential conditions of society are to be found, not upon its surface, but in its depths. It is far more necessary to peace, progress, and good order that the daily laborer should be satisfied with the conditions of his life and the rewards of his toil than the capitalist, banker, or we who sit in senatorial chairs. He should be able to feel at all times, that promotion is from the ranks. His burden is heavy, and he should not be deprived of the hope, which is the solace of his toil, that his children may obtain the prizes of life which fortune has denied to him. That hope is one of the great conservators of society, reconciling men to the distinctions in life which, if they were regarded as unchanging as they are inevitable, would result in the sullen acquiescence of caste or the open revolt of communism. Destroy that hope and you must substitute the armed repressive force of absolute government for voluntary obedience to law or relapse into the tideless sea of despair.

When the common interest of labor speaks, the statesmanship which does not heed its voice is drunken with pride or besotted with folly. The laborers of the Pacific coast say to the American public, "We have families to support, children to educate, the burdens of citizenship to carry. We contribute to the support of the State in peace, are prepared to defend it in war to the shedding of our blood, to the sacrifice of our lives, and we are brought into direct competition for daily bread with a class who claim the protection of our laws but who bear none of these burdens, acknowledge none of these obligations, and we must renounce the ties of family or of country." Is it any reply to him to say that cheap labor hastens the

development of the material resources of the State and increases the aggregate of its wealth? He will answer, "Of what benefit is it to me if the resources of the State are developed and its wealth increased if my share in these advantages is diminished by the very means adopted to secure them?" Will he listen with patience to the argument that cheap labor increases production as labor-saving machinery does, and is a like factor in progress and civilization? Will he graciously regard that progress which reduces or eliminates him?

Few great mechanical inventions have ever been made which did not, at the time of their introduction, cause distress among artisans and operatives, whose employment was suspended and whose skill was rendered useless. Even these great triumphs of peace, like the splendid triumphs of war, have their human victims and are bought with sacrifice.

The compensation, and I admit it to be a general compensation, and of little worth to him who is crushed beneath the "Juggernaut," is, that ultimately labor will arm itself with these improved implements and share in the benefits of increased production.

Here you propose not an arming, but a substitution; not an increased power of production, but an elimination in favor of another human factor which will produce more at less expense. This is to consider a man as a mere machine, whose value is to be ascertained by the amount he produces less the amount he consumes. It is to leave out of the calculation blood and brain, aspiration, want, and despair. It is to ignore the elemental forces by which and for which society exists. I know these cold speculations of the economists which assume that the tree would flower if the root were destroyed. I know these calculations which estimate the value of society by the amount which is heaped up and not by the distribution—whose end is splendor and not happiness.

Chinese immigration simply plants a foreign colony in this country constantly recruited from abroad, alien in race, distinctive in laws, manners, habits, and in so far as it tends to cheapen labor it also tends to degrade it by making the toilers a class; fixing and hardening the social distinctions which the spirit of our civilization and the genius of our institutions require should be fluid and changing.

Mr. President, in the sentiments I have endeavored to express there is no feeling of hostility to the Chinaman. There is no man so poor, so humble, so despised that I do not recognize and reverence in him the likeness of that image after which we are all made. I rejoice at the advancement of every race, at the amelioration of all of human kind. But I love my own race, my own country best, and believing this question touches the interest of these, I ask for it, Senators, your early, earnest, and candid consideration.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS

DELIVERED IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES, JANUARY, 1878.

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF OLIVER P. MORTON.

(SENATOR FROM INDIANA.)

Mr. President: To epitomize the life and character of Oliver Perry Morton in the few moments devoted to these observances is impossible to mortal utterance. The stalwart proportions of his living presence are but realized by the void his death has made.

But yesterday he was one of us, of like clay and passions. The echoes of his voice have scarcely died in this Chamber. To-day he is as far from us as Demonsthenes or Abraham or the generations that perished before the Flood.

Less than most men intellectually his equals does he need the voice of eulogy. The clearness of his purposes, the boldness of his opinions, his tireless activity, his indomitable will, have impressed "the very age and body of the time." His life was a force which cannot die.

That fireside criticism which dwells apart in the seclusion of its own self-importance, and would not soil its dainty fingers by contact with affairs, which believes government is a science as exact as mathematics, that human nature is plastic as clay and cold as marble, may dwarf his image in the penny mirror it holds up to the universe and in which the only colossal figure it beholds is the reflection of itself; but he has made his own place in history "safe 'gainst the tooth of time and razure of oblivion."

He lived in a heroic age—this age—an age so great that the distance of intervening centuries will be necessary to measure its heroism, its achievements, and its sacrifices.

We, as Americans, must be excusable for believing, we should be inexcusable if we did not believe, that no political question of graver consequence to all succeeding time was ever confronted by any people than that which culminated in our civil war. History will record that the war was the inevitable result of an irrepressible conflict of moral forces, for which peace had no arbitrament. Morton's life was cast in a State where this conflict of opinion was eager, passionate, and doubtful. He was at the meeting of the currents in the circling of the maelstrom. What to others was a conviction, a sentiment, to him became an inspiration and a passion. He was intensely American. For his large nature, and for his great ambition too, the continent was none too wide. That his country should play a subordinate part in human affairs never entered his imagination to conceive. He would have enlarged the bounds of destiny to give it scope and

amplitude. The sentiment that this is a "nation, one, indivisible, indestructible," so permeated his intellect that any other seemed political profanation and sacrilege. With him this was not a theory of construction, but a source and centre; not an abstraction, but living faith. Not Webster has expressed his faith with more massive strength, nor Baker with more impassionate fervor.

No man had an earlier or clearer apprehension of the magnitude of the war on whose verge we stood, and the tremendous issues it involved. Of Titan mold, near to nature, elemental powers were his familiars. He had an instinctive sense of the awful forces that are unleashed by war. He knew that in the air, so still it would not stir the floating down, the fury of the tempest slept.

In the halcyon days, amid delusive promises of peace, he saw that war was inevitable, and rose to the supreme height of the occasion. In a speech on the 22d of November, 1860, which rang through the country like a call to arms, he said: "Seven years is but a day in the lifetime of a nation, and I would rather come out of a struggle at the end of that time defeated in arms, conceding independence to successful revolution, than to purchase present peace by the concession of a principle that must inevitably explode this nation into small, dishonored fragments."

He flunked nothing, concealed nothing. He knew the uncertainties of war, its dread sacrifices, and declared that all these, though followed by defeat, were better than inaction or the compromise of a principle he deemed essential to the existence of any republic on this continent.

This was at once his confession of political faith and the keynote of his character. In the cause he championed, he would have dared fate itself to the lists, and matched his will against the courses of the stars.

There is neither time nor necessity to trace his career. To leave out Morton and his influence would be to re-

write the history of this country for the past eighteen years, and to modify it for all time to come. In the great struggle on which the existence of the Union was staked he held the central fort. No living man can tell what the result would have been if he had not been where and what he was.

In character his will dominated his intellect, great as that was. He seemed incapable of indecision. To resolve was to leave doubt behind. Thought, resolution, action, were constant.

As a debator he was an athlete trained down to pure muscle. In speech, careless of the graces of oratory and polish of style, his earnestness enchained attention, his directness carried conviction, and there was a natural symmetry in the strength of his statement above the reach of art.

He was a partisan ; instinct and experience taught him that organization was essential to the triumph of any political principle or the successful administration of a popular government. He was a born leader, conscious of his power and jealous of his right to lead. He was ambitious ; but blessed is the memory of him whose ambition is at one with the best aspirations of humanity, whose death is a loss to the weak, and whose grave is wet with the tears of the humble and the despised.

Large brained, large framed, and brawny muscled, his vigorous health, freedom of motion, physical independence, manly presence, were his joy and pride, and a part of that full endowment of mind and body which gave him commanding rank. But when at life's meridian he was stricken with the cruel paralysis from which he was never to recover, he accepted his lot without repining. What to another would have been a warning to quit active service and an excuse for ease and rest, to him was the occasion of increased exertion and mental activity. The broken sword only made the combat closer.

When the fatal symptoms of his malady appeared some months before his death, he said to a friend that he realized the end had come, but he felt his career was incomplete, his life-work not finished. Perhaps he felt, too, that death was stepping between him and the great prize of his personal ambition. He knew the night was settling on the home of which his love was the day-spring.

From that time the American people watched the wasting sands of his life and counted his failing pulse. He fought death as an equal for every inch of time until "worn out,"—worn out by long suffering and hard conflict, he yielded to the conqueror of all.

However long expected, the death of one we honor or love comes at last as a shock. No preparation can take away its final suddenness. There is not a precinct in all this broad land where Morton's death was not felt. The nation was bereaved. His State was his chief mourner. Political friends and opponents vied with each other to honor his memory. A hundred thousand men, women, and children took a last look at his face, softened and refined by death, every trace of suffering, every mark of conflict gone. On a chill November afternoon a vast concourse followed him to the grave. The shades of night were falling when the last rite was spoken and the great crowd dispersed, leaving him alone with the dead.

There will be music and song, revelry and mirth. "The seasons in their bright round will come and go; hope, and joy, and great ambition will rise up as they have risen." Generations will pass on the swift flight of years. Battle-storms will smite the earth, peace smile upon it, plenty crown it, love bless it. History will write great chapters in the book of time. He will come no more. His life is "blended with the mysterious tide which bears upon its current" events, institutions, empire, in the awful sweep of destiny. Nor praise nor censure, nor love nor hate, "nothing can touch him further."

MEMORIAL ADDRESS

DELIVERED IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES, MARCH, 1879.

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF JULIAN HARTRIDGE.

(A REPRESENTATIVE FROM GEORGIA.)

Mr. President: When an observance like this occurs in the busy hours of a closing session, it is apt to seem like an idle ceremony. The duties of public life are so varied and pressing, its calls so incessant, its avocations so absorbing, that there is little time left for sentiment or the indulgence of grief.

Our numbers are constantly changing by death and by the vicissitudes of political fortune; but the leave-taking is short, and the business of to-morrow will make the grief of to-day only a memory. "The strong hours conquer us." It will be so when we shall severally disappear —even those of you, Senators, who play the greatest parts on this great stage. The actor makes his exit; and however well he may have performed his part, whatever plaudits he may have won, the curtain does not fall, and the play goes on.

The time has gone by, if indeed it ever was, when the loss of any life will seriously influence the permanent direction of public affairs. It is true that no man's place can be filled by another; it is equally true that it is not essential it should be. In the vast aggregate the value of the largest unit is scarcely appreciable. A heart has ceased to beat; it is one of millions. The struggle of a life has ended; the struggle of human life never ends. How insignificant is the individual life to the whole of humanity! Yet what an awful gift it is to each of its possessors, this strange personality of ours, which isolates us from all else and yet makes all that is a part of us. Nor sun, nor moon, nor stars, nor past, nor present can be, save as they are a part of us.

Life with its possibilities is an awful gift, and when it is bereft the event is unspeakably solemn. Custom familiarizes us with the forms of death, fashion hides their significance with pageantry; only the "stricken heart of love" realizes with what dark eclipse they come. It is well that we should pause, even in the busiest hours, when a comrade falls, not more as a mark of respect for his memory than to receive for our own good the lesson of his life and death.

The memory of Julian Hartridge cannot be other than a priceless possession, even in their sorrow, to those who loved him. It was not my pleasure to know him, but by order of the Senate I was one of the committee which attended his remains from this Capitol to the beautiful city where he was born, where he was married, where his children were born to him, where he had spent his whole life, and where he is buried with his fathers. In that community which had known him all the days of his life, all his outgoings and incomings, I felt that I knew him too. There was a tenderness in the mention of his name by all classes, which only a life filled with tender respect for the rights and feelings of others could have won. There was a warmth of expression that showed how he had grappled his friends with hooks of steel. There was that high respect which is only conquered by a life of probity and courage.

I think his life must have been a happy one. The lines seem to me to have fallen to him in pleasant places. No life is free from struggles, trials, temptations, and failures, of which the world little knows, and the deepest scars are within. His life was in a great epoch. It marks its great transition, that the slaves who had borne him on their backs and fondled him on their knees in his childhood, as *free men* tenderly carried his body to the grave; still loving the dear young master, panoplied in American citizenship, they walked beside his hearse. His lot was

cast with a community cultivated, tasteful, generous, hospitable, and self-respectful. There he lived for fifty years, and dying left no enemy or reproachful friend. Who of us can desire or deserve a more fragrant memory?

MEMORIAL ADDRESS

DELIVERED IN THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, DECEMBER 21 AND 22, 1876.

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF ALLEN T. CAPERTON.

(A SENATOR FROM WEST VIRGINIA).

Mr. President: We have paused in our daily labor, turned aside from the routine of business and from the consideration of those grave questions which disturb the public mind with vague alarm, to pay tribute of respect to one who in his brief service in this body, by his kindness, courtesy, and frankness, made each of us his friend, and who discharged his public duties with industry, intelligence, fidelity, and honor.

This chamber is the arena of intellectual combat, and when the great monarch drops his baton the conflict of opinion is suspended.

In all stations, in every allotment of life, it is well that we should sometimes be brought to the absolute contemplation of death and the realization that to each of us it is inevitable and near. The days of our life are numbered; at each sunset there is one less. The sands of our life are measured. While I speak they are wasting.

Though death is as "common as any, the most vulgar thing to sense," though it hath been "cried from the first corse till he that died to-day '*this must be so*,'" it still remains the great mystery whose overshadowing presence awes us into a sense of our insignificance, and shows us the objects of our pursuit and passionate desire in their cold, naked reality. And this is its office to the living.

Not lips touched with the fire of genius can so solemnize us to a sense of duty, so plead for the right, so admonish us of the vanity of human expectation as the dumb, cold lips of the dead. Beneath these forms and trappings, beneath this covering of flesh, our skeletons are marching to the grave. And everything on earth that we long for, seek, strive for, is but a covered skeleton. Adorn it as we may, cheat ourselves as we will, "to this complexion it must come at last;" and then dust and ashes.

Six months ago, if Allen Taylor Caperton had entered this chamber and passed to his seat it would have been a commonplace incident, as little noted as your or my coming to-day. If he should enter that door now, what an awe would fall upon us all. If he should rise at his desk to speak, with what rapt suspense we should listen. Not the most eloquent words that ever fell from mortal lips could so enchain attention as the lightest syllable from his.

Yet if he could come back from the "undiscovered country" and speak to us as in the flesh, do we not know what his message would be? Would he not counsel peace and good will? Could he inculcate a higher lesson than that taught of old, that "righteousness exalteth a nation," that "error shall pass away like a shadow, the truth shall endure forever?" Could he not tell us that self-seeking is not the highest wisdom, that safe guidance is not found in passion, and that institutions can neither be built nor preserved by hatred or violence? Could he reveal a diviner precept than "love," a more sacred duty than "charity"? If it has been permitted him to pass in review the procession of events in the unnumbered ages since man appeared on the earth and to realize that history has but begun, that in the curtained future there are countless ages to be, could he not tell us that in the grand sweep of destiny mere personal success, the pride of place, the lust of power, are of as little worth as the foam on the river?

This *is* the message from the dead past to the living present; this is the lesson of the silent centuries; this is the voice from the grave of all who have gone before.

Those who knew Senator Caperton better than I have already spoken of the traits of his character and the incidents of his life. In our brief acquaintance he impressed me as a man of culture and refinement; of strong practical sense, impatient with what he regarded as abstractions, zealous for the promotion of every material interest, and devoted to a reunion of hearts and hands through all the land. His neighbors told me he was a man of active habits, interested in every enterprise for the advancement and improvement of the country where he lived, strong in his convictions, outspoken in his opinions, steadfast in his friendship, and of bountiful hospitality.

He had this true test of genuine worth: his character and temper softened and mellowed with years and experience. Children loved him, and the dumb beast regarded him as a natural protector.

He lived, where his ancestors had for several generations, in a region of great beauty of landscape—a high plateau, with mountain peaks in the distance, with intervales and opening vistas of surpassing loveliness—off the great lines of travel, and where the stream of life seemed to eddy into a quiet circle. It was a spot where old customs survive, old fashions prevail, and old faiths are cherished. From his beautiful home, through the broad English lawn—almost a park—we bore his remains to the village church, where his old friends and neighbors had gathered from all the country round. The solemn service for the dead was spoken. We followed him to the graveyard on the hill and left him with his fathers.

His task is finished. He has no part or lot in all that is done beneath the sun. No more for him the voice of love, the song of gladness, the load of care, the cup of

sorrow. Not for him the beauty of spring, the splendor of summer, the glory of autumn, the uncrowned majesty of winter. Flowers will spring from his grave; storms will beat upon it; morning will greet it with her earliest light, night crown it with her stars, and the earth, rolling in her great orb in infinite space, will bear his dust with hers, till time shall be no more.

Ah, mystery of death, and greater mystery of life! Both are in the hand of Him without whose knowledge not a sparrow falls; obedience to whose will the tides of human destiny ebb and flow, and unto whom a thousand years are but as yesterday when it is gone, or a watch in the night.

CHAPTER III.

LECTURES.

Destruction of Manuscript—Charles James Fox—Morals and Politics.

In the seclusion of his library, contemplating the near approach of death, Mr. Booth destroyed a large mass of manuscript, including his voluminous correspondence, undelivered lectures, the diary kept during boyhood and college life, and his notes of travel. Such destruction was not sudden or impulsive, but was deliberate—continued for weeks. The loss thus inflicted is a public one, and is much regretted. If he had elected to edit and publish his works, instead of pursuing the course he did, the result would have been a much larger volume than this of contributions to American literature of permanent value, enhanced by touches from the author's own hand, and by the illuminating power of his fertile and active mind.

Of the lectures given herein, that upon Charles James Fox is perhaps the most entertaining.

No connected story of the life and works of Fox was extant, and the lecturer infused into his effort the powers of an historian—the crystallized result of wide reading, analytic study, clear comprehension, accurate memory. The illustrious Englishman was the brilliant, fearless, powerful advocate in the English Parliament of the independence of our United States during the war of the Revolution. It may be that Newton Booth—living with-

in himself sufficiently to be capable of such abstract emotion and impulse,—in his patriotism and out of a sense of appreciation and gratitude, paid this enduring tribute to the memory of a great man.

It *is* an enduring tribute. No Englishman, during the three quarters of a century that had elapsed since Fox died, had done so much for his memory. There was no biography of him to be found. That by the descendant of one of his noted contemporaries was published "only last year." The lecture is comprehensive, scholarly, and brilliant. The personality and the history of Fox are merely resplendent central jewels in a setting and display redundant with gems of like nature fully as attractive.

The lecture on "Morals and Politics" is unique. It embodies a philosophy, emanates a warning, inculcates principles for political action—by turns excoriates, instructs, commands, condemns. It flashes forth a fierce light beating upon his individuality, the nature of his convictions, the motive power of all his public work.

LECTURE ON THE STEAM-ENGINE.

JANUARY 17, 1854.

A great work in literature is the production of a single and unaided intellect. In its conception and execution there is exhibited the power and capacity of one mind. It is true that all the teachings of the past, all facts, truths, and experiences, all outward forms, everything that is, aid the development of genius and furnish the materials for its work. But as the silkworm converts the leaves that it feeds upon into its own beautiful and delicate fibre, so does the great soul transform all gross substances into the threads of its life, the fibres of its being, to be woven in the mysterious texture of its thought.

A blind old man had heard the story of the siege of Troy, and his immortal song floating above the storms of time has come down to us over the graves of thirty centuries. Shakespeare had read a childish tale about a barbarous king who, in his old age, divided his kingdom between two deceitful, treacherous daughters; a third, who loved him, he loaded with his curse, and she, faithful in her love, followed his evil fortunes to the grave. And from his wonder-working soul came *Lear*, with the depths of its meaning and the overshadowing greatness of its thoughts—with its tenor of passion—its power, language, delicacy of feeling, tenderness of pathos, and sublimity of description,—the world's masterpiece.

We cannot penetrate the author's being and watch this gradual process of mental elaboration as it goes on within the man,—the mind's secret, hidden even from itself, by which this miracle is wrought. We cannot go down into the silent chambers of the soul, and watch the spirit as she sits in her high solitude weaving her web of thought; it is only when the work is finished, a radiant, immortal vesture, that it is given to the world, as the highest evidence of man's individual greatness, the noblest testimony that the hand that made us is divine.

Science differs from literature in this, that the former is the growth of ages—the joint contribution of myriads of minds engaged in the investigation of the same subjects. No single mind can claim exclusive property in its systems; they are not the exponents of individual ability, but the monuments of the power and progress of the race.

See for one moment the illustration of the truth of this in the history of the progress of mathematics. The idea of number must have been one of the very earliest suggestions of the mind; though there have been tribes discovered so deeply sunken in barbarism that they had no means of counting five, and to express more than this

they could only say, "a great many";—"more than we can number." The first simple computations were made with the aid of pebbles, or strings of beads, and these results retained by piles of stones and by knotted cords.

How many minds studied and worked in this pure department of human inquiry, what slow ages of progress went by before Euclid could build up his grand arch of dependent truths. Patient labor and slow investigation went on and on. At length was made that high, shall I say highest, achievement of human intellect, the grandest because the simplest production of art, and the most wonderful instrument of mental labor-saving machinery ever conceived—the invention of Arabic numerals and the method of decimation, by which ten simple characters are made to express all that the mind can conceive in number, and more—infinitely more—for what understanding can grasp the ideas of heavenly distances that are held perfect in these transparent symbols! How do their combinations simplify abstruse questions! What mazes of doubt and difficulty perplexing and bewildering the mind do they make clear as noonday! How do they hold the deductions of the intellect in solution, and give them back again to the mind if it desires their use in a new application! How do they enter into and make easy the business and traffic of life! How do they solve problems which had else baffled forever the power and ingenuity of reason—these ten simple characters that the school-boy scratches upon his slate!

And still the work went on. Old achievements were but stepping-stones to new principles: round after round was added to the ladder by which the mind ascends, until Newton could rise to that high, upper air of intellectual abstraction where thought crystallizes, and look out as through a mighty dome of glass upon the infinite; until La Place could encircle and environ nature and life and

art with the pure transparency of mathematical reason. And yet the science of numbers and quantities is still in its infancy, and it will continue to progress and develop while the soul of man beats with the pulse of aspiration.

In astronomy, too, how slow yet how wonderful has been the growth. Four thousand years ago the Chaldean shepherds watching their flocks by night gazed upon the stars and rudely sketched the constellations in the sand. Forty centuries of restless human inquiry have gone by, and now astronomy is in the vigor of her youth. With telescopic eye her vision penetrates the far depths of heaven; by the aid of the higher principles of mathematics she carries the chain and compass through the far depths of space, traces the planets in their orbs, weighs the world in her balance, and poises the universe upon its centre.

See chemistry with her original speculations about the four elements, her doctrines of antagonism and election; see her afterward with her philters, her spells and incantations, seeking after the philosopher's stone, the elixir of life; still growing in strength and gathering truths, until now no hidden natural process is safe from her sleepless search. She carries her torch into the darkness of mystery, brings to light the hidden laws of unity of combination, of proportion and affinity, and enriches the arts with the secrets of the great laboratory of nature.

In medicine, how many intellects centre within and think through the intelligent physician who feels your pulse. He is heir to the intellectual wealth of a long line of professional ancestry, reaching back to the days of old Hippocrates.

Out of how many ages of experience is derived the system of laws administrated in our courts.

In politics, out of the wrecks of how many splendid schemes of government are our own institutions built. How have the principles of constitutional liberty come

down to us, not as the discoverers of isolated intellect, but as the hard achievements of humanity—heirlooms from a thousand battlefields—baptized in the blood of martyrs.

In the development of science it is not alone the great and the wise who are employed. The mass of facts from which her principles are deduced is furnished by the unskilled—the result of the experience of every-day life.

In literature the unity of one mind is expressed. In science the harmony of nature's laws is discovered. In literature attainment is limited by the stretch and invention of individual power; the domain of science is as boundless as the universe of God, and fathomless as the powers of the race of man.

In the features we have observed the fine arts bear the same relation to the practical or mechanical arts that literature does to science. The productions of the first are the creations of the mind, those of the latter are the application of the forces of nature. The painter or sculptor embodies his own idea of beauty, gives form and being to the conceptions of his own soul, and his work is the exemplar of his single-handed power and the witness of his individual immortality. The mechanical arts are the fruits of the world's experience,—the energies of humanity pushing out to a full and free development, the triumphs of want over necessity, and they are the symbols of the power and the types of the destiny of our race. The one is like the dewdrop of the morning, beautiful with the colors of the rainbow; the other is like the swelling march of the billows of the sea—resistless. The grandest representative of these, the noblest symbol of man's power, the truest type of his destiny, is that highest achievement of mind over matter—the steam-engine.

In the early ages of history men led roving lives, living without culture and with but little exertion. The spontaneous fruits of the earth, the fishes of the river, and the

wild animals of the forest supplied them with food, and the skins of the latter furnished them with clothing. Their first inventions were those of prime necessity to supply natural wants. They were rude and simple. The bow and arrow, the sling, a wooden spear pointed with bone or flint, a few utensils of cookery, a boat made from the body of a tree hollowed out with fire, and one or two barbarous instruments of music. And these first inventions of barbarous life were the beginnings—the germs from which have arisen the wonder-working implements and world-wide appliances of modern art.

From the bow and arrow, the sling and wooden spear, as a natural sequence, as a logical deduction, we have those terrible engines of destructiveness that belong to warfare now. From the spit and earthen kettle we have the complicated arrangements of our kitchen-craft. Every step of improvement can be distinctly traced from the awkward, round-bottomed canoe, to the majestic clipper with her beautiful proportions that sweeps upon the wings of the wind like a very creature of the elements. From the pencil reed and raw-hide drum we have the flute with its soft cadences, the violin with its fairy strains, and the grand-tuned organ with its swelling power and solemn pomp of sound.

In the history of civilization, as the race of man increased in number the chase came to afford but an uncertain and precarious subsistence, and wild animals were tamed, domesticated, and driven in herds from place to place for the convenience of pasturage and water. Pastoral life, of which we have such beautiful pictures in Oriental literature, succeeded to barbarism. Fleeces were used in place of skins to supply clothing. The distaff was invented, and garments were woven or rather knit by hand. Through the thousands of years that have gone by since, this idea has been developing and unfolding, and its present maturity can be seen in the machinery of Lowell

and Manchester—all of which is but the growth of the spinning-wheel.

The next step in civilization was from nomadic pastoral life to agriculture. In order to meet growing demands it was found necessary to cultivate wild fruits and grains to increase their productiveness and improve their quality. The soil must be tilled. The first rude artificers in metals commenced the manufacture of clumsy instruments for working the earth; and these first awkward tools made from metals were the germs which, after centuries upon centuries, have flowered in the operations of Sheffield and Birmingham.

As the number of men still increased, these early simple methods of life failed to yield them a subsistence, while new desires were stimulated into activity. Thus by "necessity's sharp pinch" man was driven in upon himself—upon the resources of his reason. He must conquer from nature the tribute she refused to yield. He asserted his prerogative as master of the universe. The elements became the slaves of his will, natural forces were pressed into his service to bear his burdens and to do his toil. And this was the dawning of the era of mechanical power, whose first rude device was the awkward wind-mill, the crowning conquest of whose glory is the steam-engine.

Thus is it in the moral as in the natural world, great results are the effect of gradual development and slow growth. The neglected acorn springs up into the giant oak, but it requires centuries to unfold the vitality wrapped up within the germ. The knowledge of truth is such a germ. Cast into the rich waxen soil of humanity, its powers unfold through the still lapse of ages—it sends its roots abroad—its trunk springs up—up—through the thousands of years of history, until its branches wave among the stars, and its golden fruit shines in the gardens of Hesperides. And this is that great law of progress everywhere illustrated—from the lowest plant of earth, to

the mightiest seen in space—from the meanest animalculæ that die with the first breath of their being, to the soul of man rejoicing in the strength of immortality.

Thus is it, too, that the great results of life are not the attainment of exalted individual endowment. They are the growths of time—the quality of the race—the fruits of universal humanity, to whose production the highest and humblest have alike contributed. And this is a high teaching of equality—a seal of universality—a revelation that the same rights and privileges belong to all—God's signet attesting the divine doctrine of democracy.

It is a favorite hypothesis with some that the power of steam was known to the ancient Egyptians, and used by them in the construction of their pyramids and temples. There is no direct evidence bearing upon the question; the argument in favor of the supposition is, that we do not now know of any other force sufficiently great to accomplish such stupendous results.

The earliest authentic account that we have of the application of steam as a mechanical power, is in the works of Hero of Alexandria, who lived about a century before the Christian era, and he speaks of it rather as known fact than a new discovery. Its principle, probably its only application then, was in accomplishing the pretended miracles of priestcraft. Its power was unknown to the populace, and by its hidden agency inanimate figures were made to move around the altar during the hour of sacrifice, sending forth mysterious sounds.

It is probable that during the Middle Ages ingenious steam toys were frequently constructed, whose only object was to excite wonder and curiosity. The intellect of these times was too much taken up in the discussion of the transcendental nothingness of nominalism and realism to descend to the investigation of anything having a practical bearing and substantial interest. Great men then had to settle the question whether an angel could be translated

from one planet to another without passing through intermediate space,—and whether two spirits could occupy the same place at the same time.

Early in the seventeenth century, Solomon De Cours, a Frenchman, used the power of steam in the construction of artificial fountains in the gardens of Charles the First, of England, then Prince of Wales. He also published a translation of the writings of Hero upon pneumatics.

Edward Somerset, the Marquis of Worcester, an Englishman who lived about fifty years afterwards, was the first to comprehend and appreciate the power and capabilities of this wonderful element. He was the inventor of a steam-engine which he called "the semi-omnipotent machine," about which he says: "I do intend a model of it shall be buried with me." Certainly there could be no nobler symbol of the soul. The Rosicrucian lamp that was to burn forever in the tomb compared to this was as "a rush light to the sun."

During the next hundred years, a number of practical improvements were made in the steam-engine, but it still remained a very expensive power and could only be used when fuel was exceedingly cheap. The principal service it rendered was in the pumping of water from coal mines. During all this time, the real power employed was that of atmospheric pressure, and steam was only used in creating a vacuum.

About the year 1760, the immortal Watt constructed the modern steam-engine, bringing the action of steam directly to bear, and dispensing with the atmospheric pressure.

And now that mysterious power which had originally been used to assist in the juggleries of priestcraft—then to excite the wonder of the ignorant—to adorn the pleasure grounds of a prince—the sphere of whose utility had been confined for a hundred years to the pumping of water from mines,—became at once the giant agent of modern

civilization, turning the current of history, and shaping the destiny of humanity.

Less than a hundred years have gone by since the invention of the modern steam-engine, yet it has revolutionized the arts of peace, as the invention of gunpowder did the art of war. In its myriads of forms of application to the manufactures, railroads, the printing-press, internal and ocean navigation, it has permeated every interest, is witnessed in every phase of our existence. It has become "semi-omnipotent," breathing the breath of life into forms inanimate; it is to-day the mighty heart beating beneath the world's policy, felt in every quickening pulse of industry and life.

It is the expansive power of steam that has subdued the wilderness of our country—steam that binds our widespread population into one nation—steam is the weapon in the hands of Young America with which she will accomplish her manifest destiny. It is steam that is thundering at the gates of Oriental exclusiveness—steam is to open the magnificent valley of the Amazon to cultivation, redeem the lost paradise of Central America, build up great nations in Australia, upon the western slopes of the Andes and Sierra Nevada, and develop upon the Pacific a commerce worthy of the sea of seas; upon the wings of that commerce it will carry the teachings of Christianity and doctrines of democracy "to the isles of the sea and the uttermost parts of the earth"—for steam is the world's great missionary power and highest apostle of freedom. In view of the influence of the steam-engine in the first hundred years of its existence, who shall set bounds to its effect in the cycles of future history. Through the invention of Ericsson, its legitimate offspring, or through some other means it will become so cheap a power that it will be used upon every farm, in the simplest mechanical contrivances, and make a part of the furniture of every extensive household. Through

improvements already indicated in ocean navigation and by increased railroad facilities it will become so great a power that it will weld sentiments together, cement nations, melt the world into one people having one policy—universal peace and unrestricted free trade.

But behind all this there arises a great question, upon the answer to which depends the character of the ultimate influence of steam, whether it be evil or whether it be good, and that is the effect it produces upon social inequality.

It is contended by many that the necessary tendency of labor-saving machinery is towards the accumulation of capital and degradation of labor, that it makes the poor poorer and the rich richer, increases social distinctions, multiplies caste, and exalts one portion of society at the expense of another. And indeed so far is the argument pressed that it is actually gravely asked whether it is better to be a slave to the necessity to daily toil in the world's manufacturing capitals, or to the caprice of a master who buys and sells the thews and sinews of manhood.

By the invention of the modern steam-engine alone it is fair to assume that the productive capacity of the world has been more than doubled, yet want still exists gaunt as ever, misery is unalleviated, penury the universal dread, and the opportunities for high mental culture the prize of the few, not the free gift to all. That there is a dark wrong somewhere in our social organization is but too true. We cannot ignore it if we would. It meets us every hour of our life. It stares us in the face in a hundred varying forms—in individual deprivations, in ill-requited labor, in the degradations of service, in crimes instigated by want; in our own country; in the necessity for strikes, combinations, and trade unions; in Europe, in the restlessness of the masses and the volcanic upheaving of revolutionary fires. It is the unbidden guest that

shakes its gory locks at the world's feasts, thrusts us from our stools, and will not down at our bidding. While the laws of production are intensely active, the principles of distribution are intensely unjust. True history, however, teaches us that this injustice is neither caused nor aggravated by labor-saving machinery. The man who toils to-day for his daily bread without the use of capital may enjoy privileges that wealth could not buy two hundred years ago. Written history too often preserves only the beautiful pictures of the past, and leaves the dark side of humanity—the shadows of life—without a record or a witness. We know well, however, that when art existed only in its crude conceptions, the laborer himself was a mere machine, not recompensed for his toil, but barely sustained that his body might be kept in working condition. Every aspiration of his soul was crushed beneath an iron fate. No hope of a kinder future cheered him. Death was the only relief from the house of his bondage.

Go to the East, to China and Japan, where labor-saving machinery is comparatively unknown, where the hands alone must perform life's heavy tasks, and see how the millions are crushed to the earth by the grievous load they bear. There the law of caste is as inexorable as the law of fate, and its slightest infringement inevitable death.

The feudal system, with its dark oppression of the masses, has been destroyed by the progress of art in its application to commerce and manufactures. Entails, long terms, and secret uses are dying out from the operation of the same causes. Commercial restrictions, fetters upon trade, and land monopoly must yield to the same beneficent influence. Slavery in every form must eventually disappear before the progress of inventive power, for servile labor can not be applied to the highest employment of art; and in the future perfection of art the nation that is not armed with all its implements can no more meet one that is, in the competitions of peace, than could

an army of barbarians with their war clubs and bows and arrows stand before the thundering charge of Napoleon's old guard.

Great inventions, the offspring of democratic principle are always democratic, equalizing in their tendency. God's great gifts dispense their blessings unto all, and the higher man arises in creative power the more do his works resemble God's in that highest quality—universality. What a sun to the whole human race is the printing-press! What a mighty precursor in human progress is the steam-engine! How do barriers that rose like Alps in its pathway go down before the tread of this giant leveller! How do deluding errors, the frightful chimeras of darkness, vanish into thin air before the breath of its fiery nostrils! These are but the forerunners of inventions to come after them, whose shoes they are not worthy to unlatch. Nature has yet myriads of secrets undisclosed. Art is still in its infancy, nor will it attain perfection until it shall appropriate and embody all the undiscovered, inexhaustible forces of nature, become the perfect representative of the outward world—man's creation reproducing God's. Then will the means of production become so simple, so cheap, so entire, they will be within the reach of all; life's blessings will be as incapable of monopoly as God's great gifts, the sunshine and the air, and social privileges be as free as the offers of His mercy.

Contrast for one moment man as he was—the child of nature, and as he is—the master of art. See him at his original creation, when his own right arm was the sole representative of his energy and power. The earth spread around him full of dreary deserts and interminable wildernesses, mountains reared to the clouds their rocky barriers above him, the ocean stretched out impassably before him, the stars from their immeasurable heights looked down in mockery upon his existence. Less favored than the animals, he had no instinct to guide him, no

natural protection against winter's cold and summer's heat. The elements were at war with his person, the wild beasts sought his destruction, hunger was his hourly craving, disease his portion, weakness his nature, want his life. Poor, frail wanderer, alone in the immensity of creation, what was there left for him but to die, and let the winds and the rains beat out the impress of his footsteps!

Behold him now. He has subdued nature and made the elements the creatures of his will. The desert blooms and the wilderness is made glad at his touch. The sea sends its broad-backed waves to his feet to bear his burdens. Nature's great power, clothed with the strength and terror of a thousand thunders, is his patient, humble slave. He says to the lightnings, "Go," and they go, the winds do his bidding and minister to his pleasure. Great thoughts are breathing to him from all the past, high voices calling to him from the future. The enchantments of art are around him. Strains of music charm his spirit away over the elysian fields of fancy to the secret halls of melody. His searching eyes look down into the dark mysteries of the earth and her secrets are as plain to him as an open book. He sends his rapt soul through the mysteries of the stars, his spirit walks at home amid the high courts of heaven, sits down in the council chambers of the gods, and reads the laws of the universe. "How infinite in faculties, how noble in reason, in form and movement how express and admirable! In action how like an angel; in apprehension how like a god!"

LECTURE ON THE SPIRITUAL.

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A Scotchman who was asked the definition of metaphysics, made this answer: "When the speaker *din na ken* what he speaks, and the hearer *din na* understand what he hears; that 's metaphysics."

I believe that this definition expresses a popular idea of the science of mind or the laws of spiritual action. It is quite generally believed that when one commences the investigation of mental phenomena, he leaves the domain of the actual, the positive, and enters a region of vague shadows and unrealities—a region of ghosts, hobgoblins, and chimeras, where the sunlight of reason is no longer his guide, and even the twilight of the imagination gives place to the weird starlight of dreams. Pity for the wanderer on this "Plutonian shore." He is given over to a kind of mild insanity; he peoples the airy nothing with the bodiless creatures of his fancy; the objects of his pursuit are the very specters of thought, less real than the mirage of the desert, but the shadows of a shade, the dreams of a dream.

In contradistinction from this, it is assumed that in the study of material things and physical forces we stand upon the sure and firm-set earth. Here we are dealing with the objects of sense that the understanding can take hold of. Here men can exercise their sober faculties, theories can be verified by experiment, speculation can be tested by trial. Matter is a verity, a positive existence—it is a substance, it has form and color—it can be seen, touched, handled, weighed, divided, analyzed; and the physical sciences are not the air-built castles of the brain, but solid structures of the masonry of fact.

And yet, if it be not to consider the subject too curiously, it may, perhaps, appear that the mystery of matter is as great as the mystery of mind. If the soul be that strange being in the universe which like the eye cannot see itself, and if creation has no mirror that can reveal its unearthly lineaments, matter is the very Proteus whose ultimate form eludes our sharpest search, whose essence baffles the sense, escapes the power of retort and crucible, whose highest mystery its union with the spirit, its dark upbuilding in this clay tenement around the flashing light

of the soul, its strange blending with and tempering of the fires of thought, is not more past finding out than are its lower offices as seen in vegetable growth and mineral crystallization, and that even its very existence is a thing to be inferred, not realized or understood.

Matter you say has color, weight, form, extension. But what is the color of the air? Will you give me a pound of electricity, or a gallon of light, or a cubic foot of magnetism? Matter the object of sense? Touch a needle with the magnet; how does it acquire polarity? Why point true to its mysterious attraction, the chambers of the north? The magnet loses no weight, no quality; nay, like virtue, its force is increased by the power it imparts; like charity, giving increases its abundance. How does the click of the telegraph repeat itself instantly thousands of miles away? Can material forces be measured and estimated?

You have just listened to a beautiful piece of music. You were made conscious of its sounds by vibrations of the atmosphere; its notes rippled through the air, and broke in melody on your ears. So soft was the motion the floating mote was not stirred by it, and yet that ripple of the air which did not move the flame of the gas, pulsed through these solid walls and fell upon ears outside.

If a stringed instrument attuned in unison with an organ be suspended to it, it will echo every note the organ sounds, even as the chords of the human heart answer in sympathy when some great master like Patrick Henry, or Clay, or Cicero, sweeps with magic touch the lyre of feeling and passion. Why is it that the deep sound which moves the heavy chord will not stir the finer one, but that too answers only when its own key-note is struck?

There is a form of matter compared to which the atmosphere seems solid, and electricity gross. As sound passes through the air by airy waves that strike upon the ear, so there is diffused through all the universe a sub-

stance called by natural philosophers ether, by whose undulations light falls upon the eye, and we are made conscious of the visible word. Sound moves by undulations of the air sixty-three thousand feet in a minute. The undulations of ether carry light two hundred thousand miles a second, twelve million miles a minute. They pass through the air, through glass, through the diamond, through the pupil of the eye and break upon the most delicate nerve of our system so gently they occasion no pain, but bear to the soul the exquisite sense of the beautiful. A scarlet-colored object causes four hundred and seventy-five million millions of these undulations to fall upon the retina of the eye in a second; a violet color seven hundred million of millions.

In the open pipe of an organ, thirty-two feet long, the reed vibrates sixteen and a half times in a second, making that note C, which is the deepest tone in music. In a pipe half as long, sixteen feet, the vibrations are twice as rapid, thirty-three to the second, and the note is one octave higher. Thus the pitch of the note depends upon the number of the undulations of the air that strike upon the ear in a given period. Twenty-four thousand vibrations in a second produce the highest appreciable note; seven and three quarters the lowest audible sound, and within this range all musical tones are made. In the same manner, if an object sends four hundred and seventy-five million millions undulations of ether to the retina of your eye in a second, you are made conscious of the color of scarlet; seven hundred million of millions make violet visible, and between these limits all other colors are formed. The light of the sun reaches the earth in about eight minutes, travelling ninety-five million miles. It requires ten years for the light of some of the brightest fixed stars to reach us. Through a telescope, stars of the twelfth magnitude can be seen, whose light travelled four thousand years before it falls upon the eye. These undulations of ether, rolling two

hundred thousand miles a second for four thousand years, pass through the earth's atmosphere, through the lens of the telescope, to the eye of the beholder, and reveal what seems to be a point of fire, what is a central sun. The mind sinks in the contemplation of such distance, as in the presence of the idea of eternity. But if you could stand upon that sun, there are stars, so far beyond it, their light, travelling since the creation's morn, had not reached that point; and all the interstellar space is radiant with revolving worlds, suns, and starry systems. These worlds, suns, systems, galaxies, all float in this boundless, shoreless sea of ether, seven hundred million millions of whose waves can break upon the retina of the eye in a second of time. This impalpable, ineffable ether, is as truly matter as is the solid granite or the rock-ribbed earth, and you know as much of it as you do absolutely of matter in its most familiar forms.

Examine for a few moments the qualities of matter in its forms that are most familiar to the sense. Take a bar of steel; it weighs, we say, ten pounds. Place above it a magnet of a given power, it weighs but half as much; increase the power of the magnet, it weighs nothing. Why? By its weight you simply express the amount of the earth's influence over it, an influence that can be counteracted by one similar in quality, but of more intense concentration existing in the magnet. The earth can be considered a great magnet, drawing to its centre all terrestial objects. Weight, then, is not a property that belongs to the bar of steel in itself. If the earth were four times as dense, the steel would weigh four times as much; if the matter of the sun were condensed into the size of the earth, and the ten-pound bar of steel placed upon its surface, it would there weigh three million five hundred and fifty thousand pounds. Placed equally distant between two worlds of the same size and density, it would remain suspended, poised in mid air. Of themselves, objects have no weight;

it requires the presence of another body of matter to develop this quality. The weight of any sublunary object is simply the amount of attraction between it and the globe. The weight of the moon is its tendency to gravitate to the earth; the weight of the earth is its tendency to gravitate to the sun; the weight of the sun is its tendency to gravitate to the great centre of our starry system; and if you weigh a barrel of flour or a pound of sugar, you simply determine its exact relation to the great law that runs through all the worlds, which is the harmony of the universe, the key-note of the creation.

Of what single essential property of matter do our senses give us any absolute knowledge? You have a black, granulated mass which you call gunpowder. You can see it, feel it, weigh it; it is ugly, passive, inert; touch it with fire—in the twinkling of an eye, it becomes *air*; its volume is increased four hundred and fifty times—its expansive force equals forty-eight thousand pounds to the square inch. Pile mountains upon it, and it rends its way like a risen earthquake; a moment after this volcanic display of strength, a lady can wave her fan through it and scarcely stir the down of its trimming. But the same elements compose it in solid and in gas, when it rends its way upward and when it floats upon the bosom of the air!

Water at one temperature is ice—clear crystal; at another, steam—the invisible spirit of power; it becomes vapor; is piled into clouds; forms the islands of light that glow like molten rubies and sapphire in the setting sun; it weaves itself into more than fairy-like beauty in the gleaming tracery of the frost, or clothes itself in the sinless purity of the snow-flake; it glistens like tears of joy in dew-drops; it comes down like liquid diamonds in the summer rain, sinks into the earth to reappear in the verdure of the grass and leaves, in the beauty of flowers and fruit; yet in all these beautiful transitions—in ice and steam, in frost, snow, and rain, in grass, in fruit, and in the

red blood that warms the heart and blushes in the cheek of beauty, it is the same substance.

Take a bar of silver—a "Washoe brick"; surely that is a thing tangible to sense. You can learn its exact specific gravity, assay it and determine what foreign matters are present, if any; you can ascertain its commercial value. Certainly, there is no mystery about this, except to get it and keep it. Take a part of it; polish it on copper; expose it to the vapor of iodine, and it becomes sensitive to the light; will receive and retain images cast upon it, as wonderfully as do the mysterious tablets of the memory the impressions made upon them. Take the remainder; dissolve it in nitric acid; that which was a white, gleaming solid, is a liquid, almost colorless; heat it—it becomes air.

Take the diamond—one of the hardest of substances; with a heat sufficiently powerful, it will be consumed—become a gas less than half as heavy as the air. Will not some empirical philosopher to whom matter is fact, spirit a myth, send out and impress into his services this airy, volatile essence, solidify it, crystallize, and make a diadem for his favorite science, whose royal, radiant, flaming, flashing splendor shall pale the Koh-i-noor into a glittering bauble—a nursery plaything?

If the diamond—a substance harder than flint—is but the imprisoned spirit of the air, what is there palpable to feeling and to sight? Why, if the earth were suddenly stopped in its revolution, instantly checked in its whirl around the sun, it would melt in its own fires, consume with fervent heat, vanish into thin air, "and, like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind."

But matter does not change. The chemist will tell you the elements are indestructible—they only change in form and appearance. What is that thing that remains unchanged in all these transitions of form and appearance; which is the same in the solid, the liquid,

the gas; in organic life and decay; which is not size, or weight, or form, or color, or life, or death; but in which all these things inhere, and which still exists when they are purged away? What is that substance on which the Creator paints the beauty and glory of the universe; through which He reveals His laws, and makes manifest His power?

That is a sealed book—an inscrutable mystery. Some philosophers have denied the existence of this base, and contended that the external world was simply an appearance—a mere show—like the image seen in a mirror, that ceases to be when there is no eye to regard it.

Chemistry instructs us there are about sixty elements, that is, sixty forms of matter incapable of further analysis with the present means of science. These elements are described by their properties; as oxygen supports combustion, vitalizes the blood, etc. But what is that thing which supports combustion and gives life to the blood? There, science is as dumb as the sense. The chapter of mystery is reached. How is it that hydrogen, the lightest of the gases, combines with oxygen in one proportion in this glass of water; and in another in this flame of gas?

The elements, only twelve of which are found in abundance, in various combinations form the material universe. Sometimes science discovers a new substance which it cannot analyze, thus adding to the list; sometimes it succeeds in resolving one to two simples which were before known, thus reducing the number. It is possible, if we had an alembic sufficiently powerful, all forms of matter might be reduced into one substance which we see only in different conditions—one pure ethereal essence—the *absolute*, about which the alchemists so wildly dreamed, for which they so madly sought; in that pure, absolute form, purged of the properties that

change and decay, in the etherealized essence of matter, the bodies of the saints may appear, "when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption."

We might pursue the metaphysical line of argument and reach the same conclusion, that we can know nothing of matter as it absolutely is. We are conversant with ideas, not with objects. We know what a rose is only from the impression it makes upon the mind through the senses. To the blind man it has no color: to one without the sense of smell, it has no sweetness. to one devoid of sentiment, it has no beauty. The artist will discover in it a symmetry and proportion we fail to see; the poet and the lover a depth of meaning we can not appreciate; the microscope will reveal qualities hidden from the naked eye. We can imagine a being marvellously endowed with senses and sensibilities we do not possess, for whom it will have a beauty and a sweetness, a life and a meaning mortals can never realize.

Take a harp and play upon it in the presence of one who is deaf, and though your touch be as skilful as David's before Saul, it will be to him "inexplicable dumb show." There may be an intelligence whose soul and sense are so in accord with the harmonies of creation that the universal space is filled with symphonies such as never ravished mortal ear.

All that we know even of the qualities of objects is from the images they cast through the medium of the senses in the mirror of the soul, and as the senses are but darkened windows, and the soul clouded by mortality, these images are dim and obscure reflections of the real objects God has created. When the film of the flesh is removed, and we see no longer as through a glass darkly, the glory of the material universe will stream upon us, radiant with the living presence of Omnipotence.

If, then, we know of the existence of matter, only by its appearances and phenomena, we know of the existence of spirit in the same manner, by its powers and its works. Matter reveals itself in forms and forces; the life of the spirit, its divine effluence, is thought. We cannot comprehend what matter is, and we cannot lay bare the fiery pulses of the soul and watch the play of its life. We know it only in its results; we can study its laws and conditions—its processes are hidden even from itself. Its operations that seem most familiar, are as mysterious as its great efforts that challenge our wonder and command our reverence. The machinery of its hourly action is the same that moves the hand of fate through the circle of the centuries. The birth of a thought is as great a mystery as the creation of a race or the fact of human life.

You try to think of a name which you cannot recall; you knit your brows and endeavor to concentrate your powers and shut out every other thought; you attempt to recollect how it looked when you saw it written, how it sounded when you heard it spoken—you almost hear it and see it—but it glides from you. But you have started some hidden wheel of your being in motion, and in a moment of listlessness the word unsought drops from your lips.

Your seat yourself at the piano to play a piece from memory—are you conscious of the thought and the will that controls every touch of the fingers as they flash over the keys? Why the very fingers seem to think, and give you leave to think and talk of something else, while they wander through the mazes of music and untie the harmony of sound.

Whence comes that easy flow and sparkle of language in animated conversation, when your thoughts come to you clothed in words, and you are surprised by your own fancies and startled by your own suggestions?

Whence is the sudden power of intellect in moments of great passion or strong feeling, that quick, deep insight which reveals a hidden world like a flash of lightning in the dark?

Whence came that elevation, that lofty serenity to Buffon when the ardor of composition possessed him, when his being was transfused with a glow of light, when he could almost hear the circulation of his blood, when words formed themselves beneath his pen, and to write was like listening to music?

In what deep cavern of his being, in what dark recess of his nature was the soul of Socrates, when he stood in sublime abstraction day and night, barefooted, on the ice, listening to the inner voice?

What fingers of light anointed the eyes and unsealed the spiritual sight of Swedenborg to the presence of ministering angels?

What ecstasy of vision fell upon the soul of Joan of Arc when she saw forms and heard voices in the air?

Witness the power and mystery of living thought in its out-flashing from the soul. See Demosthenes before the Athenian multitude, his being aglow with the earnestness of passionate conviction, every word, tone, look, motion electric, kindling the blood and firing the soul until the mass arise as one man and shout "lead us to Philip." See Felix trembling and Agrippa convicted before the spiritual power of Paul, the chained prisoner. Behold Webster, when, at the close of his great speech, he turns his face upward and sees the flag of this country floating from the dome of the Capitol, and in rapt inspiration he touches its folds with seraphic fire, sublimer than the light of battle, an imperishable spiritual glory!

Witness the beauty and mystery of thought in its development and growth within the soul. Who can tell by what subtle chemistry the flower draws from the coarse earth its beauty and sweetness? Who can instruct

us how the acorn becomes an oak—how the tree sends its roots deep into the ground to get a fast hold upon life, how it gathers strength in the storm, beauty in the sunshine, how it draws from earth and sun and air the materials for its wooden fibres, for its tough and knotted trunk, its branching limbs and coronal of leaves.

Even so some germ may unfold its latent powers within the soul, send its roots downward in the being to the sources of spiritual life, may draw strength and beauty from joys and sorrows, from all sweet and bitter experiences, from peace, passion, and suffering; from temptations, trials, and triumphs—from incommunicable dreams and quickening aspiration—from the agony and bloody brain-sweat of intense thought—from the still bliss of reverie, the ecstasy of vision, the rapture of contemplation, the transports of love; from all knowledge and insight; from faith, the communion of spirits, the sunshine of God's presence, until it becomes an excellence, a beauty, a joy, and a living glory forever and forever.

Thus, a blind old man heard the story of the siege of Troy, and his immortal song floating above the storms of time has come down to us over the graves of thirty centuries; it is heard in the lullings of the battle, it blends with the hum of labor, with the voices of the day and the night, and charms the stillness of solitude and peace. Thus Shakespeare heard a tale of a barbarous king, who, a thousand years ago, divided his realm between two pernicious daughters, a third, who loved him, he loaded with his curse, and she, faithful in her love, followed his evil fortunes to the grave; and from his wonder-working soul came Lear, with its passion and suffering, its night, tempest, crime, madness, and death, blending in a strain of awful grandeur and terror, the world's masterpiece of sublimity and pathos.

Thus, too, he read the legend of a Danish prince who feigned madness to escape the vengeance of the King

—and gave to the world Hamlet, demanding of the grave its mysteries, of eternity its secrets, of life its philosophy, of death its meaning, to endow his marvellous creation with thoughts that lie beyond the reaches of our souls. Newton, from the falling of an apple, evolved the law of gravitation,

> " That golden everlasting chain,
> That binds in its strong embrace the earth and heaven and main."

Watt saw the lid of a tea-kettle raised by an invisible force, and chained the tireless power of steam to the chariot of the world's progress. Milton read " there was war in heaven," another morn rose on his sightless eyes, and he painted and hung in the gallery of time that great picture of heaven and earth and hell, at which all passing generations turn to gaze with wonder and delight.

What bright ideas illumined the soul of Raphael before he gave his Madonna and Transfiguration to the canvas. In what august spiritual temples knelt the spirit of Angelo, what lofty domes of thought lifted their skyey presence above him before Saint Peter's arose in its marble grandeur like an embodied dream of the gods.

Beethoven, when deaf to outward sounds, could still listen to spiritual harmonies, feel fountains of melody gushing within his being, and pour his thoughts, " too deep for tears," in music, the ethereal expression, the primal language of the soul.

How poor and dull often seem the symbols and drapery of thought. There are five lines, there are bars, there are stems, circles, dots, and marks, to represent notes in music. In themselves how uncouth and meaningless, but into these empty forms the composer breathes a power, a divinity that soothes the turbulence of passion, melts the heart with tenderness, fires the blood with enthusiasm, lifts the soul with reverence or enraptures it with love. The power, the divinity, may sleep in its

dark entombment for ages, but at the master's magic touch it wakes in all the mystery of its meaning.

There are twenty-six letters—look at them as they appear in an unknown language, the Hebrew or Greek or German text, what idle characters, figures without symmetry or expression, a blank, blind riddle; but these characters have received the baptism of the spirit, they are interpreters from the dead to the living—they enshrine the lessons of wisdom and experience, the dreams and revelations of poetry, the commands and promises of God.

What utterances of jargon are mere words. Listen to them in a strange tongue. What prattle and babble and gibberish, not musical like the notes of birds or the hum of insects; not grand like the roar of wild beasts—conventional combinations of articulate sounds—but "*words, words, words*"—how they can glow with feeling and genius; how are they quickened with intellect and passion; what spiritual bodies do they become for immortal thought; what winged messengers of love. Spoken, they are the living oracles of the soul; written, they receive its fleeting life into their deathless forms and eternize it, making all the ages one, so that Plato is our companion, Seneca our instructor, Montaigne our friend, making the present musical with the psalms of David, rich with the wisdom of Solomon, holy by the Saviour's death. Strike them from existence, and time would become a sea of darkness and sky of blackness without one star.

These two, these characters and symbols, these letters and words, are the creatures of the spirit and attest its power; created by it that through them thought might not die, but have immortal life. Ay, upon all that is, which redeems life from the perishable quality of the beasts, and refines it to the temper of the skies, the spirit has set its seal, and claims it for its own. All conquests from rudeness, ignorance, and savage life belong to the

spirit; the sciences are parts of the domain of nature illumined by its light. The arts are its thoughts embodied in visible forms, great actions, lofty characters; noble lives are its purest manifestations; all progress, the unfolding of its powers; history, the map of its being. Whatever has been said, written, or done, all achievements, inventions, discoveries, have first had an existence within the soul—are types of the inner life. The soul, working in secret and darkness, *creates*, moulds visible forms to its unseen will. Thought, its silent, inscrutable agent, controls and guides the events and revolutions of human affairs. Fate is but the limitation of its powers; destiny, their final result.

"The inarticulate thought of a dreaming youth of to-day, to-morrow is opinion; then revolution; then an institution." Would you see the grandest triumph of spiritual power? Eighteen hundred years ago, a patient sufferer walked the earth—"the first gentleman that ever breathed." Born in a manger, he was crucified between thieves. To-day, art dedicates its noblest temples to his worship, its divinest paintings to his memory, its grandest anthems to his praise. No soul is so high as to be above his power; none so low as beneath his influence. His spirit permeates all civilization, and opens the gates of illimitable progress.

Men die—thoughts never. The spirit of Peter the Great still animates Russia. For two thousand years Aristotle gave direction to human inquiry. The large-souled Plato, though we are told there are never twenty men living at once who can read and understand him, is still the horizon of the intellect. Bacon is an energizing presence to minds that never heard of his "Organum." What a long line of professional ancestors think through the physician who feels your pulse. You look at your watch, but he who first mapped the constellations on the sky; he who traced the path of the sun, and divided the

zodiac; the first artificers in metals; the inventor of Arabic numerals; the inventors of the hour-glass, the horologe and the dial, all lived and thought to enable you to tell the hour and the day. Their minds move the wheels of your chronometer, and guide its hands as they follow the diurnal circuit of the sun. You have lands, houses, and goods; but it is the experience of all the past that cultivates, and builds, and weaves. Your crops are sown and harvested; your habitations are made homes, and your garments are fashioned by arts that were once thoughts; but for them, you would have no implements to subdue the wilderness; your houses would be huts; your raiment, the skins of animals; your meat, "locusts and wild honey." You speak to your neighbor, but the language through which your meaning is expressed is the fossilized thoughts of races that have perished.

Not alone through men as individuals, is spiritual power made manifest. It gives to nations, races, and to the whole race of mankind, a unity of life and purpose. Nations are great actors on the stage; with spiritual individuality, Rome and Greece were as real as Cæsar and Pericles. England is truer than Palmerston; France nobler than Louis Napoleon. What a controlling and guiding power is national existence. To-day, to meet the necessities of its growth, it directs the energies of its people to the invention of the steam-boat and telegraph, the reaper and cultivator; to-morrow, amid the the exigencies of danger, to casting columbiads, building monitors and ironsides. To-day, it colonizes gold fields; to-morrow, it organizes armies. To-day, it finds voice in song, essay, and oration; to-morrow, in proclamations of freedom, the thunder of battle. Woe, woe, to the man who would lay irreverent hands upon the unity of a nation's spirit when it has been anointed from on High and consecrated to the utterance of freedom.

Men write books, make inventions and discoveries, embody their thoughts in their lives. Nations build governments, establish laws, direct the current of life in the great channels of history. Races create languages —the grandest achievement of intellect—perfect arts, for in the unity of a race's history, the lives of its great men appear as different parts of one train of thought; hew the temples of civilization from the rough granite of barbarism.

Standing on the vantage-ground of the present, look at the great picture of human life as it reaches backward through the past—through the deep vista of the ages that are gone, until it is lost in the darkness of oblivion. See the grand procession of events—arts, arms, laws, literatures, languages, cities, empires, heroism, imperial forms like the limning of destiny,—all this is but the outward representation of the spirit of man, *the inner life* projected on the canvas of time.

"The power whereby the present era gathers into itself the results of the past, transforms the whole human race into a colossal man, whose life reaches from the creation to the day of judgment." Through the still hours of the morning of time, when Jehovah walked with the children of earth, through the glimmerings of prophecy, the revolutions of science, the inspiration of song; through dark wrestlings with wrong, the agony of revolutions, the bloody sweat of battles; through the dawning of freedom, the blessedness of peace, amid the teachings of nature, and beneath the flaming cross of Christ rising into mid-heaven, and blazing with unspeakable spiritual power, this "colossal man" is growing up to his full maturity.

Are you impatient that the growth is slow? That is but the evidence of the grandeur of his destiny. Flowers are the children of a season, but nature gives thousands of years to the trees of Calaveras, the great periods of geology to fit the earth as a dwelling-place for man. On

a clear summer night you can see in the heavens a thin, mist-like substance, that looks like a breath upon a mirror. There, in the depths of space, a great ocean of matter, in its primitive form, circles like a maelstrom. Millions of ages go by and it solidifies into revolving rings. Another great astronomical epoch elapses, and these rings are rolled up into worlds, and a new system wheels into place to measure some new cycle in the boundless æons of eternity.

Room in your midst, ye highest spiritual intelligences of the universe, make room for man, "time's giant pupil, when he shall attain his majority," grow up to his full stature, and encircle his forehead with a diadem of stars!

But there is a higher revelation of spirit, "as the heavens are higher than the earth"; man's spirit embodies itself in the works of time; God clothes his thoughts in the wonders of creation.

We divide and classify the sciences. We speak of astronomy and chemistry, geology, botany, and physiology, but as we enlarge the boundaries of each they grow towards each other, and will ultimately meet in an harmonious whole. The mathematician turns his back upon matter and investigates abstract truths. He endeavors to read without intervention the thoughts of Omnipotence, and he finds that the principles of this, the most spiritual of sciences, underlie all the others, and unite them together. Shelley beautifully said, "that all poems are but episodes to that great poem which all poets, like the co-operating thoughts of one great mind, have built up since the beginning of the world." So are all arts reflections of the beautiful in the soul—all sciences parts of one plan—all truths parts of one revelation from on high.

Take the wings of the light and pierce the immensity of space. Space is illimitable, for what is on the other

side, and wherever space is, there are galaxies of worlds. What is all this but the expression of the thought, the manifestation of the spiritual life of Him who paints the violet, and breathes the perfume in the rose. All, all are but shows; spirit alone is real, unchangeable, eternal!

LECTURE ON THE PRESENT HOUR.

DELIVERED IN THE M. E. CHURCH, SACRAMENTO, MARCH 29, 1865.

When the Palace of the Louvre was completed in Paris, in 1857, the Emperor Louis Napoleon, in his speech at the dedication of the building, said in effect that it had been commenced as the royal dwelling of the sovereignty of France by Francis I., embellished by Henry II., continued by Louis XI., Louis XIII., Richelieu, Louis XIV., XV., and XVI., by the Committee of Public Safety during the terrors of the Revolution, by the genius of the First Napoleon amid the triumphs and splendors, the misfortunes and defeats of his consulate and imperial reign, by the restored monarchy of the Bourbons and the Orleanists, even recognized as a national work by the ephemeral Republican Government of 1848, so that in its completed state under his own reign, it was a monument to the glory of France, built by her oft-changing governments, reflecting the spirit of her people, to which each succeeding dynasty and passing generation had contributed, and in which fleeting events had left a substantial record. It was, so to speak, the history of France, written in stone and emblazoned by art.

It occurred to me that I might borrow from this an illustration of the leading idea I desire to present in this lecture—which is—that everything which now exists, is so much the production, the work, or growth of the past, that, in arts and in arms, in character, institutions, knowledge, and events, all the ages that are gone live again in the present hour.

Perhaps I might draw a more striking illustration from the history of the Cathedral at Milan. Of this, we are told "the present building is the third, perhaps the fourth, re-edification of the original structure, which St. Ambrose in a letter to his sister Marcellina calls the great, new Basilica. The primitive Cathedral was destroyed by Attila. When rebuilt it was burned by accident in 1075. It was again destroyed by Frederick I., in 1162. These demolitions were probably only partial. The first stone of the present Duomo was laid by Gian Galeazzo Visconti, in 1387—who sought and found an architect among the Free Masons of Germany." This building thus recommenced a hundred years before the "Great Admiral" had revealed to the Old World the enchanting vision of the New, before the printing-press had sent forth the Bible, its first printed book, has been continued with scarcely an interruption ever since, and is still incomplete. For almost five hundred years the sound of the hammer has been there continuously heard, and the workman of to-day is busy upon nave or cornice, column or capital, frieze or buttress, chancel or altar, niche or spire, that was commenced by a fellow-craftsman whose form had mouldered into dust before Columbus was born; and his hands are working close beside the skeleton hands of co-workers of twenty successive generations, each of which has there left the silent record of the labor of a life. Through all the vicissitudes of history the work has still gone on, and still kept same register of the changing hours. That noble temple of religion and art seems like the embodied presence of the past. Here, before the Basilica, the crusaders paused in admiration as they swept into the East to rescue the Holy Sepulchre. These walls and columns were rising when an Emperor held the stirrup of the Pope—when the thunders of the Vatican dethroned Kings—when Luther rang his blast of defiance and nailed his challenge to the door of the church, and still the

work goes on, under the impulse of the far-off past, when the encyclical letter of the Pope is unheeded, his voice drowned by the whirl of machinery, the clangor of arms, the outburst of revolution, and when the thunders that shake the thrones of kings come not from Rome, but from the awakened majesty of popular power.

But a voice from the past, even more distant than that of St. Ambrose or Attila, speaks to us from the Duomo. It is built in the form of the cross—a form that received its sanctity in architecture, as in religion, from the death of the Saviour. It was ancient Rome that taught the builder how to curve these arches; Greece, how to rear these columns and carve these capitals; Egypt, how to lay the foundations and build the walls. Before a stone was laid, the ideal temple existed in the mind of the architect, and the hut by the Ganges, the pyramids by the Nile, the temple of Solomon, the Parthenon of Athens, the Coliseum of Rome, were all studies that enabled him to form this ideal. Thus the whole history of civilization, the progress of humanity from babarism to refinement, are reflected in the plan of the temple. Nay, more; as religious ideas are essentially associated with forms of art, all the spiritual experiences of the race, its worship of "the fair humanities of old religion," its intense strivings for the light of truth through the teachings of nature, and the unfolding of the solemn plan of redemption, were all necessary before this triumph of architecture could be achieved. Thus religion, art, civilization, in all their history, meet and blend in visible form, to perpetuate the past through all the future; and thus somewhere, in some form of art, in some custom of society, in some living thought, or existing institutions, all the hours of the dead past still live. Not one of them has perished. To-day is but the reflex and epitome of all the days that are gone. No prophet has spoken, no martyr died, no statesman

built, no philosopher searched, no workman toiled, whose influence is not felt to-day.

We need not go to monumental piles, and structures of a thousand years, for illustrations; we ourselves, in our own beings and characters, are examples of the same truth. What we are now is the result of our past lives and the whole of our ancestry. Our bodies are strong, robust, with free, bounding, joyous pulses, and senses that are outlooks upon the universe, or they are feeble, frail tenements, the habitations of insidious disease and lurking sickness, as we and our fathers have conformed to or violated the laws of life and rules of health.

Then, too, our moral natures are no less a reflection of the past. The temptations we have met and overcome, the hardships we have endured, the struggles we have passed through, all pour their strength into the life-tide of to-day. The temptations to which we have yielded, the sins of the past; who has not realized the traces they have left upon the soul? The sorrows we have suffered, the friend, the child, or the mother whom we buried years ago, have given depth and compass to our beings, and marked the character with grief lines eternity may not erase.

The ambition, the dream, the aspiration of boyhood all live in the fires of manhood, and slumber in the embers of old age. Even the awakening thoughts, the dim perceptions, the first sensations of infancy become parts of the character we carry with us to our graves—else why, when all these are forgotten, do we retain the sense of identity that links the strong man battling in the ranks of the world, with the helpless infant sleeping in his cradle forty years ago?

But the influences that have moulded us to what we are reach far back of our own lives. Our temperament, strength of character, force of will, we may have received from our fathers; out mental capacities and moral sus-

ceptibilities may be the birth-gift of our mothers; and that which they bequeathed to us, they received from their fathers and mothers before them. Take as an illustration, that terrible calamity, hereditary insanity. It may sleep through generations, but its taint is upon all the blood, and it reappears to mark the heir of an ancestor dead a hundred years ago.

If we could enter a picture gallery of our ancestors reaching backward through all the past, we would find no figure in the endless line, a part of whose nature does not still survive in us. Faces we would find there, whose stern and lofty justice would shame the degeneracy of their children—faces whose dark crimes and coward weakness would make us blush that we are their descendants—faces grim with resolution, and soft with the tenderness of sentiment, radiant with hope, dark with despair. Perhaps we could trace back through pioneer and puritan, and Saxon and Scandinavian pirate and Tartar robber, back to the plains of the East and the dreamers of the Orient, and each and all of these have furnished the elements that are mingled in our own blood and judgment to-night.

Thus we are, each of us, the representatives of the past. The past, dim, mysterious, and impassable, gone like a forgotten dream, gone like a strain of music that moved the air and died, so perished we can scarce realize it has ever been, still lives, moves, breathes, thinks, acts, throbs in us.

All this is still more grandly true in the history of empire. A nation's laws, manners, customs, institutions, character, and the forms of her religion are the necessary result of her history in the past.

That grand old dreamer, Plato, could construct a model republic, but it lives only in his dream. In the imagination of Sir Thomas More there was framed a beautiful Utopia, perfect in design, but it still continues

the Utopia of the air. Locke framed a constitution for Carolina, but that embodiment of philosophic wisdom yielded and gave way to the enactments of the Provincial Assembly. The countries of South America and Mexico endeavored to plant the institutions of the United States upon their own lands, but the seedlings died—they were not the outgrowths of the soil.

In the madness of revolution, nations may sometimes pass beyond the controlling influence of their own traditions, but the revolution goes by, and the conservative power of the unconquerable past resumes its sway. England dethroned and beheaded her King, but the spirit of royalty remained, and when the strong arm of Cromwell was removed, a new head sprang from the old hierarchy, and the throne was built on the old foundations. France passed from monarchy and military dictatorship, through the fire of revolution and the blood of the reign of terror, back to monarchy and military dictatorship.

But see how the past will perpetuate itself despite of power and circumstances. The Saxon descends upon the shores of England and utterly subdues and enslaves the Briton. He almost blots the race from history, but from that despised and enslaved race the Saxon himself receives the first teachings of that religion which is hereafter to control his destiny. In his turn the Saxon yields to the Norman Conqueror. His shrines are all overthrown—his political and civil rights are ignored—he sinks below the protection of the government. At the sounding of the mournful curfew-bell the light of his cottage is darkened. He may not meet ten of his neighbors, save a minion of the law is with them—yet Saxon laws and Saxon institutions triumph over Norman force and Norman power, and the Saxon furnishes the base of that language which is hereafter to contain the great ideas of our race.

Norman, Saxon, and Briton are all blended in the Englishman, and the thousand years of her insular history are all reflected in the England of to-day.

The Puritan landed upon the bleak shores of New England. His character had been sharpened by controversy, hardened by persecution, elevated by religious enthusiasm. He brought with him his own traditions and hopes. A barbarous race stood in the pathway of his empire. In the conflict which ensued the savage was exterminated, but the Indian has imparted to the character of his conqueror his own stoicism and cruelty, restlessness of restraint, and wild love of freedom. The perished race lives again in the dominant, mingling the qualities of its own wild nature with the stern character of its relentless foe.

The adventurer and cavalier brought to the richer lands of the South their dreams of wealth and power. Their pride, impatience of authority, and desire of place were all fostered and developed by the enslaved race that acknowledged their command.

A love of freedom, of personal independence was a part of the heritage of the American people. That love was explained by the grandeur of the scenery amid which they dwelt. The greatness of the continent given them to inhabit, where nature works only upon the loftiest scale, imbued their souls with aspirations for a glorious destiny for the race. The hardships and difficulties of their daily life imparted to them strength and persistency of purpose, a dauntless spirit and unyielding will; and in vain upon them did the strongest nation of the earth endeavor to impose the restraints of arbitrary power. The character formed by circumstances could not be crushed by force. In the war of the Revolution the ideas of liberty, independence, and union were developed and embodied in the institutions and government of the country, and that government, an organic whole, incarnates the

spirit of the past, the history of the people. Lexington and Monmouth, Saratoga and Yorktown still live—live in the spirit of the American people. There may they live forever.

It has been our fate during the past four years to witness the awful meeting of two adverse currents of destiny, whose sources are far back in the history of man.

Does any one now dream that the civil war that convulses our land is the accident of an hour; that it could have been postponed by expedients, averted by compromises; that it is anything else than the conflict of moral forces, old as time, the enforced meeting of antagonistic principles, the inevitable result, the inexorable logic of events? From their thrones in the distant and shadowy past, these two principles, Justice proclaiming freedom, and Power ordaining slavery, have again summoned their champions to refight the oldest battle of humanity, and to crimson the green fields of the New World with the most precious blood of a generation.

> "Oh, keeper of the sacred key
> And great seal of destiny,
> Whose eye is the blue canopy,
> Look down upon the warring world and tell us what the end will be."

Let the wrong triumph now, and "earth's base is built on stubbles, and the pillared heaven is rottenness."

Thus every nation, from old China, still lingering in the dusky morning dawn of civilization, to young America, sweating great drops of blood as she wrestles with the evil spirit in her history, each is the product and representative of her own past.

Let us see for one moment how all the past survives in one of the arts of the present. We open a book, and its printed pages mirror all the ages that are gone. Even the leather of its binding carries us back to the primitive state of man—to the time when the skins of wild

beasts furnished the hunter with clothing—for the art of dressing and tanning leather dates its first suggestion and rise at that remote period. The paper on which it is printed is the papyrus of the Egyptians three thousand years old.

The art of printing, as evidenced in its pages, is the slow growth of four hundred years—and the letters, the characters that embody its thoughts, are the results of that picture-writing whose origin was a forgotten antiquity when burned Nineveh and desolated Tadmor were living realities.

Then, too, it is written in the English language—a language whose Saxon and Celtic elements are as old as the Chaldee and the Syriac—and can be traced back to the nomadic tribes of Asia and the plains of Shinar. A language the elegance of whose diction, and accuracy of whose scientific expression, are the bequest of Roman and Grecian history, and whose fulness, richness, and poetic imagery are the results of the intermingling of Briton, Saxon, Norman, and Dane, the commerce of ideas with all the world, and the growth of the most glorious literature of all time.

Thus all times past, all ages gone have worked together to produce the book that beguiles the hours of your leisure, or opens for you a new vision of thought.

And what are times past, and how is it that having utterly ceased to be, they are so intimately identified with everything which is?

We are so much in the habit of speaking of the successive generations of men, we almost unconsciously adopt the idea that there is a marked transition from one age to another; that one generation passes from the stage of action and another comes on; that the curtain of history falls upon one set of actors, the scene is changed, and it is uprolled upon another. Nothing can be more fallacious. The new grows old so imperceptibly, the

events of time are so linked together and interwoven, it is impossible to say where one ends and the other begins. The man of to-day was a boy thirty years ago, but he never knew, and can point to no time when he became a man—when he first felt the passions and thoughts of manhood in his blood and brain. His youth unfolded into maturity—his being was a growth.

All the actors of our Revolutionary era have gone—but when did they pass away? There has been no day when the nation could go into mourning and say, yesterday they were, and to-day they are not. There is no marked page in history to separate their era from ours. Socrates died more than two thousand years ago. He belongs to the far distant past. Since then nations have arisen and fallen, races have perished, a new world has been discovered, a new and divine religion revealed; yet all the events that have transpired since have been so linked together, so dependent upon each other, they constitute like the flowing current of a river, an unbroken whole. What we call the generations of men intermingle. We divide them in our speech as we divide the life of a man into youth, manhood, and age, but they flow into each other, so that a separation in fact is impossible. From the dawning of time to this very moment, hour has succeeded hour, event followed event in necessary connection, and it is all one piece, one web and woof, one undivided, indivisible whole.

The present, the very present, is a mere point in time. We divide the day into hours, the hour into minutes, the minute into seconds, we might subdivide the second into a thousand parts, and still the minutest fraction would be too large to represent what we know as *now*. It is gone ere we can speak the word. It is fleet as one thought. "It is like the lightning which doth cease to be ere one can say it lightens." It is, and it flashes by us, and perishes forever, before we can syllable its name. Yet it is

this infinitesimal point, this pulse-beat of time that marks the progress of the centuries. This is the flashing shuttle of fate, that weaves the great figures of history in the tapestry of destiny. No thread is broken, no figure left imperfect—the whole is a unit—the design of Providence, the thought of God made manifest in the doings of man.

The hours as they pass seem trivial and unimportant. How small "will this dim spot that men call earth" appear when the telegraph shall place us in instant communication with every part of it—when but a moment will separate us from England and Russia, from India and China. Even now it seems shrunk to a nutshell from its magnificent proportions when New York was a month from London and a year from Canton—how shrunken from its sublime incomprehensibility when the sailor of Egypt or Carthage would look out on the mysterious waters of the ocean and wonder if they did not wash the shores of other worlds that bordered upon the stars, or break upon the boundaries of the Infinite. To-day the overland telegraph brings us news from every quarter of the globe, and it fills a column or two of the daily newspaper, and is served up with our coffee at breakfast. Five years ago, how trifling seemed the events that made up the world's daily budget of news. The rise and fall of stocks under the pressure of the bulls and bears—the price of cotton, tobacco, and flour—the result of an election where place and power only were at stake—a treaty of trade—Flora Temple's best time—the description of a fight between Tom Sayers and the Benicia Boy, and the wonderful feat of Blondin in crossing Niagara on a rope!

Yet beneath this brief record a million million hearts were throbbing, a million million hands were toiling, a million million brains seething with thought, threads of all lives were running out, the nations marching forward in the pathway of destiny, and the races fulfilling the mission ordained them from eternity.

And now passing history, as if grown tired of trifles, writes daily the rise and fall of a nation's hopes with the varying price of gold, chronicles blood-bought victories, blood-stained defeats—illumines her pages with heroic names—hallows them with the memories of freedom's martyrs, and every moment we await the flashing intelligence that shall seal the brightest consummation of time.

But amid the fierce activities, the burning hopes, the drowning clamors of the hour, through all the vaulted arches of the ages gone, comes the weird voice of the past, controlling the battle-storms of the present and prophesying the shapes of the coming future, while from above the stars look down calmly on fields of blood as on the valleys of peace, and over all reigns the unseen God, beneath whose awful eye the tides of human destiny ebb and flow, and unto whom a thousand years are but as yesterday or a night that is gone.

Another fallacy that has arisen from the inaccuracy of language in reference to time, is that exposed by Lord Bacon, alluding to ancient times as the "*old world*," as if humanity were younger now than it was three thousand years ago—as if history and human experience were not growing older day by day—as if this hour we did not stand at a point further down in the designs of Providence and nearer the consummation of all design than ever before. No. The world in relation to the past is now old, in relation to the future doubtless still in its youth.

We are in the habit of speaking of our age as the "age of light and knowledge," of civilization, refinement, and art as if we were upon the very millennial dawn, the darkness of error all fleeing away. But how narrow is the view of our race that suggests this idea. We look at the arts where we find them in the greatest perfection, at the nations and races that have made the greatest progress and lead the vanguard of humanity, at the great lights of time that still shine for us, even at the constella-

tions of the past that yet gleam in the highest heaven above us, and forget there is a darker shading to the present. Why, even among nations most highly favored, how does truth still struggle with error, and old superstition keep fast hold on the popular mind!

A few years ago, I witnessed a trial at law which developed the singular fact that in a community of at least average intelligence, where schools and churches were abundant, there was a whole neighborhood of believers in witchcraft, where only power was wanting to revive the persecutions of Salem. About the same time, under the very shadow of the walls of Yale College, a sect of crazy fanatics was broken up in New Haven, the members of which had required one of their number to sacrifice his life to appease the divine wrath. After almost every capital execution, the sheriff is besieged with requests for pieces of the rope used in the hanging, to be worn as cures and preventives of disease, and carried as charms and amulets against evil. How many persons are here who believe in seventh-son doctors, haunted houses, or who would hesitate to begin a journey or any important undertaking on a Friday? Of course, you never consult the Egyptian astrologer to learn something about your future wife or husband, the event of a lawsuit, the result of a speculation, or any other problem of chance or time; but a great many of your neighbors have, and will again, pay for the answers they get, and hug them to their souls as the responses of an oracle. Certainly the genius that presided at Delphi some thousands of years ago had more of the pomp and circumstance of prophecy than is to be found current amongst us to-day, and Numa, who was tempted to read the dark hieroglyph of the future by the strange spells and sweet fascinations of Egeria, might still have resisted the blandishments of our local psuedo-prophets.

The Mormons of Utah present the strange anomaly of

a people within this Republic, who claim to derive their government directly from God, and who revive in the nineteenth century the patriarchal institutions of the days of Abraham. And has it not been possible in our day to raise immense armies ready to fight to the death, anxious to rend the being of the nation, in order to perpetuate an institution which incarnates the very spirit of the darkest barbarism?

All these things are in the United States, where intelligence is more generally diffused and knowledge more popularized than in any other country. But the nations that can claim to enjoy the blessings of advanced civilization do not number a third of the population of the globe. They are like islands raised from the surrounding ocean of darkness. If we would study the different phases of the intellectual development of our race in its progress from barbarism to refinement, we need not go to the pages of history for a record of the past—the present affords the living reality of that of which history presents only the dim picture.

Sitting here in this social and intellectual circle, surrounded by the arts and refinements of life, we are within ten days' travel of wandering tribes of Apaches and Comanches, fiercer and more uncultivated than any of the barbarian hordes that ever yielded to the conquering legions of Cæsar. Now, the Esquimaux earths himself in his smoky hole and regales his appetite with the fat of the seal during the long polar winter, while the South Sea Islander tattoos his body with hideous figures, buries his father alive when he becomes infirm, and eats the enemy whom he slays in battle. Now, the Arab roams over the desert, re-lives the traditions a thousand years old, levies his contributions upon towns, enslaves the shipwrecked stranger, and makes his pilgrimage to the temples of the sacred city, whose doors are closed against the "Christian dog." Now, the face of the

Turkish woman is veiled in the sunlight of heaven, and she has no soul for the Moslem paradise. Now, in the depths of India, is still continued the worship of the mysterious Vishnu and awful Brahma, a worship whose rites began ages and ages before the law was given to Moses upon Sinai. Now, the Persian cherishes the faith of Zoroaster and kneels in prayer to the fire and the sun. Now, the Tartar adores the Grand Lama, and believes the soul of the blest passes into the form of a dog. Now, the Chinese dwells in the first light of that splendid civilization that was arrested at its early dawn. Five hundred years before the European, he invented printing, and still uses the block letter and prints by hand. Centuries before the European, he invented gunpowder, and has made little progress in its application to the arts of peace or war, and to-day he is essentially the same being he was in the days of Confucius—furnishing the one example in history of a nation that neither progresses nor decays. Now, the African worships bugs and insects ; and the wild Bushman lives and dies, whose mind is unillumined with one ray of light or gleaming perception of a God.

These are the elements that surround and interpenetrate the civilization of the present. Humanity marches forward, it is true ; not, however, with its unnumbered hosts breast to breast in single rank, but in a grand, endless procession that reaches from the noonday of civilization back to the midnight of barbarism. In front rank, beneath the blazing noontide, move the nations of Europe and America, bearing the symbols of commerce and art. Before them, not now as a cloud by day, but a fiery pillar, brighter than the brightest noon, moves through the heavens, the Holy Bible. And these nations, rank behind rank, reach from the noon backward to the dawning of the morning, and there in the dim light of that day, whose morning sun never dawns, move the nations

of the East, the Chinese, the Hindoos, and Persian fire-worshippers; and these, gleaming with barbaric gold, bearing aloft their rude arts and the idols of their worship, reach backward towards the midnight; and there, in the blackness of a midnight that is moonless and starless are ranged the wild tribes of Africa. This is the grand procession of humanity. It is moving onward now. Its march commenced at the birth of time. Hark! through all the ages that are gone you can hear the echoes of its measured tramp. It has come down by the pyramids of the Nile, by the fountains of Judæa, by the temples of Greece, by the amphitheatres of Rome, by the crucifixion of Christ, by the fires of the martyrs, by the pageantry of the chivalry, by the schools of the Middle Ages, by the cities and palaces of modern art, its ranks ever changing, never changed, its march ever onward and onward, but, oh! whither? No light from the past illumines, no voice from the future proclaims, no portent from Heaven reveals. Out of the darkness, into the mystery, onward and onward forever!

There is another thought in connection with the present hour, that should give it a ground of significance. It is a familiar expression that we cannot comprehend the idea of eternity, and this in one sense is true. We cannot grasp it—the mind reels and sinks in the attempt. And yet it is a necessary idea, for no man can conceive of a beginning to time, for what went before? And no man can conceive of an end to time, for what shall come after—and time, without beginning or end, is eternity. Far back through the unrecorded ages, before the creation of man, science can trace the laws of matter, and they have always been the same. The stability of the universe, and the justice of God's government require that physical and moral laws should always continue the same. Our own death will bring us into new relations with spiritual intelligence, but will not change any of the laws

of spirit or of matter. Now, through all the myriads of the stars the same laws are in operation that govern and keep in order the motions of the earth. Now, through all the illimitable universe, illimitable as space, spiritual life exists in obedience to the divine will, and governed by the same moral laws that govern us. Now, around us moves the grand panorama of the universe—above us roll the ceaseless ages of the everlasting. Now, over all and in all God reigns and rules. We are already in eternity!

LECTURE ON EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE SACRAMENTO LITERARY INSTITUTE, APRIL 4, 1871.

Emanuel Swedenborg, generally regarded by the great public as a dreamer, a ghost-seer, "a visionary, and elixir of moonbeams," is claimed by the small public of his admirers to be a divinely illuminated man, the author of a new and profound philosophy, the true interpreter of the Bible and Christian religion. In his strange nature two lives seem to be represented—sometimes flowing in parallel streams, sometimes one lost, sometimes the other; sometimes both blended into one. In his soul, as in a mirror, were reflected the images of unseen objects, which are regarded on the one hand as the phantasms of insanity; on the other, as the realities of the spiritual world.

He was born at Stockholm, Sweden, in 1688, about the time our New England ancestors were hanging witches at Salem; in an age distinguished at once for its intellectual activity and splendid scientific discoveries, and for its gross superstition and universal belief in communication with the supernatural world. He never was

married. He died in London in his eighty-fifth year, three years before the declaration of American independence —at a period when, in the reaction from superstitious credulity, the skeptical philosophy was supreme in the intellectual circles of Europe, teaching men to believe in nothing, not even in themselves. His father was a Bishop in the Swedish Church—a branch of the Lutheran—a man of great learning, active, piety, worldly prudence, and unworldly wisdom. In his youth the father believed that he, too, had enjoyed celestial visions and the companionship of angels.

In his childhood, up to his twelfth year, Emanuel was regarded by his father as one set apart for a great and peculiar work. It was noticed that while at prayer his breath was often curiously withholden within him, while his soul was aglow with the fervor of devotion. He was also remarkable for great intellectual precocity and wonderful spiritual insight. In his youth he was a constant and untiring student, going to nature, when possible, rather than to books, for his facts, but otherwise not different from his companions.

He never was an ascetic. He grew up into a man of the world, something of a courtier and a man of fashion; his morality of that respectable type which passes current in social life; always, however, loving truth devotedly and unselfishly as an intellectual pursuit, and always an omnivorous student.

Emerson says: "His truth and training could not fail to be extraordinary. He was a scholar from a child. Such a boy could not whistle or dance, but goes prying into Chemistry and Optics, Philosophy, Mathematics, and Astronomy, to find images fit for the measure of his versatile and capacious brain. At the age of twenty-eight he was made Assessor of the Board of Mines by Charles XII. He spent four years at the Universities in Holland, Germany, France, and England. He performed

a notable feat of engineering by hauling two galleys, five boats, and a sloop, fourteen miles overland for the royal service. In 1721 he journeyed over Europe, to examine mines and smelting-works. In 1716 he published his *Dedalus Hyperboreus*, and for the next thirty years was constantly engaged in the preparation and publication of his scientific works. The very catalogue of these works is appalling to a desultory reader. One of the Missouriums and Mastodons of literature, he is not to be measured by whole colleges of ordinary scholars. His stalwart presence would flutter the gowns of an University."

When he was about fifty years old, having made the circuit of the physical sciences of his day, he directed his studies to the nature of the soul, and to those religious problems which sooner or later present themselves to every man of thought. Two or three years afterwards his great intellectual labors began to tell upon his faculties; his mind became obscured, and when he was fifty-six he had a short attack of violent insanity. For the two years preceding his unmistakable madness his "spiritual diary" is little else than a record of his dreams; and while it contains flashes of his genius and startling guesses at truth, as a whole it is scarcely superior to the literature of a fortune-teller's dream-book.

His attack of mania occurred in London. Referring to his condition then and for a year previous, his biographer says: "Considering that Swedenborg was at this time at the crisis of a great physical and mental change, I have no surprise to spare for any aberration in his behavior. He was staggering confused in an access of new light. As Carlyle says: 'Such transitions are ever full of pain; thus the eagle when he moults is sickly, and to attain a new beak must harshly dash off the old one against the rocks.'"

Swedenborg dates what he calls his "divine illumination" from his recovery; and from that time until his

death, twenty-seven years afterwards, he had almost at will those wonderful visions, in which he believed that Heaven and Hell and the whole economy of spiritual things were as "level to his apprehension as daylight to the eye"; and which, taken in connection with his capacity, culture, and attainments, his sober belief in the reality of what he saw, his far-reaching insight opening great perspectives of thought, and the philosophy, subtle in meaning, sublime in outline, which he taught as a part of the revelation he received, make him, whether we consider him sane or crazy, a phenomenal man—a character alone and apart in the whole history of our race. Henceforward he regarded his past studies but as a learner's "copy-book"; and he paid no more attention to his scientific attainments than we do to the motions of the lips in speaking, or the letters of the alphabet in reading.

At a later period of his life Swedenborg was undoubtedly a clairvoyant. We know very little more of clairvoyance than this: that there are at rare intervals persons who have interior perceptions of things which lie beyond the reach of the organs of sense; who seem to have the power of being mentally in two places at the same time. It is as well established as any fact of clairvoyance can be by historical evidence, that on the evening of the 19th of July, 1759, Swedenborg, while he was at Gottenburg, saw and correctly described a fire then raging at Stockholm, three hundred miles away; that he mentioned the streets through which it spread, various buildings as they caught; that he was greatly agitated while it was burning, and became calm when it was extinguished, a few doors from his own house.

This, which might at one time have been accepted as evidence of his divine credentials, would now be only regarded as going to show that there are certain occult faculties in human nature, acting under peculiar conditions, which the future may or may not utilize and explain. To-

day we do not certainly know but a diseased brain may be one of these conditions; and certain physiologists maintain that it is.

We understand so little of the operations of the mind in its every-day moods, that its abnormal conditions excite our surprise rather because we are unaccustomed to them than by reason of any special mystery.

If you were required to sit down at once and make a statement of all you know upon every subject, you might be surprised to find the catalogue so short. But if everything you do know, from your earliest reading of your mother's face up to the latest memory of last night's dream, could be photographed, you would be more astonished at its extent; though Oliver Wendell Holmes says that in the same manner the London *Times* was sent into Paris under the wing of a carrier-pigeon, the human brain is large enough to hold a photographic copy, on a microscopic scale, of every impression received in the longest life. Now, where is all this knowledge when you are not thinking about it—when it is not consciously present in your mind? How is it kept stored away, ready for future use? And what part of it have you consciously acquired from instruction, by observation, by voluntary study, and what part by the unwatched processes of your mind—self-evolution—growth? And how has that portion you have consciously acquired from without been assimilated to you, until it ceases to be the thing you learned, and becomes you—a part of your intellectual power—just as sunshine may become stone, coal, rose-bud, or cucumber? Why is it that your thought, memory, fancy, will sometimes obey your will, and at others not, as if the intellectual circuit were broken, and each mental faculty were acting upon some caprice of its own? You meet an acquaintance twenty times; each time his face suggests his name; the twenty-first you cannot get it for all your coaxing, but when his back is turned you find it on your

tongue. How easily after school was out you could answer the question you missed at recitation? What bright things you think of going home, which you ought to have said at the party! What strong arguments and apt illustrations suggest themselves, after the speech is made or the article is published.

We should explain why we blush, or laugh, or weep involuntarily; why we are at times fluent, at others tongue-tied; how a perfume can recall old memories, distant scenes, absent faces; how thoughts come to us in words, or rise before us like pictures, before we waste our wonder on the facts that the somnambulist can write page after page correctly in the dark; or that "Blind Tom," who cannot frame twenty words into an intelligible sentence, and seems scarcely conscious of his personal identity, can repeat, after one hearing, the longest and most difficult pieces of music, tell every note that is sounded when an arm is thrown at full length on the key-board of a piano, and give expression to his feelings, voiceless in words, in improvised music; or that an untaught negro boy can instantly solve complicated questions of arithmetic, by an intuitive method which he cannot impart to the most skilful accountant—which a La Place or Newton could not learn: or that Coleridge, awaking from sleep, finds a poem in his mind waiting to be written down; that Napoleon sees his star, brightening and paling, the portent of victory or defeat; Socrates hears the voice of his familiar spirit; and Joan of Arc beholds legions of angels in the air.

The mind can no more comprehend the process of thought than the eye can see itself, or any form of matter act as its own solvent. In closest introspection we learn perhaps least of the mind's methods, for in the very act of self-examination we divert the faculties from their natural, unconscious play, and there is nothing to watch. It is as if the actors should all take their seats with the

audience to watch the play, leaving the stage vacant. If we could only double on ourselves, and catch ourselves unawares!

It is only when we are self-unconscious that we do our best. Sometimes we have astonished ourselves, as well as our friends, by an unwonted flash of wit; the repartee or retort comes to our lips itself as if lying in wait for the occasion. Like meteoric stones, or objects thrown by the spirits, we do not see them until they strike. A powerful stump-speaker of this coast, a man self-contained, and oaken-fibred in the texture of mind and body, says that often in the fervor of speech he seems to get outside himself, and listen to the words which come from his mouth, while his mind runs by its acquired momentum; but he must stand still and listen; if he attempt to put in a word, or pry into the secret of the movement, the machine stops, and he has to take hold of the crank himself. Burns, sitting down to write, not knowing what would come to him, says: "It may be a sang, it may be a sermon." Thackeray was surprised into a knowledge of his own genius by the exultation of Becky Sharp at her husband's defiance to Lord Steyne, in the novel he was himself writing. Hawthorne sobbed like a heart-broken child over the pathetic and tragic passages in his own stories. Sir Walter Scott would say to his muse: "Spin, ye jade, spin." Milton saw with an inward sight; and Homer invoked the heavenly goddess to sing the tale of Troy. All poets and novelists of creative power bear testimony that the creations of their brains often become to them living beings, distinct individualities, uttering their own thoughts, and creating their own situation. In fact, the dividing line drawn between genius and talent is: "Genius does what it must; talent what it can."

We have all at times experienced a state of double consciousness. We have dreamed we were dreaming, and

striven to awake. Before going to sleep we often pass through a condition that is neither sleeping nor waking. We know we are lying in bed, and are conscious of all our surroundings; broken sentences sound in our ears; we listen to or take part in a dialogue; strange scenes and faces rise dimly around us; we know we are dreaming, and that if we will turn over the illusion will be dispelled. After a dose of morphine, in sickness, our bed is floating in the air, multitudes of spectral faces, horrible and grotesque, are leering and grinning around as in devilish mockery, while we know the bed is on the floor and no one present but the nurse. Now, these scenes, faces, shapes, voices, are but our own unconscious thoughts thrown from within outward; our fancies putting on shape and semblance, in reason's despite—like Macbeth's air-drawn dagger, the bodiless creations of the brain.

Now, imagine a man whose unconscious mental secretions have been drawn for fifty years of study from a circuit of inquiry wide as the knowledge of his day; who in the love of scientific truth had followed every path of nature open to him into new fields and undiscovered regions; who had sounded the deeps of philosophical speculation; who had tracked the soul to its fastness; who had endeavored to purge the film from his spiritual sight by gazing on the undimmed brightness of the Creator, and who had been dazzled, dazed, perhaps, by the Divine effulgence; invest him with the creative power of the poet which works only in the dark; give him this state of dual consciousness we have all experienced, but in a degree far more vivid and intense than we have known—so real that while he stands on earth, in form of clay, with mortal breath, senses, presence, his thoughts are projected from him, and compass him about as objective realities—become his continent and horizon, his earth and sea, and air and light, his morning, noon, and night, and star-crowned sky, and you will have, I think, the con-

ditions under which Swedenborg believed the veil of mortality was lifted, and he saw the scenes of other worlds, heard the voices of angels, and received a revelation from God.

His own theory and explanation were quite different from this. He taught that there is a spiritual creation, the type of and corresponding to the material creation; that there is a spiritual sun, the immediate source of spiritual life, as the material sun is of physical life, that interpenetrating the earth, from its central fires to its tenderest blade of grass, is a spiritual earth; that permeating our natural body is a spiritual body, with spiritual senses capable of taking cognizance of spiritual things. Thus we are in the natural and spiritual worlds at the same time, drawing light and life from both, and only the grossness of the clay tenement that we wear as outside covering and shell prevents us from realizing the spiritual world of which we are unconscious inhabitants. He claimed that by the special gift of his peculiar organization he could husk himself from this physical shell, take off his carnal "overcoat," and bring himself into direct relations with spiritual things and intelligences. In this abnormal condition he believed that he explored Heaven and Hell, and discovered an intermediate world, not recognized in Protestant theology, and somewhat different from the Catholic purgatory; also, that he met spirits from the planets, who described to him and enabled him to see the general condition of affairs and manner of life in Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Venus, Mercury, and the Moon. All the inhabitants of the planets are members of the human family, our fellow-citizens of the universe. What he says of them seems ridiculous to us, but perhaps a description of us would seem quite as absurd to them. He says, indeed, the accounts of the wars on Earth are incredible to our neighbors in Jupiter. They cannot comprehend, either, how luxury and want,

splendor and squalor, learning and ignorance, should be here next-door neighbors, and jostle each other in the streets. They think their faces far more beautiful than ours, and their carriage more graceful, though they do not walk erect, but inclined, using their arms in a kind of swimming motion. Jupiter is not only the largest, but most densely inhabited of all the planets. The people are mild and gentle. They live about thirty of our years. About a year before they die they lose their hair. Baldness is a certain sign of approaching death. No hair restorative will save them. Death, however, is without pain, and brings no regret, as they know it is only a transition to a higher life.

Our nearest neighbors—on the Moon—are dwarfs not larger than children seven years old with us. In Saturn they are religious, but not scientific. In Mercury, inquisitive and arrogant; loving knowledge for the sense of personal superiority it confers, and not for its benign uses. Venus is like the Earth in this, it has very good and very bad people. Mars seems to be the best of the lot, and society there is quite angelic. It may be consoling to our vanity to learn that they do not know how to read and write on either of the planets, have no railroads and telegraphs, have never made a sewing-machine, and never struck oil. With all the faults, shortcomings, and miseries of human life, our world seems a more interesting if not a happier place to live in than either of the other planets as reported by Swedenborg.

He teaches that the Bible is divinely inspired, but that it has an interior as well as a literal meaning; one meaning to men, another to the angels of wisdom, another to the angels of love. The higher a spirit arises in the realms of being the greater depth of truth and divine beauty will he discover in the sacred scriptures.

The Last Judgment, as described in the Apocalypse, has already occurred. That great assize of humanity was

held in 1759, and Swedenborg alone of mortals in the flesh was allowed to witness its awful scenes.

After death man does not pass immediately to Heaven or Hell, but into a spiritual world so similar to the Earth, novitiates, mistaking their spiritual for natural bodies, are often unable to realize they are dead. In this limbo of spirits Swedenborg met Calvin, and disputed with him on some point of doctrine, but so far from being able to convert the great Genevan, he could not even convince him he was dead.

In this intermediate state the predominant love of the heart gradually asserts itself until it becomes a supreme and governing passion. The good lose all evil desires and imaginations; the bad lose the sense of moral restraint, and each is carried by the momentum of the character formed on Earth to the society and place most congenial to his feelings, whether in Heaven or Hell.

Both good and evil spirits, in the Swedenborgian system, by some kind of spiritual magnetism, influence life upon Earth. Our purest inspirations are airs from Heaven; even the blasts from Hell are not wasted in this spiritual economy, but utilized in communicating to business, commerce, and to the government of Church and State the energy of self-love, which is a necessary element in human affairs, and which the self-denying Christian spirit fails to furnish. The most eminent living student of Swedenborg says the Devil has been greatly misunderstood; that he is fast becoming quite an accomplished gentleman, who in his busy self-seeking way manages to accomplish a great deal of good without meaning it. "He has been from the first our only heaven-appointed churchman and statesman—the very man of men for doing the showy work of the world, namely: persuading, preaching, cajoling, governing, which is required to be done, and which is fitly paid for by the honors and emoluments of the world. What kind of a Pope

would Fenelon have made, and how would political interests thrive with the Apostle John at the head of affairs. I confess for my part I would bestow my vote upon Louis Napoleon or General Jackson any day, simply because they are, I presume, very inferior men spiritually, and therefore incomparably better qualified for ruling other men, which is spiritually the lowest of human vocations." This, however, was written before Sedan had demonstrated the incapacity of Louis Napoleon to grapple with great events in the conflicts of physical force.

If we could really believe that Swedenborg had seen Heaven and Hell, we would desert all other books to read his. If, however, we consider his descriptions of spiritual scenery as the pictures of his own imagination, we shall find them inferior to Dante's in grandeur of conception, unity of design, and perfection of detail. The fact that he believed he was divinely illuminated prevented him from sitting in judgment on himself and sifting his thoughts. The trifling and the grand were of equal importance, as the whole was a divine revelation.

His general idea of Heaven is that it is an earthly paradise; with beautiful landscapes, mountains, valleys and plains, woods and fountains, and flowing streams; with flowers, fruits, and sweet odors; with dawn and twilight; with villas, cottages, palaces, cities, and celestial societies. Everything lovely and of good report on Earth has its etherealized counterpart in Heaven. Angels are men and women, in the forms they were on Earth, etherealized and made beautiful by the characters which shine through them. They have homes, individual characters, active employments, studies, arts, amusements, duties, and friendships. They marry, and enjoy all the delights of mutual love. The longer they live the younger they grow; or rather the nearer they approach the perfection of immortal youth. There are many Heavens, and different orders

of angels. There are spiritual angels, to whom the wisdom of God is revealed as light to the eye; and celestial angels, to whom His love is revealed as a glow in the heart.

There are as many Hells as Heavens, and the spirits of the wicked take up their several abodes in the society most congenial to their depraved inclinations. They too, marry, but their marriages are not made in Heaven. Though Hell is a place of abomination to the pure, it is not necessarily one of continual torment to the wicked. Their punishment seems to be that their appearance, character, and all their surroundings are wrought into the image of their sinful desires. Their own deformity may seem beautiful to them, and what should disgust, delights. They realize the terrible self-imprecation: "Evil, be thou my good."

Swedenborg finds one law in every condition of spiritual life. "What a spirit is he sees." What exists in the soul as an affection or thought becomes a tangible thing to the sense. If an angel desires to go anywhere, he does not have to pass through space, but his desire accomplishes the result, and he is there. If he long for the society of another angel, he is translated to his presence. When he feels the love of God in its divinest fulness, that is his heavenly noon; if that love grows dim, the sombre twilight comes on, which is the only night known in Heaven. The appearance, the spiritual scenery, the surroundings, the society of every spirit, whether in Heaven or Hell, correspond to the loves, desires, and thoughts of his heart. What he desires, he is; what he thinks, he sees; what he loves, he possesses.

The following passage from his Arcana is a very literal illustration of his theory. He says: "I heard two Presidents of the English Royal Society—Sir Hans Sloane and Martin Folks—conversing together

in the spiritual world concerning the existence of seeds and eggs, and their production on earth, Sloane insisting that nature was endued from creation with the power of producing such things from the sun's heat. Folks said the power of production is continually from God in nature. To determine the dispute, a beautiful bird was exhibited to Sir Hans Sloane, and he was told to examine and see whether in the least thing it differed from a similar bird on Earth. He held it in his hand, examined it, and said there was no difference. *At the same time he knew that the bird was nothing else than the external representative of an affection of a certain angel, and that it would vanish with the angel's affection, as indeed it is.*"

From this theory of correspondence between the interior and exterior world—the world of thought and of appearance—by a grand generalization Swedenborg reaches the doctrine which distinguishes his philosophy from every other. His constant rule, as stated by Emerson, is that "Nature is always self-similar." Thus: given water circling in an eddy, and you have the revolutions of the planets around the sun—of the universe around its pivotal centre. Given the life of a man, you have the history of the world, for "the history of our race is but the life of a colossal man, reaching from the creation to the last day." But in his most daring speculation he transcends nature. As each spirit lives in a world which is the manifestation of his interior self, so the whole universe is but the outward manifestation of the being God. There is but one reality—God; all other things only seem to be. Neither natural bodies, nor spiritual bodies; neither earth, nor sun, nor stars; neither men, nor angels, nor demons, have any existence save as God imparts to each a portion of himself. All the universe, animate and inanimate, material and spirit-

ual, is but the rainbow of His shining presence overarching universal space. There has been no creation, in the sense of God making man and making matter. As matter and life are simply God's thoughts, they are co-eternal with him, and all the changes through which they pass are but the outward manifestations of His will. We need not seek through nature for a first cause—cause and effect are one.

This is not a theory of moral government, but of creation; for Swedenborg avoids the conclusion of Pantheism by teaching "that God imparts himself so unreservedly to man" that man will always seem to be and always believe himself to be real. The purest angel, though forever approaching the Divine Light, and brightening in its approach, will never be reabsorbed in the Infinite Being: and the most fallen spirit, though forever falling in darkness, will never lose all the Divine Spark originally imparted to it. Of all beings who ever wore form of clay, only Christ knew that he was of the very substance of God. With Him alone the dividing line in self-consciousness was removed, and He knew that He and the Father were one.

Swedenborg's theory of spiritual bodies is almost restated in scientific terms in a recent lecture by Professor Huxley, in which he shows that life is only finely organized matter, of the same constituents and proportions in every form, from the stinging nettle up to man. Then, having reached the brink of materialism, this eminent naturalist corroborates the grand speculation of the religious mystic by admitting that he uses "a material terminology," for convenience, but that matter and mind are both names for unknown quantities, and that the existence of neither can be demonstrated.

It is true this idea of Swedenborg's, that we are but shadows, cannot be carried into daylight and common life. We know that we are real, and surrounded by real-

ities. Let us see, however, if the doctrine, so false to reason and to sense, may not be true to the imagination —the inner sight.

In the days when the stoics taught that suicide might become an act of the highest heroism and virtue, one of the disciples of that philosophy seemed partly to regret and partly to exult in the thought that this was one prerogative that God did not enjoy with man. The Divine Being could not destroy Himself.

Imagine for one moment that this limit to Omnipotence could be removed. Suppose the Life of the universe could be extinguished—that the all-sustaining Power could be destroyed—that God could die! What then? Would day succeed to night, the seasons come and go, and man's life go on in successive generations? Would disembodied souls continue to exist as incorporeal entities? Would the stars rush together in the mad vortex of ruin, and the world be piled on world in the final conflagration of matter? No! Instant annihilation would ensue. In the twinkling of an eye creation would vanish like a dream. The empty black void of nothingness would swallow the universe in rayless and eternal night!

We are but shadows; shadows all that we pursue. There must be substance somewhere. That substance, the Divine Reality, science and sense can never find. Science in investigating physical laws uses a "material terminology," on the assumption that mind and matter are what they seem. At last, however, reason and sense pause at the ultimate question: "Whence is all this—why, and whither?" Then Swedenborg takes up the system, transmutes it with a touch—dissolves opaque bodies in the Divine Light—saying: "To this point sense and reason are right, but as an ultimate truth there is no mind, there is no matter—only God is, or was, or will be!"

LECTURE ON MORALS AND POLITICS.

Dean Swift in his history of Ireland devotes one chapter to snakes. It consists of the single sentence "There are no snakes in Ireland."

I doubt not there are those who believe that a lecture upon the subject of "Morals and Politics" might be condensed into a sentence equally brief and equally true—"There is no connection between morals and politics."

It is by no means certain that this sentiment is not a stronger satire upon the morals than upon the politics of the age. If it be true, so much the worse for the morals.

In a monarchy the morals of the Court may be better or worse than those of the people. Under Trajan and the Antonines they were doubtless better, under Charles the Second, Louis the Fifteenth, and the dethroned Isabella of Spain probably worse; but in a popular government if the moral sentiment of the community has not vigor enough to control public affairs its influence will soon cease to be felt upon private character. That indefinite something we call the public is but the aggregation of units, and public corruption is the sure indication of general individual weakness or dishonesty.

Speculative opinions are well enough: we do not lack culture, what we want is moral force, illustrated in character, embodied in action, felt in results. That highly respectable morality whose chief pleasure is self-admiration and that supposes because it is virtuous there "will be no more cakes and ale"; that fireside, sentimental morality, too precious for public use, kept strictly for home consumption, that takes its ease in slippers and morning-gown, indulges in the luxury of fault-finding but shrinks from the labor of preventing or correcting faults; that civited, perfumed, "*odi profanum vulgum*" morality that fears to mingle with the multitude lest it should touch pitch and be defiled; that timid morality that

"wishes it were bed-time and all were well," may have grace enough to save itself but not enough to save anything else, and in saving self saves that which is scarcely worth salvation.

There are men "and we have heard them praised and that highly" who wear good clothes, pay their debts, their taxes and their pew-rents, subscribe to charities, eat with their forks, and do all things the usages of polite society and the etiquette of a good conscience require decently and in order, and who fancy they are public-spirited good citizens, who would suffer a note to be protested rather than go to a primary election: or wear a last year's coat, enter a pest-house, join the Mormons and take seven wives or do any ridiculous or absurd thing, as soon as they would attend a political convention. They know that not more than half their fellow-citizens are absolutely perfect and without flaw. If they have to employ a lawyer, a doctor, a mechanic, a clerk, a porter, or a girl in the kitchen they give the matter personal attention and are not always able to suit themselves; but in politics they act as though they supposed there was an elective affinity between offices and good men, and that whenever an office is to be filled the right man will be drawn to the position by the mysterious magnetism that "place" has for integrity and capacity.

Their conversation, however, is very inconsistent with this supposition. In their vocabulary the word politician expresses everything that is bad. It is the most libellous in the language. A politician is—Well, a bummer, who lives on the precarious charity of free lunches when out of office, and grows rich on public plunder when in.

It is a pity for these men that some kind of machinery of government could not be devised that would run itself. Their virtue is not of a kind that saves states, redresses or prevents wrongs.

There are others, not many in time of presidential

election, still there are some, who are still higher-toned. They tell you with an air of infinite condescension they never vote, have not indulged in that youthful indiscretion since the days of Jackson, or since the old Whig party died. They have no political opinions, such are in bad taste—in fact, vulgar. They have nothing to do with parties, which are beneath their dignity—too corrupt for their saintly perfection. Torch-light processions are sinful in their eyes, newspapers incarnate slang, public discussions bores, the Fourth of July an abomination, the election a farce, and popular government a humbug.

I like a high-toned man. Dignity, deportment, are grand things—useful too in their way—they serve to make one who comes in contact with them feel so insignificant, so infinitesimal—as though he ought to apologize for being alive—and humility is a good thing. But I submit that this character is pitched just one octave too high for practical good. He ought to be exalted to some serene height of pure emptiness where he could indulge the endless vanity of self-contemplation undisturbed, where even the flatteries of sycophants should fall upon his ear softened to a lullaby and peacefully blend with his dreams of his own infinite perfection.

It may be assumed that the majesty of this man, valuable as it might be at a full-dress dinner party, or evening service, would not so overawe a New York or California lobby that they would forget or forego their schemes. As a citizen, a member of the commonwealth, he is worth less than the humblest elector who expresses an honest conviction by his vote—infinitely less, he scarce deserves the name of manhood when compared to the poorest, most illiterate soldier who was ever ready to shed his blood for the sublime ideal of country. Are we only to catch glimpses of that ideal in the flashes of the battle-storm? Is the roar of cannon necessary to awaken our patriotism? Do we require "the volcanic energies of

revolution to send capacity to the front?" Shall open foes be met with lives, countered with hearts, and insidious dangers baser and not less fatal steal in through supineness and neglect? Is the government which has cost so many lives worth no more than to be given over to the control of whiskey-rings, and railroad-rings, and gold-rings—bank-rings, land-rings, Indian-rings, and rings within rings, until political economy becomes merely a study of concentrics, the science of government a kind of spherical trigonometry?

Let us recognize the truth: these things will not be if there is *active* virtue in the people to prevent. Public corruption is—not the evidence *of* it *is*—private decay. It is not the hands or dial that are wrong, the main-spring is relaxed. Mere criticism, cynical barking, and fault-finding that stop at that are worth nothing. Opinions held as abstractions, kept for show are worth nothing. An opinion like a bayonet is useless without a man behind it—like a man it must be vitalized by a heart-throb every instant. Public opinion—what is that but the bold utterance of the few who think what they say, dare to say what they think, and seek what they want, and the silent acquiescence of the many who are too indolent for thought or too timid for action.

Active principles govern everywhere and money is always active—sleepless—ever seeking its own, and more too. It knows by a kind of instinct where and how to seek. It is a continual pressure that always finds the weak place. If patriotism and integrity will not control the government, money will, in its own interest. Gold will be king, ignorance its dupe, and vice its ministers.

We are too apt to think that the government at Washington is charged with and responsible for the destiny of the nation: forgetting the while it is the people who shape the government, not the government the people. The general government is but a small part of the popular

scheme. Local, Municipal, County, State, ordinances, laws, and administrations touch us more nearly than presidential policies and Acts of Congress. They are not more important in the large sense as to the nation's influence on universal humanity, but they more intimately concern our daily life and business. Extravagant State or Municipal legislation is felt in the taxes of next year; neglect of sanitary regulations, in the presence of the pestilence; a well- or ill-organized police, in immediate personal security; while an ignorant or corrupt Judge may relax the restraints and impair the respect of law. It is all one system from president to constable, from school-board to Congress, the sovereign will of the people working through different parts of the same machinery, and a failure in any particular is an imperfection in the whole.

In point of fact local self-government preceded, nurtured, and accomplished natural independence and established the general government. Our Yankee forefathers—as Emerson puts it—discovered that the pomp and shows of royalty, with horse-guards and foot-guards, masters of the rolls, masters of the hounds, masters of the bed-chamber, masters of the gold-stick were unnecessary. Selectmen and town-meetings would answer the same purpose and were cheaper. We have gotten rid of a good many shams—the wigs and gowns that never made Mansfields and Marshalls of berigged and begowned nobodies—of the spangles, ceremonies, and stage-effects of royalty and court-life, dear to royal fools and court-flies, which could not make an Alfred or William of Orange little, nor the Jameses or Georges great, let us now rid ourselves of the idea that government can do anything for us we will not do for ourselves. Buckle says that the most beneficent acts of legislative bodies have always been, not the passage of new laws positively good, but the repeal of old ones positively bad. Government is only one of the agencies of progress, and in this age not the

greatest. When Professor Morse applied to Congress for aid to perfect his invention he was made the butt of congressional wit and raillery: it was proposed to include in the appropriation asked a sum to build a telegraph to the moon—but how many Acts of Congress would it take to equal in results the invention of the magnetic telegraph? Stephenson was for months with his railway plans before Committees of Parliament—bothered, pestered, and delayed by wise and dignified members who thought that in an encounter between a cow and a locomotive the locomotive would get the worst of it—threatened with the mad-house for predicting that railroad trains would attain a speed of twelve miles an hour—but Stephenson's railway has been of more value to mankind than all the acts of the British Parliament for two hundred years.

It is the theory of the British constitution that Parliament can do anything. One of the old law-writers doubted whether it could make a man or woman, and fixes that as the limitation of its power. A good many people seem to entertain a similar idea of the omnipotence of legislation in this country. They hold the government responsible for the morals of the community, and an administration for the result of a bad season or a short crop; they think a national debt can be wiped out by some kind of legal legerdemain without the trouble of payment or disgrace of repudiation? and are almost prepared to believe that the millennium could be inaugurated by legislative enactment, if we could only find a legislator wise enough to bring forward the proper measure. When we do find the man and the measure both will be unnecessary, the millennium will already be here.

Our nation is cast for a great part in the drama of history, but whether it shall be played well or ill the result only will determine. We cannot avoid the responsibility of our position or the verdict of history. We are already one of "the great powers," and, we claim, are

destined to be the greatest. We seem to swell in individual importance when we speak of the four million square miles of our territory. It ministers to our personal vanity when we recall the rapidity of our growth and reflect that the Continental republic has oceans for boundaries, island seas for lakes, and that Niagara is singing the hymn of its destiny. We lift up our voices and prophesy. We estimate the growth of our population and wealth for a hundred years, discount the result, throw it into the sum of our present glory, and go off in a general blaze of patriotism and pyrotechnics.

But it is not material wealth that makes a nation great, but wealth of soul—not number of men, but quality of manhood. China has a population of three or four hundred million—so large that a mistake of a hundred million is of no consequence—but China has less influence on the living thought of the world, outside the Empire, than the London *Times* or New York *Tribune*.

In the first administration the United States had but four million people, yet I suppose it is no disparagement to our present executive to say that Andrew Johnson is not a greater or wiser man than George Washington. We would be glad to borrow from that age an Alexander Hamilton for Secretary of the Treasury, a Thomas Jefferson for Secretary of State, and possibly might be willing to exchange the diplomacy of Reverdy Johnson for that of Benjamin Franklin.

It is not more men so much as more manhood that we want. The three hundred who stood with Leonidas at Thermopylæ were worth three hundred thousand of the Persian Host—worth more in history than three million times three hundred thousand. Who cares to know whether Athens were a little larger or smaller than San Francisco, or tries to ascertain the assessed value of her property when he recalls the roll of her great men? Attica did not have a territory as large as Sacramento County,

yet she made the eloquence, literature, arts, and achievements of Greece the glory of all time—has made the ages forget her narrow boundaries in geography in contemplating the vast space she fills in history.

Mere increase in wealth and population is not a positive good. Ignorance and corruption may increase in even greater ratio. Carlyle in his cynical way said of his countrymen: "Great Britain has a population of thirty million—mostly fools." A New Hampshire farmer said that the greatest difference he saw between stages and railroads was, that more mean men rode by rail than used to by stage. As our great Western train sweeps forward on the track of destiny we must see to it that the passengers improve as well as increase.

We rely greatly, perhaps too much, on our system of schools and general education to leaven the coming generations with intelligence and virtue. We are justly proud of our schools. But everyone must have noticed a tendency more or less active in American training to educate the pupil into a genteel uselessness, an incapacity and contempt for productive labor, a morbid desire to be suddenly rich or great without effort, and a vague expectation of some time being made president of the United States—so as almost to give color to the sardonic satire of a modern Diogenes, that when a boy was well educated the best thing to be done with him was to drown him and save his board.

The conditions of life are rapidly changing throughout the civilized world, and more rapidly here than elsewhere. American life has given to history two new characters—the desperado of the frontier, and the city rough of the blood-tub, plug-ugly class. The bowie-knife and the art of ballot-box stuffing are both American inventions—unpatented. The desperado never was dangerous to society, for his outlawry was acknowledged and his war declared. He will soon disappear from our history, for

our frontiers now advancing from the East and West are about to meet and vanish in mid-continent. While the continent is rapidly filling up, towns and cities increase in population in even greater ratio than the country. Commerce, manufactures, and the arts are constantly drawing manual labor from agriculture. Many of us can remember when farming was simply hard work by hand. The farmer's tools were the sickle, the scythe, the flail, the shovel-plow, and the like—his guide and *vade mecum* the Dutch almanac filled with wise weather predictions and equally wise maxims that enjoined the sowing of seeds in the new moon, the planting of trees and roots in the old. Now, agricultural implements have made farming an art, almost a fine art, and much of the labor that would otherwise be required on the farm is transferred to the shop. Steam plows will make farms larger—and cities more populous. Improved methods of transportation and travel have made every part of the world a buyer and seller with every other part, and commerce is vastly increased. The tendency of population is now strongly towards commercial and manufacturing centres. The influences referred to only strengthen a natural tendency. Men are gregarious from instinct: love a crowd for its own sake. Like seeks like, and there is no character so eccentric, no taste so odd, no opinion so peculiar it cannot find its fellow in a large city.

Cities, too, make their own attractions. They get the earliest and latest strawberries, the choicest steaks—get the news damp from the press—have the best markets, the best schools and churches, the most varied amusements, the most tempting dissipations; open the greatest avenues to fortune; give talent the largest rewards, fraud the best opportunities, vice and crime their favorite haunts, securest retreats, and most congenial associates. Once monarchs built cities for political capitals; now

commerce, capital, labor, wealth, religion, folly, pleasure, vice, and crime build them ; erect their houses and tabernacles side by side and elbow each other in the street, with polite unconsciousness of anything beneath the exterior.

The city was the birthplace of civilization; it is now the bane and danger. It was the nurture of free institutions; it is now the hardest strain and severest trial upon democratic theory of government—the place where it will first fail if fail it must.

From the slums of cities there comes up a fungus-growth of civilization, a five-point, Barbary-coast, Chinese-beating, prize-fighting population that looks upon society, the law, and its ministers, as natural enemies. In cities over-refinement ends in luxury and effeminacy. In cities ingenuity contrives artificial vices to stimulate the appetite destroyed by dissipation. In cities concentrated capital becomes kingly power, making war for monopolies, seeking new fields of wealth as a conqueror invades kingdoms regardless of the rights of men, and esteeming government as a name to impose on the patriotism of the simple, while it is made subservient to and a part of schemes of private advantage.

If we regard the city as the world in little, and can see in it the forces of human nature in full play, we may almost be surprised not that governments, and politics if you please, are not better, but that they are not worse: for government, political life in all its forms, is the exponent of the active agencies of the community, not the reflection of passive opinions. It represents action far more than it fears criticism. One positive has more power than all negatives. An ounce of selfishness boldly thrown into the scale of public affairs weighs more than a ton of good intentions severely kept at home.

For these growing evils there is but one remedy—not moral sentiments, but moral force. We want a public

opinion "not a pipe for fortune's finger to sound what stops she pleases on," but a weapon, an armory of weapons offensive and defensive, an enlightened public opinion which it shall be more dangerous to offend than it is to offend prejudice or interest, clique or ring—a public opinion not proscriptive, but tolerant of individual convictions and personal rights. And above all we want personal manliness that will champion its own convictions to the uttermost; that would rather be right with the weak party than wrong with the strong; that does not fear unpopularity in the cause of truth; that realizes that all reforms are brought forward by minorities—realizes that expediency is for honor, policy for a day, laws change, governments are modified—ideas are indestructible.

For our future, these things are fixed: We have got to live together as one people, speaking one language, a great population inhabiting one territory, under one government republican in form, democratic in theory. This outline is fixed as fate. The filling up, all that will make our history a glory or shame, depends not upon president or cabinet, Congress, politicians, governors, or statesmen, but upon the American people.

There is in every people a capacity, a latent moral power and heroism, sufficient if active to create a nation that would pale all the glories of the past and make our wildest dreams of destiny tame. We see this spirit flashing out upon occasions, sometimes humble occasions, transfusing humanity with celestial light. On the fourth of last July at the Oakland landing, Italians perilled their lives to save men, women, and children from drowning. On the fifth we would have passed Carlo Sonoquini without a thought—there were none so poor to do him reverence: on the sixth we stood uncovered while the hearse bearing his poor body—bearing the dust of royalty—went by.

An English transport foundered at sea. When all hope was gone the Colonel mustered his men under arms. Calmly as on parade they fell into line, obeyed every word of command, and went down with a "present arms!" greeting death with the honors due to the great Conqueror. When the ill-fated *Central America* was lost the men who voluntarily stood upon her decks awaiting their doom, the strong yielding to the weak, while the women and children went off in the boats, were made heroes by that hour.

When our country confronted danger and dissolution the American people became the hero of the War—peerless in history!

If the popular heart would always beat with its noblest pulsations; if we, "the people," would always look aloft where the stars are shining, not beneath where the earth-worms crawl; if the ideal of country should ensphere us all in the very atmosphere of unselfish patriotism until we should realize "he is a freeman whom the truth makes free, and all are slaves besides," our nation would move through the century with the momentum of forty millions in one—through the future with the resistless power of destiny. The spirit of liberty would go forth from us in majesty and might—ride upon the winds and move upon the waters until all nations would join in the jubilee of freedom.

LECTURE ON CHARLES JAMES FOX.

In the preparation of this lecture I have considered Charles James Fox as the central figure of his contemporaries. In the narrative portions I may sometimes have inadvertently fallen into the language of others, but never intentionally except where a literal quotation was necessary to historical accuracy.

The reign of George the Third is famous in general

history as the era of the American and French revolutions and the Napoleonic wars which grew out of the latter. It is distinguished in English annals as a period of Parliamentary oratory. It was made illustrious by Chatham, Burke, Mansfield, Fox, Sheridan, Pitt, Erskine, and adorned by others who would have been esteemed great if there had not been giants in those days.

It would be difficult now to find, either in the American Congress or English Parliament, a man who is distinctively great as an orator. There are accomplished debators, brilliant speakers, able party leaders—but where is the orator?—the man whose very presence is magnetic, whose soul is so refulgent with his theme that it glows in his eyes, beams in his face, transfigures his person, blends voice, action, manner, language, thought into a supreme harmony, fuses reason, passion, imagination into one power—that ethereal fire which makes speech electric?

A friend once told me that to hear Henry Clay in the excitement of debate was like listening to an inspired voice of orchestral power, from a presence of fire; that there was a whole oration in his "Mr. President," and that he would have walked miles to hear him pronounce the word "Louisiana."

In the British Parliament discussions now are for the most part conducted in the colloquial tone. Gladstone is often vehement, John Bright has, or rather had, the pomp of declamation, but the speakers in Parliament seldom rise above the tone and manner of animated conversation. The sharply cut epigrams and stinging retorts of Disraeli, as they fell from his lips, would scarcely be intelligible to an American hearer unaccustomed to his voice and pronunciation. The canons of good taste have become severe and repressive. The exhibition of feeling has gone out of fashion. Anything like the theatrical display is fatal. No one now would dare in the House of Commons, like Brougham, to drop one

knee at the close of a speech, and supplicate the House not to reject a Bill; or, like Burke, to throw a dagger upon the floor in the midst of a speech to emphasize a sentence, or like Chatham "make his crutch a weapon of oratory."

There are good reasons doubtless for this change of taste, and decline of Parliamentary oratory. One is that the immensely increased pressure of public business demands from public men a constant and laborious attention to details, and makes despatch more valuable than speech—the committee-man more useful than the orator. For example: about 5000 Bills were introduced at the last session of Congress. Another reason is that public opinion was formed by the debates of Parliament and Congress: now, legislative action is governed by public opinion, and the journalist has acquired the influence and importance which the orator has lost.

The political orator has no place in the early history of England, so long as great public questions were decided in the field rather than in the forum, by the collision of arms rather than of debate. Freedom of speech is essential to greatness of speech. There could be little true oratory in Parliament beneath the overshadowing power of the Throne—when the displeasure of the King was equivalent to a bill of attainder, when the very summary method was in vogue of moving that previous question which shuts off all debate by sending the leaders of the opposition to the Tower, and when a troublesome man's mouth could be effectually stopped by cutting off his head.

In the revolution which brought Charles the First to the block and Cromwell to power, there was eloquence, but scarcely oratory. Hampden, Pym, Eliot, Digby, and the Parliamentary leaders spoke as though their words were weighed, minted, and stamped with exact value to be current for all time. Occasionally a great sentence

would break its way through all restraints and sweep the field of debate like the discharge of a park of artillery, but usually they seemed to apply the methods of mathematical reasoning to questions of morals and politics—of life and death. Strafford in his own defence was eloquent, but he spoke with the freedom of despair and as a man standing in the shadow of death.

Confessedly the Englishman who first, and in the highest degree, united the natural elements of a Parliamentary orator, was the elder Pitt, afterwards Lord Chatham, who entered the House of Commons in the reign of George the Second, but whose public service reached far into the reign of George the Third. He was not so profoundly versed as many of his contemporaries in the principles of government, technically not so good a debater, but he was born to command. Dignified in person, impassioned but easy and graceful in manner; with a face and eye of wonderful power of expression, a voice which had at times the softness of the flute, the swell of the organ, and the dissonance of the trumpet; master of satire, of ridicule, and invective; at once fluent and accurate, daring and imperious; not logical in his methods he could convince the reason through the feelings and incite the feelings through the reason, flash conviction by a sentence, kindle enthusiasm by a tone, overawe with a look, and silence by a wave of the hand.

Much of the oratorical effect he produced was due to his character and position. He spoke with authority. He was the voice of England. Some of the anecdotes told of the triumphs of his manner, in the absence of the living presence of the man himself seem incredible and even absurd. It is related that upon one occasion he began a speech upon some question of commercial intercourse with the words "Sugar, Mr. Speaker." There was something ludicrous in the tone, words, and his momentary pause, and an audible titter ran around the

benches. The orator was amazed. He laughed at! The Jupiter Tonans of the House ridiculed! Towering to his full height, his eyes blazing with wrath, he swept the circuit of the benches with his extended arm and long forefinger, and pronounced the word *Sugar* three times "in a loud voice, rising in its notes and swelling into tones of vehement anger, until the hall rang and reverberated with the sound." The members were awe-struck as though they had heard the trump of doom. After a scornful pause he exclaimed, "Which of you dare laugh at Sugar now!" and went on with his speech. It is possible that a clever actor witnessing this scene might have learned to imitate and reproduce the tone and manner of Pitt, but the effect would have been no more alike than the burning rosin and sheet-iron thunder of the stage are like "Jove's oak-cleaving thunderbolt." For Pitt was privileged to dare everything. Macaulay says: "He was the greatest man in England and had made England the greatest country in the world. His name was spoken with awe in every palace from Lisbon to Petersburg, and his trophies were in every quarter of the globe."

After George the Third came to the throne, the Parliamentary rival and leading political opponent of the elder Pitt was Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland, and the father of Charles James Fox, the life-long rival and political opponent of Pitt's son. Without claim to eloquence, he was regarded as even a more powerful debater than Pitt. Pitt called him "a boisterous and impetuous torrent." He had in an eminent degree Danton's three requisites, alike essential to success in revolution and debate—"audacity—audacity—audacity." Unscrupulous in the use of means, Macaulay says he was the most unpopular statesman of his time, not because he sinned more than many of them, but because he canted less. From his office of paymaster of the forces, the most lu-

crative in the Government, he amassed an immense fortune, and was rewarded with the peerage for his services in buying up a majority in the House of Commons in support of Bute and opposition to Pitt. No such shameless corruption has been known in English politics—or any other. It made the practice of Walpole respectable. Without attempt at concealment, members were paid for their votes from the secret-service fund, the prices varying with the exigencies of the Government, almost as openly as stocks are sold on California streets. Appointments to office were made, not on account of fitness but of political influence. All over the country, men who had grown gray in the civil service and knew no other pursuits, often men who had been disabled in their country's battles, were pitilessly removed and reduced to want, to make room for the favorites and dependants of members of Parliament. (This was in England more than one hundred years ago!)

The eldest son of Lord Holland, on account of a physical infirmity, was incapacitated for a successful public career, and the hopes of the father were fixed upon the third, Charles James Fox, as the successor of his political power and leadership. Charles was descended by his mother from the beautiful French adventuress, the Duchess of Richmond, who was sent to the English coast by Louis the Fourteenth to fascinate the "Merrie Monarch" and control his policy in the French interest, and who suceeded in both. He was born in 1746, nineteen years after Burke, two years before Sheridan, and ten years before the younger Pitt. He was trained for public life from his birth. His childhood was remarkably precocious, and he was constantly brought in contact with the leading public men of that day. The paternal discipline of his father can scarcely be commended to general imitation. It was his rule not to thwart his son's wishes in anything, for fear of breaking

his spirit. When not more than four years old Charles one day exclaimed that he wanted to break a gold watch which his father was winding up in his presence. His father remonstrated that it would be very foolish. "I must break it, I must!" was the reply. "Then break it, my son," said the father, handing it to him, and it was dashed on the floor, breaking to his heart's content. Upon another occasion, Charles had been promised that he should see a stone-wall blown up which it had become necessary to remove in repairing the grounds of the estate. By some mistake of the workmen the mine was exploded in his child's absence. The father was duly taken to task at his next meeting with his son.

"Father, you promised I should see that wall blown up."

"Yes, my child, and I am very sorry my orders were not obeyed."

"Father you promised I should see it."

"I did, and you shall see it"—and he had the wall rebuilt and again blown up in the child's presence.

In after-life Fox used to relate that when he was about five years old he overheard his mother say to his father—"I do not know what will become of Charles, he is so passionate." His father replied: "He is a sensible little fellow, and will learn to control his passions."

The incident made an impression upon him which he never forgot: and after all the vices, follies, and dissipations of his youth and earlier manhood, he was described by Burke, who never had a vice, a folly, or a dissipation, "as a man made to be loved"; and amid the acerbities, contentions, and animosities of public life, then seven times heated, in his personal and social relations his temper was sweet as summer, his disposition open as the day. To the day of his death his friends usually spoke of him as "Charles"—but who ever spoke of Burke as Edmund, of Pitt as William, or even of Sheridan as Richard?

At school and the university he was alike distinguished for his application to study and for his habits of dissipation. His Oxford tutor said that Charles Fox was the only pupil he ever had whose application he felt it a duty to discourage. He left the university at eighteen, proficient in the studies of the curriculum of that period—finding "entertainment" in mathematics, delight in Latin and Greek, with a love for literature which amounted to a passion; and a passion for gambling which was the bane of his life. *His father had taught him to gamble before he was fourteen*, as a part of a worldly education.

After leaving the university he spent two years on the Continent, where he learned to speak French and Italian fluently, and where he so bettered the instruction of his father as to lose immense sums at play. He is reported to have said that "next to winning, losing at cards was the greatest pleasure in life." Cheerful winners are proverbial at gaming-tables, but so cheerful a loser is an anomaly. He had need of this philosophy, for he habitually lost. Before his death Lord Holland had paid in the aggregate more than a million of dollars of the value of our money for his son's losses at play. It was well for the father that he struck the *bonanza* in the office of "paymaster of the forces"!

During this tour also Charles was seized with the ambition of being the best-dressed man in Europe. His red heels and Paris cut velvet were displayed in every court on the Continent, and he was very near becoming the most noted coxcomb of his day.

Lord Holland, becoming alarmed at the result of his own instructions, recalled his son from Europe in his twentieth year, and had him returned to Parliament a year before he was eligible, in the hope that his ambition would conquer his absorbing passion for play.

At this time English high life was almost as profligate as in the days of Charles the Second, and young Fox natu-

rally fell in with the wits and beaux of society, and that large class of public men who frequented Brooke's, Almack's, the Goosetree, and other fashionable gambling clubs. Horace Walpole in his graceful style describes an evening at Almack's—the players—the fashionable men of the town, sat around gaming-tables, their coats turned wrongside out "for luck," or wearing great frieze coats, the ruffles of their shirt wrist-bands turned back and covered with leather cases like those worn by footmen in scouring knives; with steeple-crowned straw hats sometimes fantastically garlanded with flowers, the brim drawn down over the face to conceal its expression; the stakes rouleaux of gold sometimes amounting to $50,000 on a single game.

These men would bet upon anything and everything. Upon one occasion a man fell in a fit in the street before the door of the Club. Bets were immediately laid as to whether he would die or recover. He was brought in, and the men who had bet on his death objected to calling a surgeon, as it would interfere with the fairness of the wager. "A writer in *Blackwood* relates that Lord Barrymore, commonly called 'Cripplegate, backed himself to eat a live cat, and challenged the Duke of York (the King's son) to try which of the two could wade farthest into the sea, and won by a few yards."

In 1772 "Gibbon, the historian, describes Fox as preparing for a solemn discussion in the House (on the marriage bill) by spending twenty-two hours at hazard, his devotions costing him about £500 an hour, in all £11,000" ($55,000). One morning, after a night when Fox's losses had been ruinous, one of his friends went to his rooms expecting to find him in the depths of despondency, and fearing he would be tempted to suicide. He found him lying on a lounge, reading Herodotus in Greek. To an expression of surprise, he replied: "Why, what would you have me do? I have not a shilling in the world." He is reported to have said upon another

occasion "that a man could not afford to lose both his money and his temper."

After he had squandered the gifts of his father, and the patrimony he received from the estate of his mother, when he was about forty years old, his friends by a subscription settled a life annuity upon him, sufficient for the reasonable wants of a man in his position. Someone, thinking of the delicacy which would be required, wondered "how Fox would take it." "Take it," replied the witty George Selwyn, "why, quarterly, to be sure!" After this settlement he renounced play, and it can be said of him as it has been of Henry Clay, that he outgrew the follies of his youth, and the longer he lived the better he became.

To the surprise of some of his friends Fox described himself as a painstaking man, and Lord Russell confirms the description by stating that after he became Secretary of State he took lessons of a writing-master and followed copy like a school-boy to improve his penmanship; and that while in office he personally attended to minute details which are usually left to clerks; while his method of despatching official business, and his frank, open, accessible manners were the delight of all with whom he was brought in contact.

His physical constitution must have been one of the best ever given to man, for during all the period of his gambling, with its attendant dissipations, he was assiduous in his attendance at Parliament. He said that he made himself a speaker at the expense of the House; that for eight successive sessions he spoke every evening except one, and only regretted he did not speak on that. Burke, in many respects the most eloquent man who ever spoke English, said: "Fox made himself by slow degrees the most brilliant and accomplished debater the world has ever known." Sir James McIntosh, a calm and philosophic observer, said: "Fox certainly possessed above all moderns that union of reason, simplicity, and vehemence

which formed the prince of orators. He was the most Demosthenean speaker since Demosthenes."

When Fox was but twenty-four, in 1773, "on the ninth of April Horace Walpole heard him speak in the House of Commons, and heard him with admiration. 'Fox's abilities,' he writes to Horace Mann, 'are amazing at so very early an age, especially under the circumstances of such a dissolute life. He had just arrived from Newmarket, had sat up drinking all night, and had not been in bed. How such talents laugh at Tully's rules for an orator! Cicero's labored orations are puerile compared to this boy's manly reason."

From a fop, he became almost a sloven. He could often be seen going from his rooms to the Club, slipshod, in a faded morning-gown, shirt unbuttoned, exposing a broad chest which suggested the hide of a black bear. In the House of Commons, after the American War at least, he wore the colors of Washington and the Continentals, buff vest and blue frock coat—but well-worn and soiled. His appearance at the trial of Warren Hastings, in full dress, was so unusual as to occasion remark. He once however visited Paris attired as became his position, during the reign of Napoleon, and he was followed by the street crowds on acccount of his kingly appearance, as, long after, Daniel Webster was followed in England.

The only preparation he made for a speech was to master the subject, by going to its very heart and marrow, making it his for all time: language, illustration, and arrangement he left for the excitement of the occasion. Sitting in the House of Commons, slovenly dressed, square and heavily built, broad shouldered, inclined to corpulence, under medium height, brown complexion, large black eyes with shaggy overhanging eyebrows, uncombed black hair falling in matted locks over his forehead, he might have been taken for a Yorkshire farmer.

But on his feet, in the excitement of debate, his eyes flashing, face illumined, voice sometimes rising to a scream, every muscle of his body quivering with intense mental activity, he was the incarnation of living intellectual power.

A distinguished German who heard him in one of his great contests with Pitt described him in *Blackwood* as: "Rising towards the end of a long debate, and bursting into a speech as unmethodical as it was impetuous, he yet recalled without a single omission every topic of importance which had been touched on through the night. When he sat down it seemed as if he had been like the Pythoness, filled and agitated with a divine fury. His whole body was dissolved in floods of perspiration, and his fingers continued for some minutes to vibrate as if he were recovering from a convulsion."

Fox's early political training was as unfortunate as his moral. His father, from being a personal friend of Walpole, and an earnest Whig under George the Second, became under George the Third the highest of high Tories, and an ardent advocate of the extreme prerogatives of the Crown.

Only the briefest reference can be made within the limits of a lecture to the political questions of the long reign of George the Third. They were among the most momentous of English history, but underlying them all was the constant struggle between the prerogatives of the Crown and the rights of a free Parliament.

Upon the death of Queen Anne in 1714, the Elector of Hanover had been called to the throne as George the First. He was then fifty-four years old, spoke English very imperfectly, was gross in his tastes, offensive in his manners, had imprisoned his wife, had quarrelled with his son, after the custom of the House of Brunswick, disliked the English people, and was disliked by them.

He would sometimes get into a pet with his ministers,

and threaten to go back to Hanover for good and leave England without a king. He died after a reign of thirteen years, while making a journey to Hanover, at Osnaburgh.

Thackeray relates that when his great minister, Walpole, went to break the intelligence of the King's death to his son and heir (then forty-four years old) he found him taking an afternoon nap. Dropping on one knee beside him, he aroused him, told him his royal father was dead, and greeted him as George the Second by the Grace of God, King of Great Britain, Ireland, and France. The new King hated Walpole, and as he rubbed his eyes his first royal utterance was "Dat ish one beeg lie." Almost his first royal act was to commit a felony by destroying his father's will, to cut off the legatees; his excuse being that his father had committed two similar felonies and deprived him of legacies by destroying the wills of his mother and grandmother. He resembled his father in his dislike for the English, his love of Hanover, and if possible excelled him in his hatred to his son Frederick, the heir-apparent—whom he drove from the royal palace.

These two reigns covered a period of forty-six years, during which the personal influence of the King was scarcely felt, and the Crown was practically "held in commission by the great Whig families." During most of this time the Government was administered by the two greatest Ministers, if we except Cromwell, who was his own Minister, England has ever known—Robert Walpole and William Pitt, who were respectively made peers as Lord Oxford and the Earl of Chatham. The constitutional government through a Ministry thus became silently but firmly established, and the power of Parliament increased as that of the King declined.

Frederick died before his father, and George the Second, was succeeded by his grandson George the Third, who came to the throne in 1770, at the age of twenty-two. Poorly ed-

ucated, he had that cunning which often distinguishes narrow minds, and that obstinacy of purpose which belongs to men who are sincere but bigoted in opinion. His blameless private life, his domestic virtues, and the fact that he was English born, commended him to the affections of the people, and gave him a power for evil which a more unpopular monarch would never have possessed. It was his misfortune to fall under the influence of Lord Bute, who encouraged him in the congenial sentiment that he was born in the purple, a King in his own right, and should govern as well as reign. He endeavored to control Parliament through court influence, and sometimes succeeded in defeating the measures of his Ministers by the votes of an odious body of men known in Parliament as "the King's friends."

Thus was the old question between Charles the First and his Parliament revived after more than a century, modified only by the changed conditions of society. Charles the First desired to govern without a Parliament, George the Third through Parliament.

Fox entered Parliament in the ninth year of the reign of George the Third, and from the influence of his father and early associations he was the supporter and advocate of Kingly prerogative. His first speech in Parliament was in favor of depriving Wilkes of the seat to which he had been fairly elected. Wilkes was a man of brilliant parts, without moral or political principle, or even a decent sense of propriety. He was utterly lacking in sincerity and regarded life simply as a game of hazard. In the latter part of his life when he had grown conservative and become something of a courtier, the King one day inquired after one of his early friends.

"He was no friend of mine," replied Wilkes. "He was a Wilkite—I never was!"

His face was so ugly that it could not be caricatured. The Nasts of that time gave up the attempt in despair.

They could not alter a line of his face without improving his looks. He used to say that in conversation with ladies other men had twenty minutes the start of him. It took him that long to talk off the effect of his face.

This man, so odious in personal appearance and moral character, became a popular idol because he represented two rights dear to Englishmen and their descendants everywhere—the right of free speech and of free votes. He had accused the King of falsehood and had been arrested for libel at the Monarch's personal request. The people elected him to Parliament. The House rejected him. He was re-elected and rejected, and finally forced in against King, Court, Ministry, King's friends and party, by an indignant public opinion which at one time threatened to swell into a revolution.

Fox made his Parliamentary *début* in support of a motion to reject Wilkes and give his seat to Colonel Luttrell, his competitor, who received only three hundred votes. His maiden effort was received with great favor by his father and friends, but Fox lived to regret it.

He continued to act with the Tories, and to advocate the measures of the Ministers and principles of the King for about three years, and there is to be said in excuse for this portion of his political career, that in his detestation of the overweening influence of the aristocracy over the Crown as exhibited in the reigns of George the First and Second, he lost sight of the danger to free government from the controlling influence of the Crown over Parliament.

The King quite naturally distrusted him on account of his dissolute life, and disliked him on account of his intractability. He was too fiery a spirit to work well in harness. He was outspoken when policy required concealment, and too frank in his nature to seek the tortuous paths of expediency. He was often refractory, as an ardent soul must be as it chafes against the restraints of

inherited opinion. Finally he gave unpardonable offence by carrying a measure in the House by his bold and open advocacy against the wishes of his chief. He disclaimed any intention of going over to the opposition, but a few days afterwards was dismissed from the office he held as one of the Commissioners of the Treasury, with this brief note from Lord North, the Prime Minister: "His Majesty has thought proper to order a new Commission of Treasury to be made out in which I do not see your name."

If his Majesty had realized what a servant he was to lose, what an antagonist he was to gain, the note at least might have been less curt. Not many years afterward, Dr. Johnson, who was almost servile in his adulation of the King and his devotion to Kingly prerogative, said—"Fox is an extraordinary man. Here is a man who has divided a Kingdom with Cæsar, so that it was in doubt which the nation should be ruled by, the sceptre of George the Third or the tongue of Mr. Fox."

His dismissal from office was the occasion rather than the cause of the change in his political opinions and conduct. The change must have come sooner or later from the growth and self-assertion of his large nature as he receded from the influence of early association, and experience in public life broadened and deepened his convictions of public duty.

His early and devoted friendship for Burke was one of the great good fortunes of his life. More than any man in modern history, Edmund Burke combined the characteristics of the moralist, the scholar, the philosopher, the statesman, and the orator. Fox, in replying to a compliment upon one of his own speeches as published, said, "If it reads well, it is a poor speech."

Burke was unfortunate in his delivery, but his speeches as printed, splendid in diction, adorned with the imagery of an exuberant fancy, and illustrations drawn from a

learning which "had taken all knowledge for its province," surcharged with the earnestness and enthusiasm of strong conviction, will live as models and marvels of eloquence so long as the language is spoken or read. They are like lenses in receiving the scattered light of the past and concentrating it in a glowing focus upon the future; like prisms in giving to common subjects the beauties of rainbow tints; like mirrors, reflecting the images of all time and all nature. Late in his life Fox said that if he had to renounce all the political knowledge he had learned from books, his own experience, and general intercourse with men, on the one hand, or on the other what he had acquired from his familiar association with Burke, he should hesitate which to choose.

Until he became alarmed and terrified by the excesses of the French Revolution, Burke was extremely liberal in his opinions, an ardent advocate of popular rights and representative government. In 1780 he gave the support of his great name and character to Dunning's resolution "That in the opinion of the House, the power of the Crown has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished."

Fox was dismissed from office in 1772. At this time the American question, whose solution on the battle-fields of the Revolution resulted in the independence of the United States, was looming up and rapidly overshadowing every other interest in English politics. Fox took his stand with Burke and his friends and soon became their acknowledged leader. Lord Russell quotes Gibbon the historian as saying: "From the adverse side of the House an ardent and powerful opposition grew up, supported by the lively declamation of Barré, the legal acuteness of Dunning, the profuse and philosophic fancy of Burke, and the argumentative vehemence of Fox, who in the conduct of a party approved himself equal to the conduct of an Empire."

Russell says also that when Grattan, the great Irish orator, was asked which were the best speeches he had ever heard, he replied without hesitation, "Fox's during the American War."

The war was essentially the King's, whose habit of mind it was to identify all his wishes and opinions with the obligations of his coronation oath. Even Lord North, the Prime Minister, who was personally opposed to the measures which precipitated the war, is said to have been overruled in the Cabinet by a majority of a single vote, and he continued in office only at the importunate pleading of the King.

North has suffered in American estimation because he was necessarily the exposed point in the attacks upon the King's government by the friends of America in Parliament, and he has been held up in our school-books as our fathers' "*bête noire.*"

With a will too weak for leadership in so stormy a period, he was really one of the kindest and most amiable of men, possessing an equanimity of temper and a fund of humor which made him personally loved. He had the misfortune as a speaker to have a tongue too large for his mouth, so that his articulation was thick, and his utterance as though he spoke through wool, but his statements when read were clear and direct. He had another physical infirmity—a disposition to somnolence. He could not keep awake through a long debate, and slept through a great deal of the abuse and invective intended for his ear. He was often awakened to reply to a long speech of which he had only heard the opening, and used to say that he only wanted to hear the first third of a speech to answer it, as the remainder was sure to be repetition and reiteration. Upon one occasion, when a member after a ranting declamation on the condition of the nation, pointed at North and exclaimed—"There sits the noble Lord, asleep amid the ruins of the country he has de-

stroyed," he opened his eyes and replied from his seat, "I wish to heaven I were!" Once when he was on the floor, a furious dog rushed from under the benches, barking violently, to the excitement and alarm of the members. North stood calmly until the dog was put out, and then resumed his speech, saying—"The member from Barksdale having yielded the floor, I will proceed."

His Ministry was long and disastrous. It lost to England the American Colonies, the brightest jewels of her crown. At its beginning England was the arbiter of Europe, at its close she was without an ally or a pronounced friend. He had been attacked in Parliament with terrible severity. He had been threatened with impeachment, and even with the block. On the night of the 20th of March, 1782, he unexpectedly announced to the House that the King had accepted his resignation. The members, expecting an all-night session, had not ordered their carriages until morning. North's was the only carriage in waiting, in the bitter and driving storm of snow and sleet. As he stepped in, he pleasantly bade good night to his opponents who crowded the cloak room, saying, "You see, gentlemen, the advantage of being in the secret!"

He came into office again, in the famous coalition between himself and Fox, and it is one of the strange freaks of the whirligig of time that, at the celebration of Fox's election for Westminster, North appeared in the American Continental colors, blue and buff.

He had no antagonist on the floor more bitter and pitiless than Colonel Barré. In their old age they both lost their sight. At an accidental meeting, while talking about their past contests, North took his old enemy by the hand, saying: "Notwithstanding our former animosities, I am convinced there are not two men in England who would rather see each other than you and I."

About the time Fox entered Parliament his mother

met the second son of Lord Chatham, then only eleven years old, at his mother's house. She was so struck with his manly behavior and ability that she wrote to her husband, "Mark my words, this boy will become a thorn in Charles' side." Ten years after, William Pitt the younger entered Parliament. I condense from Jesse the account of his first speech. The House was filled to hear him, more than five hundred members being in their seats. He was the son of the imperial Minister and peerless orator of England's history, and stood in the shadow of his fame. He was in the presence of many who had felt the spell of his father's matchless eloquence and who would necessarily compare him with the enchanter he was to succeed. Apparently unconscious of his own position and the expectant curiosity of his hearers, this boy of twenty-one arose with the self-possession of a veteran of debate. Without the fire of Chatham, the lambent flame of his genius, he showed a strength, clearness, and accuracy of statement, a fulness of comprehension ; and the sentences which flowed spontaneously from his lips in a rhythm rounded and perfect, were marshalled and directed in a method so logical, and with a purpose so clear and distinct, his success was assured from the first. It was said to be the best first speech ever made in Parliament. When he sat down there was a murmur of applause. "A chip of the old block," said a member to Burke— "No," replied Burke,—"it IS the old block."

Among the first to congratulate him was Charles Fox. "You may well compliment him," said General Grant, an old member, "you are the only man in the House who could make so good a speech, and I hope to live to see you boys battling it out, as your fathers did before you." Fox was disconcerted by the ill-timed remark, but Pitt parried it with ready gracefulness, saying,"I have no doubt, General, you would like to live as long as Methusaleh."

At twenty-two Pitt, with an air which was called im-

perial by his friends, and petulant by his enemies, said he would accept no office which did not give him a seat in the Cabinet. At twenty-three he was Prime Minister, and for nineteen years he wielded a power and enjoyed a popularity such as no other English Minister has known.

The great mistake of the political life of Fox was his coalition with Lord North, by which he became really the head of the Government in 1783. The keen, cold eyes of young Pitt saw at once his advantage, and he was instant to improve it. If Fox had patiently waited for the sceptre of leadership, it would have come soon and been securely his through the triumph of his political principles; he snatched it, and it vanished to air in his hand. The unripe fruit he shook from the tree turned to ashes on his lips.

The immediate cause of his removal from office, however, was as creditable to him as his method of gaining it was inexcusable. As the leader of the administration he introduced a bill for the government of India, and the regulation of that great commercial monopoly and political corporation, the East India Company. It brought on a contest, one of the first between the chartered powers and vested privileges of a corporation upon the one hand, and the natural rights of men and supremacy of law upon the other. The bill incidentally curtailed the patronage of the Crown, and thus excited the jealousy of the King, whose cunning never slept and whose hatred of Fox never abated. The bill passed the House of Commons but was defeated in the House of Lords, unconstitutionally and corruptly, by the personal influence. patronage, and threats of the King. Fox went out of Ministerial office, Pitt came in, and the life-long intellectual duel between these giant political gladiators began.

Their personal habits were so different that George Selwyn, with almost as much truth as wit, compared them to the idle and industrious apprentices of Hogarth's car-

toons. They had two unfortunate resemblances. Both were deep drinkers—Pitt, however, "for his stomach's sake"—and each had a faculty for getting in debt. Pitt's passion was ambition. He did not gamble, and in that licentious time his continence was often a subject of sarcasm and ridicule.

Politically they did not always differ upon particular measures. They were too large minded for that. Pitt was a close student of political economy as taught by Adam Smith, in which Fox admitted he took little interest, and time has demonstrated that Pitt's views on questions of trade and commercial intercourse were larger and more correct than his rival's. Both supported the measures of Wilberforce for the abolishment of the slave trade. They were substantially together upon the question of the government of Ireland, though Fox went much further and declared he would rather see Ireland separated from the Crown than held in subjection by force. Both advocated the removal of the disabilities from Roman Catholics, but Fox carried his advocacy so far as to lose the support of his warm friends, the dissenters, while Pitt was silenced by the King, who told him that if compelled to sign a bill enfranchizing Catholics, it would be a violation of his coronation oath and would drive him mad. But upon the principles of political government, the powers and duties of Crown and Parliament and their reciprocal restraints, and underlying all the rights of the people, they differed widely, as in personal character and methods of thought. Pitt, the son of Chatham the great Whig leader, became the leader of the Tories, and Fox, the son of Holland the tower of strength to the Tories, became the leader of the Whigs. The fundamental nature of their political difference can be best explained by the statement of the fact in which it culminated: In 1798 Pitt had Fox's name stricken from the list of the Privy Council, because the latter had proposed as a toast

at a Club meeting—"Our Sovereign—the People!" and threatened him with a prosecution for uttering treason!

The great oratorical triumvirate of this period was Burke, Fox, and Pitt. In endeavoring to compare these men as orators I have imagined them three generals, each required to capture a fortified city. Burke would encircle and besiege with great armies, armed with every implement of destruction, glittering with heraldry and insignia, banners flying, music playing, glorious in the pomp and circumstance of war. Pitt, from a commanding eminence, would bombard the place with heaviest artillery. Fox would find the weakest spot in the walls, breach them with a battering-ram, and enter at the head of his forces, sword in hand.

The political differences between Fox and Pitt became personal and were embittered by the conduct of Pitt, as unwise as unjust, in endeavoring to exclude Fox from the representation of the great constituency of Westminster, to which he had been fairly elected. It was in this election that a scene memorable in English politics occurred. The poll was kept open forty days. Among others who canvassed the City for Fox was the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire. One day she encountered a burly butcher and solicited his vote. "I don't mind," he replied, with a look at her fair face; "I will vote for Mr. Fox if you 'll give me a kiss." Whereupon the Duchess presented her face, in the open street, and amid the cheers of the crowd the butcher received the most tempting bribe ever offered to an English elector. I wonder how many American voters would have resisted it!

Perhaps it was the embittered personal feeling of these great rivals which once led them to seem to exchange positions—upon the question of the regency.

George the Third's first attack of insanity was in 1765, in the twenty-sixth year of his age and the fifth of his reign. It was mild in form, of short duration, and the

nature of his disorder was concealed from the public. Twenty-five years after, in his fiftieth year, he was attacked with more severity. In the discussions in Parliament, Fox contended that the Prince of Wales, by virtue of his position as heir-apparent, was entitled as of right to be Regent during the King's disability, while Pitt held that the two Houses of Parliament should designate the man by whom the King's office should be administered. The truth was Fox would come into power with the Prince of Wales as Regent, and Pitt go out. Thurlow was at this time Lord Chancellor. He was the ablest and most learned man in the House of Lords, with an appearance so grand and Jove-like that the witty and versatile genius CharlesTownsend said of him, "He must be a hypocrite; no man can be as wise as he looks." He had a grave manner, and a ponderous eloquence in keeping with his august presence. He held the seal of his office from the King, and preferred to hold that bauble (with the salary and position) from the Prince, to giving it up. To be on good terms with both sides he secretly betrayed the plans of Pitt to the Prince, and felt prepared for any emergency. The long-continued illness of the King decided him to declare openly for the Prince, when just in the nick of time he learned privately that the King was improving, and the attending physicians were sanguine of his recovery. Then to the surprise of every one, at the last moment the speech he was to deliver in the House of Lords in favor of the Prince and Mr. Fox was pronounced in favor of the King and Mr. Pitt. He closed in the most solemn manner, with the words—"When I forget my King, may my God forget me!"

"That 's the best thing he can do for you," exclaimed Burke, in that Irish brogue which he never lost.

"Forget you," said Wilkes, with as much wit as profaneness, "He 'll see you d——d first!" and even Pitt ejaculated, "Oh! the miserable scoundrel!"

Thurlow's information was correct. The King recovered so as to resume his office, and his Lordship continued to hold the Great Seal.

The art of political trimming and dodging was known —at least in the good old days of our grandfathers, and practised—outside of a republic.

Meantime the great phenomenon of the eighteenth century, the French Revolution, was coming on, darkening and dwarfing every other consideration by its alarming portents. At length it burst in terror and the world stood aghast.

For twenty years Burke and Fox had stood together, and their friendship had been tried and cemented until it surpassed the love of woman. Each had a window in his soul for the other's eye, without a wish, a thought, or yearning to conceal. That volcanic force which shattered a throne, convulsed an empire, and shook the foundations of every government in Europe sundered these two hearts, whose fibres had intertwined until they beat as one. Burke saw in the Revolution only the destruction of order. Fox hailed it as the dawn of liberty. Burke was shocked by its excesses; Fox filled with the inspiration of its hopes. Burke contemplated with horror the Queen, whom he had seen in her youth, "glittering like the morning star full of life and splendor and joy," beheaded by the guillotine. Fox remembered with no less horror the men who had been gibbeted for presenting an humble petition to the throne for the redress of their wrongs. Burke was indignant at the enormities of popular passion, Fox with the oppressions which had kindled feeling into passion, passion into fury, and made even Justice vindictive. Burke saw a government subverted, a system overthrown, property in ruins, streets running blood, amid the mad orgies of an enraged populace. Fox reflected that it had been a government of oppression, where license ruled the Court, want the

hovel; where the rich ground the poor; where it was safer for a peer to kill a peasant than for a peasant to kill a hare; and where armies could be led to death at the whim of the King's paramour; and he clung to his faith, the sheet-anchor of his political life, that from the ruin and chaos of the passing hour manhood long crushed and suffering would rise in the dignity of natural rights, blessed in the enjoyment of freedom.

Differing so widely on the passing acts of this terrible drama, their separation occurred when the curtain was just rising upon its awful scenes.

Fox had become almost a republican. He was in the habit of sneering at hereditary rank and titles of nobility as relics of barbarism, and the great object of his political life was to restrict the power of the King. He had spoken, outside of Parliament, of the French Constitution as "the most stupendous and glorious edifice of liberty which had been erected on the foundation of human integrity in any time or country." Burke desired to reply to the sentiment in parliamentary debate, and on May 15, 1791, while discussing a bill for the government of Canada, he attacked the French Constitution. He was called to order by one of Fox's friends. Fox satirically interposed that the gentleman had a right to attack the Constitution of any country. Burke was allowed to proceed and in closing his speech said substantially—"that he had often differed with Fox without loss of friendship, but this French Constitution taints everything it touches. It was certainly indiscreet at his time of life to provoke enemies or give his friends occasion to desert him; yet if his steady adherence to the British Constitution placed him in such a dilemma, he would risk all, and, as public duty taught him, with his last breath exclaim, 'Fly from the French Constitution.'"

Fox, who sat near him, said from his seat, "There is no loss of friendship." "Yes, there is," replied Burke, "I

know the cost of my conduct: I have done my duty at the price of my friend. Our friendship is at an end."

Fox rose to reply. For some moments emotion choked his utterance and his words broke into sobs, while the tears streamed down his face. No girlish tears were they —no fresh-water drops—but salt—salt as the brine, bitter as Marah, burning as fire.

The strong cable had broken. Henceforth they sailed apart.

Six years after, Burke died. They were sorrowful years to him. His temper, naturally by no means the best, was irritated and exasperated by the treatment he received in his long parliamentary career, until be became morbidly sensitive. His long philosophical orations, splendid contributions to literature, were heard with impatience, sometimes received with insult. The author of the most eloquent orations ever spoken in English was called "the dinner-bell of the House," because his rising to speak was a signal for the members to disperse. "I hope the gentleman is not going to read all those papers, and make one of his long speeches beside," said a wooden-headed member one day as Burke arose—and Burke fled from the House—"an eagle put to flight by a jack-daw."

He was so filled with gloomy apprehensions that Buckle is of opinion that he became deranged, though many of his productions were resplendent as ever with genius. His son, in whom he had garnered all his hopes, whom he loved with more than a father's love, and in whom he imagined he saw more than his own genius, died, and Burke exclaimed, "Now I am alone. When the enemy is at my gate there is no one to defend me." Years before he had said, "What shadows we are—what shadows we pursue," and with his great soul crowned with sorrow and disappointment, he passed from the shadows of life into the dark valley of the shadow of death.

Nineteen years before Burke's death Chatham came for

the last time into the House of Lords, to protest against the dismemberment of the British Empire by the concession of American independence. He had been insane —sometimes rushing through England, keeping the state of a mad king, sometimes shutting himself up and refusing to see his most intimate friends for months. His mental disorder was occasioned by violent remedies for suppressing the gout, and his reason returned with a fresh attack of the excruciating malady from which he had been a life-long sufferer. He appeared in his seat as one coming from the dead. His face was sallow, expressionless, and shrunken, so that his wig half concealed it. The voice which had charmed and terrified was husky and thick ; the tongue upon which senates had hung enraptured was paralytic. Only his crutch and flannels were unchanged, and his indomitable spirit. In vain he called upon his physical nature to respond to his fiery soul. Once he sat down exhausted. He arose, attempted to proceed, and fell back in his chair, dying.

Nine years after Burke, Pitt, Chatham's great son, died. Deeply in debt after twenty-two years of public service "he died of old age at forty six!" He had borne the burden of Atlas, and attempted the labors of Hercules. Out of the French Revolution, Napoleon, the Man of Destiny had arisen—striding from conquest to conquest, while Pitt with arm of flesh barred the gate against his entrance to universal empire. His three requisites of war were money, money, money, and the national debt had grown into frightful proportions. His theory of taxation was, that taxes were to be estimated not by how much was taken, but by what was left ; and the industry of the country was crushed by taxation. He formed combinations of European powers against Napoleon ; they were scattered by the breath of the conqueror. He subsidized armies ; they were swept from the earth. An occasional victory at sea only served to light up the dark

background of humiliation and defeat. The news of Mack's surrender at Ulm fell like a blow upon his naked heart. Then came Austerlitz, and his heart broke. "You can roll up the map of Europe for twenty years," he exclaimed, and died with the words "My Country, Oh! how I love my Country," on his lips.

The eyes of the nation instinctively turned to Fox. He had been in public service for thirty-five years and was the last of the giants. He had passed through the fire of purification, and the vices and follies of his life were burnt and purged away. A short time before it had been derisively said, that it was questionable whether one or two hackney-coaches would be necessary to carry his political friends. Now even the King was reconciled to his leadership, and the people recognized that his was the only arm strong enough for the helm. He was fifty-six; in the full maturity of his powers. His moral nature had been chastened by disappointment, his intellectual broadened and strengthened by his vast experience. At last his opportunity had come. It came too late. His hour had struck. Six months after the tomb of the great Chatham had been opened to receive his untitled, imperial son, all that remained on earth of Charles James Fox was laid by the side of his rival among England's illustrious dead.

Before this Fox's most brilliant coadjutor had disappeared from public life. Ten years after, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, wit, dramatist, orator, and upon occasions excelling all as each; man of fashion, man of pleasure, yet as a public man without reproach, was dying in want. The manly beauty of his face was blotched; the eyes, whose sparkle had been the light of every circle, bleared and sunken. His rooms had been stripped of books, paintings, and even necessary furniture. A few days before he expired a bailiff threatened to carry him in his blankets to a debtor's prison, and was only prevented by a

threat of a prosecution for murder. It is even said that the costly funeral provided by the friends who had neglected him while living, as if to show how hollow are the pageants with which we mock the dead, was delayed, until a debt of five hundred pounds was paid over the lid of his coffin.

Four years after Sheridan, in 1820, George the Third died in the eighty-second year of his age, and sixtieth of his reign. He was born to an empire great as Cæsar's. Who ever enjoyed more splendid opportunities for good, with a sincerer wish to improve them? The only benefits mankind have received from him, were incident to his greatest political blunder, and to the calamity which clouded his life: his blunder in driving the American Colonies from their allegiance, and forcing them to become free and independent States, and his calamity in losing his reason, which introduced milder and more humane principles into the general treatment of the insane.

Fitted especially for the enjoyment of domestic life, his sons mocked him, quarrelled with him, or were indifferent to him.

Born to the purple, with none to dispute his title to the greatest throne on Earth, who ever had promise of a career so brilliant and so happy? His childhood was miserable. After he was twenty-six, every moment of his life was haunted by the dread of a recurrence of his insanity. It was the skeleton at his feasts, the shadow in his walks, the nightmare of his sleep. The journey of his life lay along the borderland between reason and insanity, where light and darkness contend.

Ten years before his death his daughter died; the faithful Cordelia to his Lear. After that he was only a weak, infirm, poor, crazy old man. He became blind also. He had momentary lucid intervals, glimpses of reason, but so brief as only to make him conscious of the terrible burden laid upon his life.

One day the Queen, through a half-open door was sur-

prised by seeing him suddenly kneel in prayer. His long, thin, gray locks were streaming on his shoulders, his sightless eyes upturned towards heaven. He prayed, almost in the language of Gethsemane, that the cup of his affliction might pass from him, if such were the will of his Divine Master; if not, that he might have strength to suffer to the end. He arose—his reason fled forever. He became deaf, as well as blind. Never again did the light of day or the voice of love reach that poor, crazed soul, which went moaning in the awful loneliness of its dark and silent clay prison, until death closed the scene in the double darkness and silence of the grave!

This is public life! These are the prizes for which men fret their hearts, consume their brains and peril their souls! Dust and ashes. All is vanity.

But through all the vicissitudes of individual life, the stream of human life rolls on its mighty volume in unceasing current; and above the shows of time, above passion and suffering, and joy and sorrow and great ambition; above the blinding mists of folly, the drifting clouds of error, unmoved, forever bright in the infinite heights, the stars are shining. Beyond them———What?

CHAPTER IV.

MAGAZINES—JOURNALS.

WHEN impulse moved or fancy led Mr. Booth in leisure moments to do so, he wrote sketches intended for Journals or Magazines. A few selections from them are given which will serve the double purpose of illustrating his lighter literary style and of interesting the reader. He seldom made correction or emendation of any of his work. Yet he was a quick and keen critic of the value of words. When Governor, he once handed his Secretary a decision to embody in the pardon of a convict. Glancing over the completed pardon he smiled, drew his pen through a sentence, and directed a corrected copy to be made. A sentence reading "He is the only son of a widowed mother" was changed to "He is the only son of a widow."

Of his newspaper editorial work—a volume of which he contributed to various journals during his lifetime—only one specimen is presented: a paper on Horace Greeley. It is interesting reading even at this date.

MY LAST NIGHT IN LONDON.

I was seated on the crowded top of a London 'bus about to start for Kensington, when a woman, neither young, handsome, nor well-dressed, carrying a heavy basket, began to climb the steps with some difficulty.

I reached down and lifted her basket, gave her my place, and squeezed myself on the seat forward. The addition was not particularly welcome to the prior occupants, for there was only "room for one more"; but the old woman with a basket would have been less welcome, and the phlegmatic Bull on my right contented himself with a grunt and a look at his watch, which plainly meant, "Time 's up. St. Paul is a minute slow."

"You are an American, I perceive, sir," said the gentleman on my left.

"Yes; and you have been in America."

"I understand. You think I would have waited for an introduction, if I had not. Very good; consider that we are introduced. You are Smith; I am Brown. No cards. Quite right. I spent several years in your country. Came home on business—settlement of estate, you know. When I get through, I think I shall go back and become an American subject."

"Citizen, you mean."

"Beg your pardon—of course I do; trick of the tongue, you know. Citizen—subject: S-u-b-j-e-c-t, c-i-t-i-z-e-n; what a deal of difference it makes how you spell it! Nothing in a name? Give Tray a bad one, and he won't think so. The world is governed by names. Do you think Palmerston would be Premier if his name were 'Bullyrag'? More wars have been fought over names than from all other causes combined—one, I think, was over the correct spelling of a name. The placing of a vowel made a difference in the plan of redemption."

We rattled for some time over the stony streets, my companion apparently absorbed in his philosophy, when he suddenly exclaimed: "Well, you must admit the gooseberries are larger in England than in the States?"

"Yes, for the sake of the argument."

"Tut, tut, man; for the sake of the truth."

"But names, you know—words—words—words!"

"Eh! a palpable hit! You can have civil and religious liberty, the bird of freedom, the ballot-box that executes a freeman's will, and all that sort of thing—names, you know—but in the matter of gooseberries, I stand upon the eternal verities. You have the longest rivers, the largest lakes, the grandest falls, the fastest horses, and the prettiest women, but we have the biggest gooseberries. How long shall you stay in England?"

"A fortnight, perhaps; there is nothing of business or pleasure to keep me, only I can't get out of London."

"Right. London is a hard place to get out of. It may be ugly, foggy, dingy, smoky, rainy, nasty, but it is the world's maelstrom and draws everything towards its vortex. Do you return to the city to dine? I get down here [We had crossed the bridge]. After dinner I shall go to 19 Leicester Square, to have a bottle of wine and a cigar. If you have nothing better, I shall be glad to see you. There is a sign over the door 'Good wine needs no bush.' Go up stairs—first room to the left. I shall bring a half-dozen English gooseberries—good day!"

I had nothing better. In fact, I was simply floating in the vast circles of the London maelstrom, and after a solitary dinner at the "Wellington" I found my friend Brown at the place he had appointed, with his cigar, port, and the *Times*.

"Glad to see you," said he; "being idle, we can afford to be prompt. Nothing else to think about, you know. Deal of humbug about punctuality—a man is not a clock—a busy man's engagements will overlap. Strike when the iron 's hot—work when you are in the vein. Your methodical man never gets above the treadmill."

"Is it because you are unmethodical that you are reading the *Times* after dinner?"

"Oh, no; I am methodical—slave to habit. Inherited my servitude, I dare say; can't remember that I ever had individuality. In the morning I read the *Star* or the

Telegraph—that 's my American side; I am a Yankee in the forenoon; in the afternoon I grow conservative, and take to the *Post* and *Times*. By the way, I see the Government was nearly beaten last night on a test vote. Should n't wonder if old Palm. had to go out and Derby or Dizzie should come in."

"That reminds me—tell me how a new Prime Minister is selected when the old resigns. It is a mere fiction, I suppose, that the Queen designates the man who is to organize and lead the Government. In the United States, you know, we, the people, elect the President, and he appoints the Cabinet."

"So you do; but I believe you, the people, don't each select the man you prefer and vote for him. You vote, if I remember rightly, for presidential electors, and they vote for a man before selected by the convention, and that—you know better than I how it is. In Great Britain the House of Commons is supposed to represent the people, and probably does as well as the "National Convention" with you; though I should not care to inquire too curiously how many of the members get their seats. The opposition agree among themselves who shall be their leader when they come into power; he consults with the chiefs as to the make-up of the Government, kisses the Queen's hand, and the seals are transferred. A lay figure would answer very well for the Queen, not be so expensive—or prolific—but names, you know! We should not be so willing to be shot or be head-shortened for her Majesty of wax and wires. I forgot—here are your six gooseberries, large as cherries; you can keep the Mississippi and Niagara—your half of it at least—but a Barbary horse against a rapier we are ahead on gooseberries."

Half a dozen or more gentlemen had dropped in, taken their seats at the tables, sipping and smoking, no one apparently paying attention to his neighbors, when a young fellow entered whom, if I had met in New York, I should

have taken for a genteel specimen of the Bowery boy. He was short, stout, square-jawed, close-shaved and cropped, and might easily be older than at first glance he looked.

"Would h'any gent like to buy this 'ere wallet?" was his salutation.

No one offered to invest.

"Will sell it for two crowns—can't buy one like it h'on Regent Street for four."

No reply.

"If no gent wants to buy the wallet, I 'll put it h'up h'against two crowns with h'any gent as wants to bet, that he can't turn over the h'ace!"

Saying which he produced three cards—ace, queen, and seven—placed them bottom up on the table and began moving them under and over, "French monte" fashion.

"I don't want your wallet, or care to bet two crowns, but I 'll put up half a sovereign I can guess the ace," said one of the company.

"Make it a sovereign, won't you; I've got just one sovereign left."

"Oh, yes!"

He turned the queen.

"Could n't get by woman, you see; that 's your particular weakness. Try again, sir?"

A suspicion flashed across me that my philosophic friend Brown had invited me there to be fleeced at "three-card monte." The look of amazement of the man who turned the queen could scarcely be simulated, and if he had been a capper he would probably have won. I lit a cigar, and watched the game with awakened curiosity. Every man in the room seemed to be certain he could guess the winning card. I never saw men become so suddenly interested and excited about anything so simple. Bets ran up to five pounds. In thirty minutes the dealer must have cleared from fifty to a hundred pounds.

"Try your luck, sir?" said the dealer to me, as the game lulled.

"I thank you, no; I once saw a man hanged for playing that game 'not wisely but too well,' and I have had a prejudice against it ever since."

"If I thought there had been any cheating, I 'd throw the fellow out of the window," said one of the losers.

"Fair game; nothing but luck, 'pon honor," said the dealer, "if h'any gent wants to try——"

"Hanged! you say?" interrupted Brown; "tell us about it."

I told in a few words the story of young Rowe, who was hanged in Sacramento in '51 for killing a man at "French monte."

"What did you call his name?" asked the dealer.

"He was a Liverpool lad: his name was Edward Rowe."

It was fancy, perhaps—I thought the dealer started as though stung.

"Hanged without judge or jury!" exclaimed Brown.

"Names, names—names, you know."

"Yes, names may have their uses. Let us go over to the Alhambra. We can hear some fine music there; this room is confounded close."

A few steps brought us to the Alhambra. The large and brilliantly-lighted saloon was pretty well filled with gentlemen and ladies—the latter, I supposed, of the *demi-monde* for the most part—laughing, talking, smoking, and sipping coffee and wine at the little tables—some hundreds in all. At the far end of the room was a fine orchestra, that served to fill in the pauses of conversation for everybody. The scene was very gay and animated. We had not sat many minutes before I observed a lady facing us, three tables in front, whose face and figure would anywhere have arrested attention. She was a Minerva or Juno—large, well-formed, with fair complexion; her arm

beneath a loose, fur cape, looked as smooth, white, and firm as marble. Brown and I must have seen her and noticed one peculiarity at the same time, for I heard him exclaim, in an under, soliloquy tone: "Eyes blue as the blue of heaven; hair black as the hinges of h—l." She had a far-away look. One could be certain she saw nothing, heard nothing around her. I could not but wonder what visions filled her eyes, to what voices was she listening, and why was she there. After hearing several pieces of music and two or three songs we arose to go. I am sure it was not intentional on my part; I don't know which started first—the lady was immediately behind us. Brown loitered for a moment. As I turned for him at the door I could only observe that he had addressed her a remark, and infer that her reply, whether it was a look or a word, was short and unsatisfactory. It was raining quite sharply. My tongue is not accustomed to speak itself, but it did this time, and said:

"Shall I call a cab for you, madam?"

"If you will be so kind."

The lady had no umbrella. I offered her mine, and walked with her to the cab. I did not understand the direction she gave the driver, but caught the words "drive slow," as she took her seat. The driver still held the door open, evidently supposing I was to get in. I did as most Americans abroad would do under similar circumstances — yielded to the impulse of adventure; and the door closed upon me as the thought came, "how foolish."

"You are an American, I suppose," said the lady as we started.

The similarity to the remark of Brown in the morning, struck me. Could it be that this was a second scheme to ensnare me?

"Why do you suppose so?"

"I might say, now, because you answer with a question.

I did suppose from your general appearance and voice; besides, you wear a soft hat."

"You are observing."

"Sometimes."

"Did you know the gentleman who was with me at the *café*?"

"I did not know there was a gentleman with you. Was the man who spoke to me as I came out your friend?"

"He was my companion this evening. I never met him until this morning."

"You seem to be fond of adventure?"

The devil took possession of my tongue to say—what could I have uttered more imprudent: "I am almost a total stranger in London, where I shall remain but a few days. Not, perhaps, naturally adventurous; I have deliberately tied up the helm, to float wherever the winds and currents shall carry me on this vast ocean of London life."

"It is a dangerous experiment," she replied, in a tone that was earnest and pathetic, "this tying up the helm and abandoning self-direction, even for an hour, a moment. We cannot afford to play with life and opportunity any more than the charioteer can drop the reins in the race."

"You believe, then, in the power of self-direction?"

"Yes, within certain limits. Absolute free-will is the vainest of all the vanities with which man ever deluded himself into the idea that he was a god. We have the power of choice, but within certain and very narrow possibilities. The mariner cannot control the winds, silence the storm, or remove the reef; but he must stand by the helm. Are you a fatalist?"

"In theory, yes; in practice, no! I choose among the possibilities. But in reason I know my choice is predetermined by temperament, mental constitution, by all the chain of 'circumstances over which I have had no control,' but which have made me what I am."

"Circumstances make us what we are?"

"Yes; if you had been born in Turkey, would you not have been a—Mohammedan?"

"Would I had been! Women have no souls there. I have admitted the range of possibilities is narrow. Birth, surroundings, etc., determine the range; but within that I insist upon a power to choose, which constitutes all we enjoy of free agency. If two courses are before you, both possible, can you not choose which to take?"

"I seem to choose. But really, only that is possible which I do take. Our friends can usually predict what we shall do in a given event better than we can ourselves. If a ball is subjected to two forces from opposite directions, it must obey the stronger, though only the event proves which is the stronger."

"The illustration exposes the fallacy of the reasoning. You assume that mind and matter are governed by the same laws—motives and forces convertible terms. You cannot apply mathematics to morals, any more than you can the decalogue to the stars."

"You have thought upon this subject more deeply than I."

"Perhaps not. My conclusions do not come from speculation and study, but from experience and suffering. I am so much more a fatalist in action than you that I have to-night staked the most important event of my life upon an omen."

"And that omen is——?"

"Yourself."

"You will find me a good omen, I hope."

"To one who abandons self-direction—to the fatalist—there is neither good nor bad, only the inevitable."

"You speak now like a fatalist from conviction, not from circumstance."

"No. The possibilities with me are reduced to two. I cannot choose. Fate must decide."

"How strange that our lives should intersect at this point. When we were born the chances were millions to one that we should never meet—millions of millions that we should not meet to-night. Is this fate?"

"I accept it as fate. Our lives cross others constantly, just as the weaver's shuttle flashes from hand to hand across the web, weaving the woof of destiny. You see I am a fatalist—without being able to shake off the sense of responsibility. Would—but let us talk of something else—the opera; Grisi and Mario; the Derby that was; the Osborn that is to be. My fate is not yet determined, and I do not want you to be a self-conscious omen. Please ask the driver to go faster."

We talked at each other, but shot wide. The driver struck a pace that was not favorable to conversation, and kept it up for half an hour or more. He drove through narrow streets, turned to the right and to the left, until I lost all idea as to the direction we were going or the part of the city we were in. He stopped at last, and as I got out I observed that the street was broad, well lighted, and very quiet; the houses evidently residences, many of them elegant, and all of the better sort. Certainly it was a "respectable" quarter. I looked around for the dome of St. Paul's, to take my bearings, but could not find it, or it was too dark to distinguish it.

"Wait for me," said I to the driver.

"But, your honor—"

"Here is a sovereign; I will pay the fare when I get home."

"All right, your honor."

While I was speaking to the driver, the lady had ascended the steps and stood in the open door. There was no one in the hall when we entered, nor any sign of life in the house, which was, however, lighted throughout. The hall was wide and high, extending up through both stories. The lady led the way back to a large sitting-room,

asked to be excused for a few minutes, and left me alone. The room was simply but luxuriously furnished, the prevailing color blue with a delicate figure of black inwrought. I never had seen the combination before, and thought of the eyes and the hair. There were books on the table, marbles and bronzes on the mantel, paintings on the walls; one of the latter had been reversed and hung with its face inward. I was in Calypso's Isle, and felt the presence of the siren in the very air.

The lady was absent long enough for me to become somewhat nervous, and to take a pretty thorough invoice of myself and of the contents of the room. The general conclusions I reached with more or less certainty were: that I had acted the fool—and would again under the same circumstances; that the tapestry, curtains, carpets, etc., had been manufactured for my mysterious friend; that she had the use of money in abundance, whether her own or not; that something had happened, or was about to; that the reversed painting had been recently turned to the wall, and was in some way connected with the real or imaginary question which I was involuntarily to decide.

One feels so stupid to be found alone, doing absolutely nothing, that I took a seat by the table, and commenced turning over the leaves of a book with an affectation of nonchalence I by no means felt. The book was a volume of Shakespeare, and I opened it at *Hamlet*. When the lady re-entered I was surprised into self-forgetfulness, and at the moment would not have exchanged my folly for a crown of wisdom set with rubies and diamonds. She was radiantly beautiful. She seemed to have become smaller, paler, and her eyes darker. She had changed her dress for one of light silk, a white lace cape hung loosely from her shoulders, and over it her hair was thrown back in silk-like curls. Her throat, arm, bust, face, complexion, head, form—I may have dreamed of such a combination of loveliness; I had never before seen it!

She carried a small, silver tray, upon which were two glasses of wine. It was a time to observe everything, and I noticed that the glasses were of different sizes and shapes. I stood in the silent homage of admiration until she placed the tray on the table, when, without speaking, involuntarily I took her hand, led her to a lounge and seated myself opposite to her, her face and my back to the light.

"Pardon me, madam——"

"You may call me Helena."

"Pardon me then, Helena, if I, too, consult an omen, after the manner of the Virgilian lots."

I opened the book and read:

"*It is the poisoned cup—it is too late!*"

I looked her steadily in the face; it was marble in color and immobility.

"Which of us," I said slowly, "shall select the glass to drink? The chances of destiny may be narrowed to two, still there is a choice! Color, size, shape, position, or whim may determine it—that is free agency. All unknown, life may be in the one, death in the other—that is destiny."

"Then," said she, "you can cheat destiny, and drink neither."

"I am not sure of that, even when forewarned; and if I did I might encounter the same chances in any hour of my life in turning to the right or left."

"Do you imagine," she replied, after a pause, "if I had intended there should be a victim, and chance select which, that I would have brought dissimilar glasses?"

I opened the book and read: "*Laertes wounds Hamlet; then in scuffling they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.*"

"I might," said I, "imagine a great many things, and they might all be very absurd, for I confess the scene seems more dream-like than real. Indulge me for one

moment if I imagine a case: One of the glasses, we will suppose, is poisoned; upon a given event you intend to drink it. Would it not be better for me, to give me the poison? The police can easily trace me to this house; my statement of the facts would never be accepted as an explanation of your mysterious death. I have no friends in London, few acquaintances. I do not think I fear death more than most of men, but I have some choice as to the manner of my taking off, and without flattery prefer your hand to Calcraft's."

Her fingers were clutched as though upon the hilt of a dagger.

"You see, then," I added, "destiny might revenge itself if I should attempt to cheat. It is something dangerous to trifle with fate."

I arose and took up the larger glass. She did not move, and I set it back.

Resuming my seat I said: "If you will allow me I will relate to you a chapter from my own experience. Destiny will not begrudge us half an hour."

She did not speak, but I understood her look and changed my seat to a chair beside her, so that our faces were both to the light. She was toying with the tassel of the lounge; the gesture might have been one of impatience, or of mental conflict. I was not sure that I could interest her, but I proceeded as follows:

"When I was scarcely 'out of my teens,' I left my home in one of the Atlantic States and went to California. I will not detail the circumstances of the first two years of my life there, which brought me into the mental condition I am about to describe. There are follies that bring remorse like guilt, and weakness often stains like wickedness. I found disappointment in my new home, suspected treachery in my old. Only partially recovered from severe illness, I was weak, morose, gloomy, angry with the world and myself. With as much deliberation as it is possible

to exercise under such circumstances, and upon such a subject, I determined to commit suicide. It may seem strange, but it was true, I found it more difficult to decide the manner than resolve the act. I tried to familiarize my imagination with different forms of violent death, but the more I entertained them the more repulsive they seemed. I felt that I could take poison, but feared exposure in the attempt to get it. I was in this mood for days. One evening, with the impulse of desperation, I entered a drug-store in San Francisco and asked for five grains of morphine. I had often been as far as the door before upon the same errand,but my heart had failed me. To my surprise the druggist, who was an elderly and benevolent-looking man, gave me the morphine without a remark, contenting himself with writing *poison*, in large letters, upon the package. I hurried to my room, and locked myself in. I dissolved the powder, and gazed upon the liquid with a strange feeling of exultation. Now, thought I, I am the master of my fate. At last I have supreme control over what is my own. Mine? Both worlds are mine! This key unlocks the door of the great mystery. Soon I shall know more than the sages of the earth of what we most desire to know, or find that sweetest antidote, oblivion. Now I shall be revenged upon those who have deserted or betrayed me; they shall be tortured with a vain remorse. The burden shall roll from my heart upon theirs; now I shall escape from myself.

"I drank the poison. In an instant my feelings changed; I was no longer master. I had become the slave of an act that was done. I had locked the door upon one world—might I not take up the burden in the next to find there was no escape? I thought of the coroner's inquest; the burial in 'Potter's Field'; the item in the newspapers. Perhaps my death would bring relief rather than remorse to the hearts I would wring. All the

descriptions of the eternal doom of the wicked that I had heard in my childhood came back to me. Gradually, under the potent influence of the drug, I lapsed into a state of semi-consciousness. My hearing became so acute that the sounds from the street were like the noise of a battle. I fancied that I could hear the circulation of my blood, and it roared like Niagara. I know not how long this condition lasted ; it seemed hours. I wondered how long I should be in dying. At length I became more tranquil, and felt as if sinking to sleep. I was buoyed upon the air. I was floating over a vast desert plain, with a sense of falling and swooning. No object was in sight but plain and sky. Then, far off, a tree grew up before my eyes, slowly at first, but with increasing rapidity until its foliage filled the sky and shut out the sun—the leaves were stripped by the storm—the tree was bare and dead—it changed into the skeleton of a giant ! Then the waves of the sea commenced rolling towards me over the plain. They came nearer and nearer, storm-driven, until the whole plain was submerged, and dashed higher and higher until the sky seemed to be the object of their wrath. The waters took fire and burned up. Clouds of ashes filled the air, and scorched and suffocated me. The ashes became snow, and chilled me to the bones—the flakes increased in size and were turned into birds, great white birds with red beaks and fiery eyes ; they circled about me in myriads, impatient to devour. The scene changed. A monstrous black eagle was rising upward, bearing the sky with him while the horizon closed in around me ; the sky became a bell—its great clapper struck against the side with a sound like the 'crack of doom'—the door of my room was burst in, and I was half recalled to my senses by the appearance of a man.

"'Drink this,' said he, pouring a dark liquid into a glass. 'It won't hurt you ; it is only cold coffee.'

"I obeyed like a child.

"'You forgot to pay me for that morphine, and, as administrators are sometimes troublesome, I thought you might prefer to settle your estate to that extent, and I 've come to collect the bill.'

"I threw some money on the table, and exclaimed: 'Now, sir, I do not wish to be interrup——'

"'Yes, I understand. You do not wish to be interrupted in the last act—the dying scene. Young man, there was a mistake in the bills; that act won't be played to-night. It is postponed until there is a better house. Lie down on the lounge; it will be more comfortable, and I have a few words to say to you seriously. Do you think,' he went on, 'any man in his senses would sell a stranger five grains of morphine? I had noticed you come to my door several times, and always in the evening. When you asked me for five grains of morphine, I knew what it meant. If I had refused you, you might have bought a pistol, a cord, a razor, or jumped into the bay. I thought it best to give you a pretty good dose of morphine—as much as you could safely stand, but what you have taken is for the most part a very harmless powder. You will hardly be the worse for it in the morning. Drink some more coffee. I want your attention to what I am to say. This suicidal disease is very apt to attack men of your temperament at your time of life. The reason is that at that age they begin to discover that neither the world nor themselves are what they expected. How either is to be benefited by the proposed remedy they do not stop to inquire. When you pass twenty-five you will be out of danger of a recurrence of this moral malady. Now I want you to try a psychological experiment. Until you are twenty-five, consider yourself dead. Forget yourself. Care for no humiliations, count nothing a privation, avoid no dangers; do whatever you find in your pathway, without any regard to vanity, comfort, or advancement. You have given your life away, and need

not give that any further consideration. Promise me, and I will not call the doctor and his stomach-pump. If it is a promise—drink some more coffee—call to see me when you are twenty-five, and you can pay me then.'

"He withdrew; and I was resolved to try the experiment.

"I did not find life a great battle, where I could make self-renunciation a grand act of heroism. On the contrary, it was a very tame affair, and none but myself were aware of the sacrifices I made.

"There were urgent reasons why I should find immediate employment. I accepted the first that was offered; it was to cull a lot of potatoes on the wharf, part of which were spoiled. Making wages beyond a living no object—I did not after that lack work. I was on the water front for more than a year, assisting to load and unload vessels, doing odd jobs at the grain and vegetable stores, but refusing to make any long engagement, or to do any light work which would necessarily bring me into any kind of social relations. I slept in a sail-loft, and ate with the sailors, stevedores, and 'longshoremen at the open bars about the wharves. Never speaking, except when necessary, I at length—I know not how—came to be known as the 'Dead Man.' I accepted the soubriquet, and adopted Dedman as my name. As anxious to avoid intercourse with myself as with others, I was never idle when awake. An occasional long walk on a Sunday afternoon was the only thing like recreation I allowed myself. The months went on; I scarcely counted them.

"I had been in this service more than a year, however, when 'destiny' played a card that changed the tenor of my life.

"Walking one Sunday evening along Meiggs' wharf, near the end I observed a nurse with a little girl four or five years old. A moment after I heard a scream, turned, and saw that the child had fallen into the bay. Instantly

throwing off hat and coat, I jumped in, and, being a good swimmer, succeeded without much difficulty in catching the child, and holding on to one of the piles until we were taken off by a small boat that came to my assistance. With the instinct of the drowning, the child clung around my neck even after we were in the boat, and as I loosened her little hands I impulsively kissed her. A crowd of people gathered round the nurse, and, anxious to avoid observation, I hurried away. I seldom read the newspapers, but did the next day, curious to see whose child I had rescued. I found the item giving the account of the accident, and it contained a request 'that the man who saved the child would call upon the father, at———, or send his address.'

"I had no intention of doing either; but cut the slip from the paper without conscious motive—as we are apt to act when fate takes the wheel. For the following week I felt a strange, unaccountable yearning to see the child whose life I had saved. Against my determination a living object had forced its way into my heart. I yielded to this yearning far enough to do a foolish thing. I wrote to the father, saying that I desired to remain unknown; but asking him to do me the favor to send me through a fictitious address one of the child's curls. It was a boyish, simple thing to do, but I now think not unnatural. The answer soon came, and it stung me to the soul. It was freezingly polite, and contained a check 'to bearer' for one hundred dollars. I could read between the lines, plainly as though it were written in words, that the writer supposed I was a social or criminal outlaw, who wished to preserve an incognito, and who desired the lock of hair to identify himself at some future time, when he could ask a favor which it might be inconvenient to grant. I burned the check; and in a sleepless night made two or three discoveries: Self-renunciation did not consist in hiding from one's self; I had not lost the impulses of

affection, or the sensibility of pride; I could love, and I could suffer.

"The most virulent form of small-pox prevailed in the city to an extent that created almost a panic. On the next day I offered my services to the authorities as a nurse at the pest-house. They were accepted, and for three months I was constantly associated with sickness and death in their most loathsome forms. Caring nothing for life, I did not catch the infection; but in seeking to relieve the sufferings of others, for a time I forgot myself. The pestilence at length abated. Among the last patients in my ward was a miner, who, still weak and suffering at the time of his discharge, entreated me to go home with him. He was almost childish in his weakness, and I went with him to his cabin in the mountains. He rapidly recovered his strength, and I found him a man of coarse but kindly nature; honest, poor, and a bachelor. At his suggestion we became mining partners. For many months we prospected and worked with varying success, but did not average more than wages. We moved from place to place, and at last, in a locality which I had christened 'Dead Man's Gulch,' we opened a claim which paid us well, and which in a few months we sold for a handsome fortune.

"I was twenty-five. Life was no longer a burden which I desired to lay down, but I feared I had lost all zest for its enjoyment. I sought my friend the druggist. He advised me to travel for a few years, until I had seen every portion of the civilized world. I have done so. I am here. Until now I did not know why I did not leave London a fortnight ago."

As I finished I arose, walked to the table, took up the smaller glass of wine and carried it toward my lips.

Helena sprang forward to catch my arm, and I threw the glass upon the floor.

With a sigh that might have been of relief or of agony,

she threw herself upon her face on the lounge, her whole body quivering with emotion. At length I raised her up, saw that her face was wet with tears, and felt that she was saved—I knew not from what.

I walked mechanically to the reversed painting and turned it toward the light. I expected to see the portrait of a lover, or a father or mother, probably a homestead in an English landscape.

It was a Newfoundland dog!

I came back, and leaned over her, with a kiss upon my lips. She drew backward, saying: "NEVER AGAIN."

"Then," said I, "must I say good-bye?"

"Yes," she answered, "you must say good-bye. I do not know whether the fate that brought us together was kindly or not. You can do me a personal favor. Will you? It is simple."

"I will."

"Promise me never to seek to know who I am, or where you now are."

"You do not know how much you ask of me."

"You do not know how much it will be to me."

"I promise."

Taking a sealed envelope from her bosom, she said: "Please take this, but do not open it until you have left England. Good-bye!"

The door closed upon me.

The morning twilight comes very early in London in June, and it was quite light. Far off I heard the chimes, and nearer a clock struck four. It was a long ride to Pimlico, where I lodged, and before I reached my rooms I had determined to leave London that very morning. I took the 7 o'clock train for Dover; at noon I was halfway across the Channel. I had left England. Standing on deck by the taffrail I opened the envelope. It contained a sheet of paper and a plain gold ring. Within the ring was inscribed: "R. C. to S. O. Mar. 2." Scarcely

legible, in pencil, on the paper were the words : "This is to be buried with me."

"It shall be!" I exclaimed half aloud. "You are dead to me, and must be buried from my sight," and I dropped it into the sea.

Next morning, as I came out of my old rooms into the open court, in "the Latin quarter" of Paris, charming little Adele rushed up to me, took me by both hands, and exclaimed in her sweetest French :

"Monsieur Redbeard, have you come back at last? How pale you look—have you been ill?"

August 15, 1874.

AFTER DARK.

We had been speaking—the Captain, Don Mateo, and I—of the recent manifestations at Stockton, which Elder Knapp with pious credulity attributed to the direct agency, to the immediate personal presence, in fact, of his old enemy, the devil. The Don, who is not a Don by birth like Don Quixote or Don Juan, nor by christening like General Don Carlos Buell or Don Piatt, but by courtesy from long residence among the South American Spaniards, insisted that this theory of demonology was the worst that could be offered for the solution of a mystery that neither our faith nor our happiness requires us to solve at all. The idea of a corporeal devil on earth, not in human flesh, was as repugnant to him as the inspiration of disordered nerves, the evolving of a new religion by hypnotism, or the communion of disembodied spirits through dancing tables or pirouetting planchettes. "If," he concluded, "the enemy of souls can thrust us from our stools, and take his seat at our feasts and firesides, an unbidden guest, our monuments may be indeed the maws of kites—the sooner the better."

I suggested that nothing could be more natural than

the explanation offered for the particular fact in hand. The devil, after brooding for nearly four hundred years over the insult he received when Luther threw his inkstand at him, returned to earth, retorted the indignity by throwing a spittoon at one of the cloth, and that his debt being acquitted, he would doubtless be content to remain hereafter within the bounds of his own parish.

"Your remark savors of impiety," said the Don.

"And is disrespectful to the devil," added the Captain. "One 'must not calumniate even the devil or the inquisition,' you know. Think of the imperial Satan of Milton, the accomplished Mephistopheles of Goethe, playing fantastic tricks in the nineteenth century that would have disgraced the temple of St. Anthony in the third. Bunyan was literal enough, but Apollyon never would have tried to keep Christian from the celestial city by throwing a spittoon at his head."

The Don looked at his watch—he always does, as if to time himself, when about to claim the conversational floor—wiped his glasses—his invariable prelude to a pathetic strain, as though he would dry the prophetic moisture of a tear unshed—and without interruption, said:

"I admit that this is the most gross and sensuous sign of the outlying world that ever was given to a wicked and perverse generation, but we must not go too far and take our seats among the scoffers. These are mysteries which it is alike irreverent to question and irrational to deny—shadows of objects unseen that cross the domain of sense, but do not belong to it, and are not amenable to its laws. The dry light of intellect illumines but a narrow circle of reason, and his life is close walled in who has no apprehensions beyond it. There are few so unhappy as to be free from superstition, and they are alike destitute of faith and spiritual sight. That existence is barren indeed which has no experiences that do not transcend the inductive

philosophy. With your permission I will relate an experience of my own, which I have never before mentioned, except to the few parties who will appear in and are a part of the narrative, and which, I assure you, is religiously true.

"When I was a young man I passed through a struggle that exhausted all the strength of my manhood, and in which I was vanquished. Wanting nothing so much as rest and absence from painful associations, I took passage on the first vessel that was to sail from Baltimore—careless of destination—landed at Rio, and drifted to Caracas, where I remained until I came to California. I was poor, and failing to find the traditional treasure buried in the ruins of the old city destroyed by the earthquake, I engaged in the business of baking. That, at least, would supply me with daily bread. My housekeeper was a widow who had lost her husband in the civil wars that had raged so constantly in Venezuela as to make the population between the sexes five men to thirteen women. She had one child, a little girl about five years old, whom she called Angela. Angela was a child to nestle in any one's heart. She was at once the most joyous and playful, the most thoughtful and affectionate little creature I ever knew. Her presence was the very cordial my soul needed, bringing rest and forgetfulness. For five years we were companions—playmates. I taught her to speak English, and from her prattle I learned Spanish. Every one loved her and seemed to mingle reverence with love. It was my custom to bake a basketful of cakes to distribute to the beggars on feast-days; Angela was my almoner, and the poor souls who received her bounty would kiss her hands and call her their 'dear angel'—their 'blessed little mother.'

"Her hair, black and silken, reached to her waist, and I would often playfully torment her for one of her curls, which she half playfully, half wilfully refused, hiding her-

self, or running through and on top of the house to avoid my threat to take it by force. One day, the next after a long romp of this kind, she came stealthily into my room with the first sad expression I had ever seen upon her face, and handing me a long curl she had cut from her hair, said: 'Don Mateo, here is a piece of my hair; I want you to keep it when I am dead—but don't tell mother.' I had often wondered who would protect Angela when she lost me; it had never before occurred to me that I might lose her. In that instant I felt that I must; that her words were prophetic, and that she was more necessary to me than I to her. I could only stammer, 'Why, Angela—why do you speak so?' and she, answering only 'Don't tell mother,' left the room.

"For a few days, though she was well and happy as ever, I lived in constant dread of her death. But my sad impression gradually yielded to her gayety, and after a week or two if I thought of the circumstance it was with the reflection that Angela could not always be a child, and that the first shadow of humanity—the sense of mortality—had fallen upon her path. A month had not gone, however, before she was stricken with a malignant fever: then my foreboding returned; in a few days it was realized—Angela was dead.

"We buried her at sunset on the third day after her death. When we were returning from the grave the city was shaken by an earthquake different from any other I have ever witnessed. It seemed as if an immense mass were detached from the interior of the surface of the earth, falling with an awful concussion into a subterraneous cavern.

"The beggars had lost their 'dear angel—their blessed little mother.'

"I never knew how large a place Angela filled in my heart until it was made void. The tie that bound me to existence and reconciled me to it, had grown strong so

silently I knew not how strong it was until broken. The music and sunshine of my life were gone.

"As I had sought rest in Caracas, I now realized that I must live in a deepening shadow, or give my future an aim, and fill it with activity and occupation. It was in the first flush of the news of the gold discoveries in California and I determined to go to Rio, take passage for San Francisco as soon as opportunity should offer, and join in the race of fortune and adventure.

"About two years before, my nephew and his wife, from Baltimore, had made me a visit and remained some months in Caracas. They were childless, and became greatly attached to Angela, whom they desired to adopt and take with them to their home. Neither her mother nor the priest would consent, however, and I was too selfish to add my persuasions to theirs.

"My preparations for leaving Caracas were nearly completed, when I received a letter from my niece in Baltimore, in which were these words:

"'Do write immediately, and tell us if anything has happened to Angela. To-day, while we were at dinner, George suddenly turned pale, and upon my asking him the matter, he exclaimed, "Don't you see Angela looking in at the window?"'

"I glanced again at the date of the letter—I knew the hour at which they dined—it was the day and the hour Angela died.

"When I told her mother she only said, and without the least apparent surprise: 'The poor, dear child—to think she would go so far to tell George she was dead.'"

The Don had a faculty of sitting by one's side and listening as from a distance, with the power of translating himself into or out of the conversation at will. He often seems to regard his companions through a reversed mental telescope, the focus of which he changes and adjusts to suit the humor of the moment. As he finished his story,

which he had told rather as thinking aloud than speaking to us, he fell into a reverie; and if he remained conscious of our presence at all, he did not give attention enough to the Captain's narration to show any impatience at my occasional interruptions. The Captain is a Pole, expatriated for his part in the revolution of 1830. Having no longer a country, he is thoroughly cosmopolitan. He speaks English with a French idiom and a slight accent that I can no more transfer to paper, than I could the tones of his voice, or the shrug of his shoulders, and I will not belittle his intellect by clothing his language in the rags of bad spelling.

"That is hardly to be accounted for, Captain, by the doctrine of subjective apparitions and remarkable coincidences," said I, to break the silence.

"No, nor upon any theory of psychology, magnetism, or electricity—words which we use to cover a multitude of ignorances."

"When these will not suffice we can eke them out with 'mesmerism.'"

"Precisely. I read in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* only a few days ago 'that Mickiewicz, some years before he was elected professor of the Sclavonic languages and literature in the College of France in 1840, had fallen under the influence of a religious charlatan named Towianski, who had persuaded him he had cured Madame Mickiewicz of a mental insanity by means of mesmerism.' That is the method which modern history and science have of bolting facts they cannot assimilate. Madame Mickiewicz told me herself that Towianski *did* restore her from hopeless insanity, and that, whatever the world might say of him, he had been to her a savior. Towianski was no charlatan, and if Mickiewicz yielded to a delusion, it was one that might have had more influence over a strong mind than a weak one. Denial, the refuge of the weak, is not always open to the strong and candid."

"Did you know Mickiewicz, the Polish Byron, Captain?"

"We prefer to call him the 'Dante of the North,' but neither expression is apt, for genius has no parallels. I knew him as a young man just entering life might know one already famous, for whom he feels an admiration that borders upon reverence. The first time I met Mickiewicz was at a *soirée* in Paris. It must have been as early as 1835. Gurowski and Chopin were also there."

"I wish I had your reminiscences."

"I would gladly exchange them for your youth."

"Was that the same Gurowski who was in the United States during the war, and whose criticisms upon some of our Generals and public men were so sharp?"

"The same. He was a man of great ability and strong prejudices. Most of the leaders of the Polish patriots were aristocrats, and desired to establish an aristocratic national government. Gurowski, though of noble birth, was a radical democrat of the red republican school. Like many others, however, extremely democratic in theory, in society he was an autocrat, the infirmity of his temper making him impatient of contradiction and intolerant of difference. A careless, apparently thoughtless man, he was leonine when aroused."

"And you have heard Chopin play?"

"Often. To fully appreciate Chopin's music, one should have been an artist and a Pole. He had but one sentiment outside his art—and that was Poland—until he met George Sand. Like him, she was an artist; but, unlike his, her art included everything, even loving. She was to him a passion; he to her a plaything. No wonder she grew wearied, for he was jealous of the very flowers and birds she caressed. Byron's—

> 'Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
> 'T is woman's whole existence,'

was reversed in this instance, and Chopin did not have the poor resource 'to love again, and be again undone.'"

"Have you read Liszt's life of Chopin?"

"Yes. Such candid sweetness, such drippings of honey—it ought to have been written by a woman. But Liszt has since become an abbé; and according to the French, men, women, and priests constitute the three sexes of humanity. Liszt dates Chopin's death from his separation from George Sand, and keeps him dying through three years and twenty-five pages. If Charles II. thought politeness required him to apologize to his courtiers for detaining them so long in dying, Liszt certainly owes his readers a similar apology in behalf of Chopin. After the quarrel Chopin continued to teach music at twenty-five francs a lesson (an extravagant price at that time), and upon one occasion was human enough, on being urged to play at a party soon after he had entered the *salon*, to astonish his hostess by declining 'to pay for his supper in advance.' It was during his bright days that I first saw him. At that party there was great curiosity to hear Mickiewicz improvise. He declined, and his friends were too polite to press him. I do not know, indeed, if he could exercise his gift at pleasure. Chopin seated himself carelessly at the piano, and touching the keys as if at random (what a touch he had—the keys seemed to live beneath his fingers) commenced playing Polish national airs, his own Polonaise and Mazourkas. Gradually Mickiewicz drew within the charmed circle and began to recite, at first slowly and in a low voice, but soon with great rapidity and animation, what seemed to me then living poetry—poetry on fire. For an hour the inspiration of these two men blended in one, Chopin keeping up an accompaniment perfectly *en rapport* with the poet. It was an enchanted hour. No one spoke or moved, scarcely breathed for fear of breaking the spell. When they ceased, the enthusiasm broke over all bounds of fashion and decorum. Alas! after thirty-four years, I am constrained to admit that I can remember only generally

that Mickiewicz's theme was something like that of his dramatic poem 'Dziady'—not a single line can I recall."

"This was before Mickiewicz met Towianski?"

"About three years before. I left Paris soon afterward, and never saw 'the prophet.' At this time there were a great many Poles in Paris, drawn there in part by the attractions of the gay capital, and in part by the hope, encouraged by the oracular promises of Louis Philippe, that the French Government would espouse the cause of Polish independence. It was a mere game of diplomacy, however, and the Polish pawns were swept from the board. Living in the uncertain favor of a Prince, alternately elated and depressed, without home associations, without a country, without a future, is it any wonder that many of my poor fellow-exiles sought to forget the past and themselves in frivolities, follies, and dissipations? One of them, less mercurial than most of his companions, obtained employment as corresponding clerk in a bank at Strasbourg, where he married, and, I believe, still lives. I cannot recall his name, but I have met him—'his word is good upon 'Change'—and I had from his own lips that for three successive nights—it was in 1838, I think—he dreamed that he was upon the bridge over the Rhine at sunset and saw approaching him an old-fashioned Polish wagon, or *bryczka*, drawn by four horses abreast, driven by a man dressed in a costume of skin and furs, such as could sometimes be seen in the remote provinces of Poland. The first morning after the dream it seemed strangely vivid; the second, the coincidence troubled him; the third, he accepted it as a direction—went down to the bridge at sunset, where everything fell out as it had in his dream. The driver, who was Towianski, accosted him as though expecting him, saying he wanted money to pay his expenses to Paris; that he was the prophet of Santa Maria of Ostrobramska, (literally, 'sharp-door,' from the peculiar shape of the entrance to a church in

Wilna, where the prophet had lived) and that he had been commanded in a miraculous vision by his patroness saint to go to Paris to preach the deliverance of Poland. The means for the journey were provided, and the following morning the prophet proceeded on his way. When he reached Paris he drove directly to the house of Mickiewicz, and forcing himself into the presence of the poet proclaimed his mission. Of course Mickiewicz supposed him to be crazy, but he had too recently suffered in his own heart and home to treat him otherwise than kindly, and he was startled when Towianski said: 'I know your thought—you believe me mad. It is permitted me to give you a sign of my messiahship. Your wife is insane, and you have no hope of her recovery. Go with me to the *hôtel des aliénés* at Charenton. I will restore her instantly to reason.'

"No wonder Mickiewicz was startled. Only a few of his most intimate friends knew that his wife's malady had assumed that melancholy form, and that she was confined in the asylum the prophet had mentioned. He yielded at once to the demand, possibly thinking that the asylum was of all others the most suitable place to which he could conduct this strange visitor.

"Soiled with travel, in his uncouth garb, with his singular establishment, an entire stranger in Paris, Towianski, without taking a word of direction, drove to the asylum, and, in his character of prophet, demanded to see Madame Mickiewicz. Esquirol, the doctor in charge, like most physicians—I mean French physicians who grew up in the traditions of the eighteenth century—was a materialist, did not believe in God or devil" (the Captain evidently considered the latter the more dangerous heresy) "and rejected all idea of miracles, past or present. Had he been at the asylum, it is quite possible Towianski would have been restrained as a patient rather than received as a prophet, but he was not; and the assistant

consented that the interview might take place, if the prophet could, as he proposed, go directly to the room of the poet's wife without a guide. Towianski, without hesitation, led the way through the long and intricate halls to the room where Madame Mickiewicz was confined, in the ward of hopeless and dangerous patients. She did not know her husband, and was at once terrified and infuriated by the intrusion. Towianski ordered the attendants to release her from all restraint, and, placing his hand upon her head, commanded the demon, in the name of Santa Maria of Ostrobramska, to depart. The poor lady became quiet, and fell at the feet of the prophet. Her overfraught brain found relief in tears and sobs. She arose, threw herself into the arms of her husband, 'and was whole from that hour.'

"Did the demon thus exorcised take possession of her husband? By the verdict of common sense, he became insane from the time his wife was restored. The prophet had given him back his wife, and he at once accepted it as a token that he could also give him back his country.

"If it be true that, like individuals, communities may become crazy, never was one better prepared to receive the contagion than the Polish society in Paris, which for years had vibrated between hope and despair, and was bound together as one man by a common sentiment.

"The prophet immediately called a meeting of Poles at the Notre Dame. Three converts joined him in communion. After mass, when the priests had left the church, he addressed the meeting, recounting his miraculous vision, the supernatural cure of Madame Mickiewicz, exhorting the Poles to lives of holiness, and promising the deliverance of their country as the reward of their righteousness and patriotism. The beadles tried in vain to restrain him. That day a society of forty persons was organized, which increased within a year to nearly five hundred. Carl Roycki, the idol of the young officers, was

nominated the General-in-Chief of the new crusade, which a higher power than the French Government was to crown with success. The prophet exercised a wonderful power over the morals, and a strange spell over the minds of his followers. They yielded implicit obedience to his maxims of temperance and self-denial; many of them married their mistresses, and all of their worldly goods was held as common property. He preached the doctrine of metempsychosis; and Kominsky, the Colonel of my regiment, as brave a man as ever led a forlorn hope, fancied he could remember when he was a cow! His wife went to the prophet and his companions, and besought them to deliver her husband from this midsummer madness, but they were all as mad as he.

"It would have been interesting to know how long this glamour could have been continued among men of the world, many of them learned and accomplished; but it was brought to a sudden close by the banishment of their leader from France. He had been in Paris about a year, when he appeared at the palace and demanded admission to the King. He was turned away. The next day he returned, and was again driven away, with the threat of imprisonment. On the third day he came again, denounced the French Government for double dealing with Poland, predicted the overthrow of the house of Orleans, and also, it is said, the violent death of the Duke of Orleans, heir-apparent to the throne, which occurred a few years afterward. Louis Philippe was the most accessible of monarchs when he had no fear of assassination. He could not have been ignorant of Towianski, and I have always believed if his request for audience had been conveyed to the King it would have been granted; but it was not, and, after the malediction, the prophet was sent out of France. The society he had formed was gradually broken up, and most of its members absorbed in the great currents of life. My old Colonel

recovered from the hallucination that he had ever chewed the cud, except of sweet and bitter fancy. The spell upon the faculties of Mickiewicz was stronger. He intercalated brilliant lectures on Sclavonic literature, with dissertations on the 'Worship of Napoleon,' (in the reign of Louis Philippe!) the 'Messiahship of Towianski,' and finally upon 'Rats.' He was permitted to retain the nominal professorship for some years, but without the privilege of lecturing. After the ascension to the throne of Louis Napoleon, he was restored to Court favor, and, in 1855, was sent on a diplomatic mission to the East. He died in November of that year, of cholera, at Constantinople.

"About three years after the banishment of the prophet, I visited Paris, and even then I found some of my old companions so deeply impressed and so fixed in the faith that in some mysterious way Towianski would prove the redeemer of our country, that I verily believe I was only saved from sharing their infatuation by the fact that I had incurred responsibilities and duties that divided with Poland my thoughts, my cares, and my love."

The Don seemed suddenly to bring us within his field of vision, and said:

"After all, the world would be poorer without enthusiasm and superstition."

"They are like the fire," replied the Captain, lighting his cigar; "good servants, but bad masters."

August, 1869.

SKETCH OF RUFUS A. LOCKWOOD

IN THE "OVERLAND MONTHLY," MAY, 1870.

During the term of the Supreme Court of the United States, in December, 1855, a stranger occupied the same seat in the court-room day after day, until his presence became almost a feature of the place; and even the impassive Taney realized there was a new fixed object

within his visual horizon. His general appearance might have been catalogued as follows: Height, above medium; figure, large and ungainly; movements, awkward; complexion, sallow and tobacco-smoked; eyes, dark and deep, with dilating pupils edged with yellow—cat-eyes in the dark; hair, dark-brown, sprinkled with gray; head, feet, and hands large—the left hand web-fingered; features, not irregular, but without play or mobility, with a fixed expression of weariness; dress, careless, almost slovenly; age, fifty years, bearing the burden of four-score.

Each day, from the opening to the adjournment of court, he gave to all its proceedings—to its mere routine, to the driest and most technical argument, to the most absurd speech, (and speeches were made there that would not have been tolerated in the Twelfth District Court, Pratt, J.), and to the most finished and cogent reasoning—the same constant, apathetic attention. The last day of the term was reached, and the court was about to adjourn, when the stranger arose, and, addressing the court with a trepidation of voice and manner that his will barely mastered, said he had travelled six thousand miles to argue a case that stood next upon the calendar; the counsel for the other side was present, and anxious that the case should be heard; if it went over to the next term, it would involve an inconvenience to counsel and expense to the parties, that would amount almost to a denial of justice; and, under the circumstances, he felt privileged to ask the court to sit one day longer.

After a brief consultation the judges acceded to the request; and it was announced that, on the following day, the court would hear the arguments in the case of Field against Seabury.

More than the usual number of spectators were present on the following day; and there was something more than curiosity to hear this lawyer, who had often been

heard of, but never before heard in that court. The consciousness of this curiosity and expectation embarrassed him in the opening of his speech, but his mind fairly in motion soon worked itself free, and his phlegmatic temperament glowed to its core with flameless heat. For two hours he held the undivided attention of the court in an argument that was pure law. He had that precision of statement, skill, and nicety in the handling of legal terms, which modulate the very tones of the voice, and by which lawyers instinctively measure a lawyer—that readiness which reveals an intellectual training that has become a second nature—that self-contained confidence that is based on the broadest preparation—the logical arrangement which gives the assurance, that back of every proposition is a solid column to support it if attacked—and that strength and symmetry of expression which carry the conviction, that behind utterance there is a fulness of knowledge that floods every sentence with meaning, and an unconscious reserve of power which gives to every word a vital force.

Long before he had concluded, it was known to all present that the stranger was Rufus A. Lockwood, of San Francisco; and he was that day, in the estimation of at least one of the judges who heard him, the equal of the best lawyer in the United States.

Though this was his first (and only) appearance in the United States Supreme Court, his brief had been before the court in the case of the Mariposa Land Grant (Fremont's), had gained the case, and been closely followed in the opinion. In examining that brief, Caleb Cushing—then Attorney-General—exclaimed, in admiration of its legal learning and research, "Who is this man Lockwood?"

Who was he, and why was he not as well known to the profession and public as Choate, Evarts, O'Connor, Grimes, Benjamin, Reverdy Johnson, Stanton, Ewing, or Cushing himself?

The story of his life would answer this question; and if it could be fully told, with the long, dark struggle between the insanity in his blood and the spirit it almost "o'er-crowed," would be as full of tragic interest as that of Œdipus or Medea.

He was born in 1811, in Stamford, Connecticut, and his true name was Jonathan A. Jessup. At eighteen he was a student in Yale College, in the Junior Class, distinguished among his fellows for his proficiency in Latin and pure mathematics, and for his familiar acquaintance with English classics. In the midst of the term, for some reason known only to himself, without the consent of his friends, he left college, and enlisted as a sailor on a United States man-of-war. In his first cruise, he saw one of his messmates tied up and flogged for a trivial fault. Outraged by the injustice of the punishment, and shocked by its brutality, he determined to desert; and succeeded in doing so when his vessel returned to New York, after a short voyage to the Bahamas. He changed his name to Rufus A. Lockwood, taking his mother's family name; worked his way to Buffalo on the Erie Canal, and took passage on one of the first schooners that made the voyage of the lakes, to Chicago.

Chicago then (1830) was a frontier village, the solitude of the prairies on one side almost as unbroken as that of the lake on the other. Lockwood arrived there bareheaded, without money or friends. A farmer from the interior accidentally became acquainted with him, and believing there was material in him for a country schoolmaster, took him in his farm-wagon to his home at Romney, Tippecanoe County, Indiana. Romney was too small a place for the eye of the geographer, and had no existence on the map; but it maintained its store, blacksmith-shop, tavern, and "grocery" in the clearing; its only public edifice the log building that answered the double purpose of a school-house in the week, and on

Sundays a church for any travelling preacher that happened in the neighborhood. For about a year Lockwood taught alternate terms at Romney and Rob Roy, a similar village in an adjoining county; devoting his time out of school to the study of medicine. A friend writes: "For some time everything went well, but some unpleasantness arose between him and his Rob Roy patrons, and the warrior-habit which so distinguished him in later life brought on a sharp collision. Without hesitation, he struck out for Romney one of the coldest days in winter, with the snow a foot deep. In crossing "the eight-mile prairie" he lost his way, and never was nearer his end until he went down in the *Central America*. He reached my father's about ten o'clock at night, with his hands and feet so badly frozen, that, though every remedy was resorted to, he was disabled for the rest of the winter. As soon as he was able to walk, he commenced a school. We had, at that time, a debating-society in Romney that was attended by all the "natives." Lockwood did not seem to have the least capacity for extemporaneous speaking; but every Saturday night he was regularly on hand, with a half-hour's speech thoroughly committed, and delivered without reference to manuscript. Some of these efforts gave promise of his maturest powers. You remember his solemn manner, his deep, sepulchral tones, and the force and energy with which he pressed his strong points. They are all associated, in my mind, with the debates at the old log school-house."

About this time he determined to study law, and, borrowing a copy of Blackstone, almost literally committed its text. His country school of from seven to twenty pupils did not afford a very promising outlook, and he was induced to go to Crawfordsville. This place, now the flourishing seat of Wabash College, did not then contain material for two schools, and the field was already occupied by one. Lockwood opened in opposition; got

into a newspaper quarrel with his competitor; studied law by night; got married without a dollar in the world; was admitted to practice by the Circuit Court, and went to Thorntown, a new place in Boone County, to establish himself in his profession. He did not wait long for a client: he was sued by his landlord, and made his first appearance as a lawyer in his own case. He pleaded an unpaid tuition-bill as a set-off, but judgment was given against him. He was unable to give an appeal-bond, and the bed he and his wife slept on was sold by the constable for less than $10. No incidents of his life seem to have made a deeper impression on him than the flogging of his messmate and the constable's sale of his bed. He referred to the first with a shudder, as if the scene were still before his eyes, in the last year of his life. The last burned into his soul a dread and horror of debt: he never forgave its author, and, in the course of his professional life, found an opportunity to take a keen revenge.

Many years after, speaking of his Thorntown experience, he said: "I never knew how my wife lived. I know I lived on potatoes roasted in the ashes." He buried himself in study—sought forgetfulness in study, as men do in drink. In his second case he was, fortunately, not his own client—fortunately lost it, and appealed to the Supreme Court. Never was a case involving so small an amount more thoroughly prepared. He briefed it as though thousands were pending. In after-years he often referred to the embarrassment he experienced at his first appearance at the Supreme Court. Morbidly sensitive; his uncouth appearance and coarse, ill-fitting clothes a burden to him; oppressed by a deep sense of poverty and friendlessness—he shrank from contact with men of the world as one long immured in darkness is pained by the light. He had not the courage to state to the court that he was present for examination as an attorney, and was only relieved from this difficulty by the accidental pres-

ence of the judge of his circuit, who made the necessary motion. Lockwood's appearance, of course, attracted attention; and the manner in which he passed his examination, with the exhaustive argument he made in the case he had carried up (Poulk *et al. vs.* Slocum, 3d Blackford, 421) made him known to the court and bar as a man of mark. Even his landlady noted the changed manner toward him, and translated him from a lumber-room in the attic to the floor of his peers.

His new position, however, brought him no new clients at Thorntown. He knew none of the arts by which success is conciliated. He was never the next friend of the clerk, the favorite of the sheriff, the intimate of the judge, familiar with jurors, nor the confidant of witnesses. He realized his disadvantage in the small encounters of social intercourse, and avoided them. He became moody, reserved, abstracted, studious. Never seeking business, what little there was in his sparsely settled country did not seek him. His deep love and ardent study of the law as a science, were rather bars than aids to his immediate success; and his poverty was unrelieved. He was refused credit for a trifling amount at the village store: he wrote the name of the owner in his black-book, and went back to potatoes in the ashes, with salt for a luxury. His home was never a happy one. He knew "the law was a jealous mistress," and in his heart it had no rivals. He was still under five-and-twenty; but he never was young. His life was always a struggle. He would make no terms with Fortune—it was an enemy to be conquered. In all his professional career he never seemed so entirely himself, as when he felt that court and jury were against him, and must be overcome by sheer force of intellect and will.

Albert S. White, of Lafayette, Indiana, had become acquainted with Lockwood at Indianapolis, and in the year following (1836) offered him a partnership. The offer

was accepted, and he removed to Lafayette. His opportunity at length came.

Soon after the Presidential election of 1836, a homicide was committed at Lafayette that caused the most intense excitement. Mr. J. H. W. Frank—a very young man, the junior editor of a Democratic paper—had won a small wager from Mr. John Woods, a prominent merchant, on the vote of the city of New York. Frank called for settlement, and was accused by Woods of being in possession of the returns at the time the bet was made. A quarrel and rencounter ensued, in which Frank killed Woods by stabbing him with a pocket-knife. Woods was a man of high social position, and his party regarded him as a martyr whose blood was to be avenged.

White and Lockwood, and John Pettit were engaged for the defence. White and Pettit prudently, perhaps, insisted that the safer course was to delay the trial, get the prisoner released on bail, and forfeit the bond. Lockwood urged a speedy trial—that it was better Frank should take his chance at once of suffering the penalty of the law, than to be a wanderer over the earth, liable to be hunted down any hour of his life. Frank coincided with this view; and Pettit and White, though continuing to counsel with Lockwood, took no further part in the active management of the defence. The case was continued one term, on motion of the State, and Lockwood had ample time for preparation. He realized that, in the event of conviction, the blood of the accused would be upon his hands. It would not answer to reduce the crime to manslaughter: Frank preferred suicide to the penitentiary, and his lawyer applauded the choice. Those who knew counsel and prisoner, could not tell which felt that he had the greater stake in the result.

When the case came on for trial, Edward A. Hannegan was employed to assist Lockwood, and Henry S. Lane and Isaac Naylor appeared with W. P. Bryant for the prose-

cution. It was, perhaps, the most remarkable criminal trial that has ever occurred in Indiana. Of the counsel engaged in it, White, Hannegan, Pettit, and Lane afterward represented that State in the United States Senate.

A trial for murder is essentially dramatic, with the added awful interest of a human life at stake. In the trial of Frank, the legal parts were strongly cast. Lane was an impetuous speaker, moving straight as a cannon-ball to his mark. In his younger days—and he was young then—his speech was a stream of fire. Hannegan, as an orator, was not unlike Colonel Baker: inferior to him in sustained power, he was his equal in vivid imagination, and his superior in emotion, tenderness, and pathos. Naylor was a plausible man, who won the confidence of jurors, and magnetized them into the impression that he was, by turns, the candid friend, the impartial judge, a disinterested witness, a fellow-juror bound by his oath—anything but an advocate. Bryant (afterward United States District Judge) was cool and watchful; instant to see, and call attention to any loose joint in the armor of his adversary.

Fox said of one of his own speeches: "If it reads well, it is a poor speech." In reading Lockwood's speech on this trial, it seems, with the exception of the law argument, declamatory and over-wrought; but no perusal can give an adequate conception of its living effect. It was level with the occasion; fervid with the excitement of the hour. The orator fairly met and turned back the tide of popular passion, by the greater passion of his single breast. At times, his delivery swelled to the fury of the storm; at others, sank to the plaintive moaning of an autumnal wind. His invective was terrible. He poured the gall of years of bitterness into his denunciation of the "society" that demanded, and the clique that had contributed money to secure, a conviction. His statement of the law was clear and exhaustive, raising the

distinctions between murder, manslaughter, excusable and justifiable homicide, with metaphysical subtilty, and mathematical precision. In shaping the testimony, he seemed to make his own case; and in applying the law to the facts, was severe as logic. The speech lasted nine hours, and one who heard it said, "It was the best jury-speech ever made on this continent—or any other!"

Frank was acquitted. The case was for Lockwood more than Erskine's "non-suit of cow-beef"; it was his supremest triumph, bringing him, at twenty-six, from obscurity and neglect into the full blaze of popular attention and applause.

White was soon afterward elected to Congress, the partnership was dissolved, and Lockwood entered upon an extensive practice.

There was nothing in the history of litigation in Indiana like the unsettled land-titles, and the conflict between Old Court and New Court which made Kentucky the battle-ground of legal giants; but thirty years ago she had a strong bar, and, with Blackford, Dewey, and Sullivan on the bench, as able a Supreme Court as ever adorned the jurisprudence of any State of the Union. The habit of following a circuit makes a different, and, in many respects, a better lawyer, than city practice. The circuit lawyer in a new country should be well versed in every branch of his profession. There is no chance for a division of labor. He must be ready for the "occasion sudden"; for he will often learn for the first time the leading facts of his case, while it is on trial. He will seldom have access to any but the most meagre libraries, and he must carry his books in his brain. With a Supreme Court above him that passes no mistakes, and a backwoods jury before him that would be wearied and disgusted with a display of technical learning, and would "tolerate no nonsense," he must be so grounded in elementary law as to be able to try his case closely without

his books, and adhere to the *lex scripta* while arguing to the jury as a man rather than as a lawyer. In the early days of Indiana, lawyers in good practice would ride hundreds of miles on horseback. In the small country towns the people would flock to the court-house as to a show, and in every important case the whole neighborhood would take sides. There was not often any assumption of dignity in judicial manners and bearing. Sometimes the court would adjourn to allow the bar, jury, and witnesses to go to a horse-race, where "His Honor" would preside with the same impartiality that distinguished his rulings on Kent and Blackstone. On one occasion, a Judge whose decisions usually stood fire, is reported to have said to a lawyer who afterward acquired a national reputation, "Ned, you can go to the jury, but those horses are to start in thirty minutes, and I advise you to be brief." Ned was brief, and the judge remembered it in his charge. In the evenings, judge and lawyers would meet at the village tavern in a social game of old-sledge, and discuss with the same freedom a false play, and any mistake that had been committed, or absurdity that had been uttered, in the court-room. It was a rough school, but thorough, and those who passed through it fairly earned their degrees. In addition to this training, Lockwood was always a close student of books. He read nothing superficially. He analyzed, made his own syllabus for, and commonplaced every case he ever had occasion to examine.

One who knew him well, and was, at one time, his partner, writes: "Some subjects in connection with Lockwood suggest themselves at the moment, upon which I would enlarge if I had leisure: I allude to his strong sense of natural justice; to his conservatism; to his indefatigable pursuit of details; to his hatred of shams; to his contempt for the narrowness of parties and partisans. How he loved his profession! How he identified himself with his clients! How proud in his successes, and how

gloomy in his reverses! I think I never knew a man of finer impulses.

"The finest tones of his eloquence were due to his reverence for sacred things—the corporal oath, the conscience and religion: a reverence not paraded for effect, but unconsciously permeating his speech, and giving him with juries, a surpassing power. He seemed almost morbidly attached to the study of such cases upon wills, as turned upon the distinction, shadowy and vague, between sanity and insanity. His own mind was an instructive instance of the painful narrowness of this line of demarkation—the boundary between the fine frenzy of the poet and the dark frenzy of the lunatic."

For a few years his professional business was large; but, at that time, every man in the "West" was a speculator, and in the revulsion that followed the flush times, he found himself involved in debt beyond his immediate ability to pay. In the spring of 1842, he deposited what money he could raise in bank, for the benefit of his creditors, reserving only a few hundred dollars; placed his son at a Catholic school in Vincennes, and disappeared. He had communicated his intentions and plans to no one, and it was not known, even to his own family, until long afterward, that he had gone to the City of Mexico. For some months he had devoted himself to the study of Spanish and the Civil Law; but it would have been as rational to have expected to make a fortune teaching Mexican children their mother-tongue as in the practice of his profession. He was simply flying from his demon. He had no acquaintances in Mexico; it is not probable that he made any. To add to his helplessness, not long after his arrival he was attacked with inflammatory rheumatism, and saw his small means melt away, until he had barely enough left to pay a caravan-passage to Vera Cruz. He set out for that place before he had fully recovered, and arrived there with $2 in his pocket, which he immediately

staked at *monte*. He won, and pressed his luck until he had won $50; paid his passage to New Orleans, and went from there to Natchitoches, where he had a cousin living. He resumed the name of Jessup, and again applied himself to the study of the Civil Law and the Louisiana Code. After spending a year at Natchitoches in study and occasional practice, he returned to New Orleans, and applied for admission into the higher State courts. He had successfully passed his examination, and was about to take the attorney's oath, when he accidentally saw in the court-room a man of whom he could expect, and from whom he would receive, no favors—a man he had humiliated with his most merciless ridicule, and tortured with his cruellest sarcasm — the man who had sold his bed under execution; from the shadow of whose memory he was fleeing. Dreading an exposure of his changed name, he instantly quitted the room. A few days afterward, Sam. Judah, a distinguished lawyer from Indiana, met him on the street, wearing a straw-hat, "negro-shoes," and clothing to match. He wanted to borrow $20 to redeem his trunk. Judah had but $10 with him. "It is of no consequence," replied Lockwood, declining the $10, and went on and on, until a recruiting station attracted his attention. Fairly at bay with Fate, he saw the words, "TWENTY DOLLARS BOUNTY"—hesitated a moment—then enlisted as a common soldier in the United States Army; took his bounty and paid the bill at his lodgings, and was sent to join his regiment in the Red River (Arkansas) country.

After a few months' trial, he liked the land-, as little as the naval-service of his country.

His friend Hannegan was at that time in the United States Senate, and, learning of Lockwood's enlistment, obtained from President Tyler an order for his discharge, which he sent him, with $100, and an earnest entreaty to go home to his family. Lockwood afterward repaid this gift

by a present of $10,000. After an absence of nearly three years, he returned to Lafayette, found his wild lands sufficiently advanced in value to relieve him from debt, and resumed his profession.

No man on his circuit—few men anywhere—equalled him in his power of abstraction and prolonged concentration. He held a subject as in a vice, until he had mastered it. In the preparation of his cases, he knew no weariness; and if his faculties began to flag on trial, he stimulated them to their utmost by the use of brandy, opium, and even tincture of cantharides. He sometimes erred from over-preparation; from the excessive refinement and subtility of his distinctions, and the metaphysical cast of his mind. His arguments on legal propositions were apt to run into disquisitions upon general principles. He would hunt a principle down until he resolved it into an abstraction. He erred oftener from an absorbing interest that identified him with his client—or, rather, made himself the real party in the case—from the violence of his personal feelings, the bitterness of his prejudices, and his undisguised contempt for a judgment that did not see as he saw, and rest in his conclusions. He could not leave his likes and hatreds at the door of the court-room, without divesting himself of personality. The successful lawyer should conduct the trial of his cause as the coolest gambler watches his game, unmoved by the magnitude of the stake. He may be excited, but must never be carried away by his own vehemence; and in the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of his passion, must watch the play of his own feelings, and measure the effect his most righteous indignation and noble anger will have upon the minds he seeks to convince.

These faults were all illustrated in the trial of a case, the result of which was the immediate occasion of his coming to California. In 1848–9 he was employed to contest a death-bed will, where the testator, being child-

less, had bequeathed his property to his wife's relatives, who were comparatively affluent, to the exclusion of his own, who were poor. One of the principal legatees was ——Holloway, (ex-Commissioner of Patents) who had, at some time previous, refused to pay a fee charged him by Lockwood, on the ground that it was exorbitant. Lockwood sued for it, recovered judgment for the full amount, and remitted the judgment, with the assurance that he would take his pay in some other manner. In the case of Hill *vs.* Holloway, he saw an opportunity to make his promise good, and he entered upon it with all the interest inspired by a favorite intellectual pursuit, and the ardor of vindictive hatred.

At the trial, he was so intent upon attributing improper influences, and raising the presumption of fraud, that he failed to bring out the fact, which it is possible might have been established to the satisfaction of the jury, whose sympathies were strongly against the will, and which would have been fatal, that the testator affixed his signature (the name was illegible) *in articulo mortis*, and that he was dead before the subscribing witnesses had signed. His argument took up three days: he regarded it as the ablest effort of his life; but it failed of its purpose, as what three-day argument does not? While the jury were out, Lockwood sat, as usual after a hard contest, moody and abstracted, fighting the battle over again in his own mind, and seeing perhaps but too clearly where it had been lost, if it were lost. When the jury came in, and the verdict against him was read, he arose, struck the table with his clenched fist, and swore he would never try another case in that court.

He never did.

His friend, Mr. E. L. Beard, was making preparation to go to California, and Lockwood proposed to join him. He thought he could do well by shipping a lot of liquors from New York in small bottles, and peddling them to

miners! Beard had determined to go through Mexico to Mazatlan; Lockwood, not wishing to renew his acquaintance with the Mexicans, took passage around the Horn. Before parting, the friends provided themselves each with a bugle of the same tones, that they might hear and answer each other's calls, if they should at any time get lost in the wilderness of California. Beard had been in California some months, and was living at the Mission of San José, when, one day, he heard the familiar sound of Lockwood's bugle. Answering the call, he soon met Lockwood —covered with mud, gun on shoulder, knife and pistols in belt, bugle in hand—like a modern Don Quixote going to summon the surrender of a castle; with a sailor companion, loaded down with bundles, for a Sancho Panza.

Lockwood had suffered severely from scurvy during the voyage. On arriving at San Francisco, he started for the Mission, landing in a whale-boat with one boatman; got lost; had been in the swamp all night; had taken short-cuts through sloughs and bayous; was chilled, famished, and very ill. On reaching the house, he insisted that he must be bled. The only physician in the neighborhood assured him that bleeding would be certain death. Lockwood maintained his opinion; and as the only way to demonstrate its correctness was by experiment, he tried it—bled himself until the doctor admitted the experiment was a fair one; and confounded his antagonist and science by getting better, and eventually well.

Before leaving New York, he had been induced to abandon his contemplated travelling bar, and on the voyage had applied himself to the study of medicine. He had quarrelled with the law, and thought of going back to his first love; but his hatred of sciolism made him unwilling to try experiments upon any life but his own though his success in medicine, where he was his own first patient, was more flattering than in the law, where he was his own first client.

He soon came up to San Francisco, and for six months was clerk in a law-office, where he not only furnished the law, but swept the office, made the fires, and in all respects complied with his agreement to "make himself generally useful." He received his wages every evening; every night found him in a gambling saloon; every morning penniless. His legal service was appreciated in the office, though he was spared no humiliation; and, at the end of his term, he was patronized with the offer of a partnership, if he would stay a year. "I have fulfilled my contract to the letter," he replied, "and you have paid me as you agreed, but I would not remain another hour"—— The close of the speech would not look well in print.

He entered into a law partnership with——and——, which lasted until there was one division of profits. In the allotment to Lockwood, there was $500 of State scrip, which he agreed to sell to one of his partners at a price named. When he brought in the warrants next morning, their value had declined—at least, in his partner's estimation—and Lockwood tore them up, and left the office.

For a month or two, he worked as a day-laborer—shovelling sand, coaling steamers, and doing anything that came to hand. While he was thus engaged, an old acquaintance sought him out, to get him to try an important law-suit, involving title to real estate in the city. Lockwood at first refused to go; said he was earning an honest living, and did not want to be disturbed. His friend persisted, and, at length, banteringly offered to double his daily wages if he would go to work on his case. This proposition struck Lockwood favorably, and he acceded to it, stipulating that he should be paid every day, and that at no time afterward should any other fee be offered him, directly or indirectly; "for," said he, "I want none of my partners' earnings, and they shall have none of mine." He tried the case successfully; the profit in-

volved was of great value: but he held his client to his contract, and his daily wages was his only fee.

After the term of his "partnership" expired, he opened an office alone, and was soon after employed as counsel by Palmer, Cook & Co., and through that connection was introduced to a general and lucrative practice.

Mr. Palmer was at San José in the winter of 1851, during the session of the Legislature at that place, anxious to secure the best possible legal services for his firm, and particularly for a test-case that involved the "water-lot titles, Government Reserve," etc. One evening, General McD—— and Judge H—— were in his room, and it occurred to him that he would take their opinion as to who was the best land-lawyer in San Francisco. Handing each a slip torn from the margin of a newspaper, he asked them to write the name of the man entitled to that pre-eminence in their judgment. He was surprised to find the same name written by each, and more surprised that it was a name—Lockwood—of which he had never heard. He returned to San Francisco the following day, to find this strange lawyer, who, in the trial of a single case, had impressed two of the finest legal minds in the State with a sense of his superiority. The interview and its result will be given, as nearly as they can be recalled, in Mr. Palmer's words:

"I found Lockwood in an unfurnished office, apparently absorbed in a black-letter-looking law-book. I introduced myself, and told him the case in which I wished to employ him. There was no need to go into details, as the case was well known by its title, having been freely discussed by the newspapers. Lockwood, scarcely looking up from his book, said, 'I don't think you have got any case.' Piqued by his abruptness, I answered, 'When you have given the matter as much attention as I have, perhaps you will be of a different opinion.' 'If you will come to-morrow morning,' he replied, 'I will give you a final answer.'

When I went back, he was in the same position. It did not seem to me that he had moved, or turned a leaf of the volume before him. Without addressing a word directly to me, except to acknowledge my presence, he said, as if reading aloud to himself, 'A conveyance that is void, is void forever.'

"Not relishing that application of law, and nettled by his manner, I remarked that the counsel for the other side would probably be able to find that principle without his assistance. Without heeding my interruption, he went on, in the same measured manner, 'But the sovereign power, by a sovereign act, may give validity to *the terms* of a conveyance which is void.'

"I saw his meaning and its importance as by a flash of lightning, and, applying it to the case, exclaimed, 'Then an Act of the Legislature may refer to a void deed for a description of lands; and it is the law which conveys the title, not the deed?'

"'Precisely. I will take your case, and win it.'

"From the moment he announced his position, I felt that he would win it; but when the cause was coming on for trial, I was amazed and terrified by the quantity of brandy he drank. I remonstrated to no purpose. Outside the court-room he became dull and stolid; within, on trial he was luminous, ready upon every proposition; and I was constantly asking myself, 'How long can he hold out?' The case was on trial several days; four lawyers, as able as any in the State, were on the other side; and I do not remember a single instance in which Lockwood was taken at a disadvantage, either in argument, authority, or repartee. I recall at the moment one passage between him and Isaac E. Holmes. Lockwood had quoted law to the effect, I think, that under certain conditions, an easement might be extinguished by a change of the fee. Holmes interrupted him—'Do you state that as law, Mr. Lockwood?'

"'Yes,' replied Lockwood, his manner for the moment slow, almost to drawling; 'I state it as law: and I have tried, and gained, an important case upon that principle.'

"'That case has not been reported, I fancy. It is not in the books, is it? It is Hoosier law, I presume.'

"'No, sir; the case is not in the books which the gentleman has read. It was tried before an Indiana court, an Indiana bar—a court and bar on which the gentleman's transcendent abilities would reflect no credit.'

"He held out, made his words good, and won the case. He was immediately retained by Palmer, Cook, & Co. as their general counsel; and though paid large fees, his legal services were considered cheap. Of course he was not always successful (the lawyer has had a small practice who never lost a case), but he was always ready. I never knew him to ask a continuance. A starved lion were scarcely fiercer than he after a defeat. When he was at bay, some one was apt to get hurt. As an instance of his crushing manner: once, when a witness, whose answers had been unsatisfactory, if not untrue, and whom he had cross-examined at great length, was about to leave the stand, Lockwood detained him with 'One question more;' finished the sentence he was writing, looked up, and transfixed him with the question, 'Would you believe yourself under oath?'

"Our patience was often taxed by his humors; but you know one can grant everything to the eccentricities of genius, who would concede nothing to the caprices of a fool."

His large professional gains only fed his passion for gambling. Again at war with himself and the world, he determined, in the summer of 1853, to break off his associations, and go to Australia. Some of his clients subsidized the master of the vessel on which he had taken passage to remain in port a week after Lockwood had gone on board, to see if he would not change his mind. When it

was evident he would not, one of them visited him to inquire if he had any money. "Yes," he answered, taking a quarter-eagle from his pocket and throwing it overboard; "but I will sail free." His friend, Mr. Beard, however, had placed some clothing and money in the hands of the Captain, with orders to smuggle them into Lockwood's room "when his fit was over."

Arrived at Sydney, he set out to walk to Melbourne—about seven hundred miles—through wide stretches of uninhabited bush; over spurs of mountains, where there was not so much as a bridle path: a journey so lonely, wild, and desolate, that no other White Man ever voluntarily made it alone and on foot.

He had always had a great admiration for English Law Reports, and a high opinion of English courts. He loved the old Common Law system of pleading; the distinction between Law and Equity proceedings; and had little respect for the code of "Law made easy," with its one form of civil action and unlimited liberty to amend. He thought that in an English court he would get into a purer atmosphere of law—where cases would not be argued by the newspapers, and prejudged by the public that makes and unmakes courts. He was not destined, however, to have any such experience; for a law of the Colony, or a rule of court, prohibited any one not a subject of the Queen from practicing law until after a residence of seven years in Australia.

He remained in Australia nearly two years. At one time he was book-keeper to a mercantile house; at another, clerk in a law-office, from which he was discharged for refusing to copy a paragraph into a brief, which he said was not law; and for some months he was employed in the lonely, but not uncongenial occupation of herding sheep. After his return, speaking of his trip to Australia, he said: "I know you thought I was crazy, but I was not. It was the sanest act of my life. I felt that I must do

some great penance for my sins and follies. I wanted to put a gulf between me and the past."

On the return-voyage, he was one day incensed by some real or fancied impertinence of a waiter at the dinner-table. After waiting a moment in vain for the Captain to reprove the servant, he exclaimed, "Captain, I will never eat another mouthful on your ship." The next day he was not seen in the cabin, and a lady passenger, who had heard his singular threat, went to his state-room and told him she would bring him something to eat from her own stores, in which neither the ship nor Captain had any interest. "Madam," he answered, "my words were, I would not eat on this ship." Fortunately, they put into Honolulu before he was literally starved, and he took passage on another vessel.

Soon after he arrived in San Francisco, he was offered a very large fee, and a contingent fortune, to appear for the "Peter Smith titles." It was a temptation, for he was very poor, and wanted money; wanted still more the *éclat* of a great law-suit, and thirsted for its excitement; but, on a collateral case, he had once given an opinion against the validity of the Peter Smith sales, and, from a sense of professional honor, declined the employment, and refused to re-examine the question.

After his "great penance," his character grew more subdued, his aims more rational, his life more steadfast. He no longer sought excitement and forgetfulness in dissipation and gambling. He had always clung to the idea of immortality—but rather as a hope than a faith; and there was not a scar on his soul of which he was not painfully conscious. His tired heart wanted rest, and he was beginning to seek it—where so many other restless spirits have sought—under the shadow of authority, in the teachings of Rome. Not for him, though, was ever the undisturbed peace of the faithful; and when the devil in his blood arose, who can tell the agony of his soul's conflict?

He returned from Washington, after the argument of Field against Seabury, in the spring of 1856. In the fall of 1857 he was again preparing to go East on professional business. To one of his friends who tried to dissuade him from going, he said, "I will stay, if you insist; but I feel that I shall go mad if I do."

He sailed as he had intended. At Aspinwall he connected with the ill-fated *Central America*, on her last voyage. During the storm he took his turn with other passengers at the pumps, until his strength was exhausted. Coming up to rest, he was met by one of the officers, and ordered back to work.

"Sir," he answered, "I will work no more."

His work was done. He went into his state-room, closed the door, and was never seen again. In a short time the wreck went down.

A HOLIDAY EXCURSION WITH H. C. WATSON

It was not last summer, nor summer before, it must have been six years ago, going on seven; it was that very hot summer when the apples on the north sides of the trees were baked by our northern sirocco—the year before our dear H. C. W. went over to the majority. H. C. W.! —I wonder how many there are whose hearts used to be daily stirred by the magic eloquence of his pen, who now ever recall his name? The orator lives before the public and behind the foot-lights. In the rounds of applause that cheer him on, he hears also the murmurs of the coming generation. He discounts his fame; and when he dies his memory becomes a part of traditional lore. Think of Patrick Henry or Sargent Prentiss, think of Whitfield or Peter the Hermit—unread but unforgotten. The eloquence of voice, presence, manner; the fitness of time and occasion when heart answers to heart; the living personal magnetism, the frame sentient, the

nerves quivering, the eye flashing with emotion and earnestness pass away, but the memory of the effect remains to embalm the orator's name. History delights to describe him, and to dwell upon his minutest characteristics and mannerisms, as the thumbed books, worn clothes, and broken toys of children, worthless to-day, become precious mementoes to-morrow, when their little owners are dead.

The orator is one of the pet children of his age. Of the dead of our State, even in the fierce activity of its young life, who are the best beloved and oftenest mentioned? Am I not right? Tracy, Baker, and King, because they were orators, and Broderick because he was a leader and because his death was tragic.

How different is the life, the work, the reward and public recognition of the editor, under the tyrannous impersonalism of the press. I write while the nation is in mourning for Horace Greeley, and his name is upon every tongue. But the life of Greeley marked a transition period in the American newspaper. Perhaps he is the last of the journalists who could make the press an instrument of personal power. And even in his case, how many unknown pens assisted to make the *Tribune* what it was; how many unknown hands purveyed the materials of Greeley's fame.

Ordinarily we read an article in the newspaper as though it had written itself, been manufactured by machinery, or grown up in the night. It may have suggestive thought enough to furnish an oration which would win popular applause and public recognition, but we read it without a thought of the long vigil, the mental discipline, the toil of brain which are behind it. It may be it will marshal public opinion the way it ought to go, but we know not and do not seek to know who gives the word of command. The system has its advantages, I know. Perhaps it is for the best for the public, certainly it is for the newspaper; but I cannot help thinking it is somewhat

hard upon editors, who, after all, are men of flesh and blood, and to whose hearts words of grateful approval may be as refreshing as to ours.

It is nevertheless true that this unknown knight of the quill, without lance or heraldy, the Editor, will soon vanquish and drive from the lists his plumed and glittering antagonist, the Orator, whose name and titles are shouted before him wherever he goes. In every popular audience now there is one dreaded presence, the impassive reporter, who holds the speaker in awe—who will not let him forget that he speaks to an hundred times as many eyes as ears, and that the swelling periods, which, in the glare of the gaslight, might pass unchallenged in the pomp of declamation, will be tried in the morning by the cold criticism of the breakfast table, with perhaps the disagreeable accessories of burned steak and spoiled coffee. Fox said of one of his speeches, "If it reads well it is a poor speech." Now every speech upon a topic of public interest, if worth hearing, will be read, and soon the orator's occupation will be gone.

But I did not intend to write a lament over the decline of eloquence, or a prophecy of its fall. I desired to offer a passing tribute to an editor who did his life-work faithfully and well. Personally he was unknown outside the small circle of his social friends. His life was in his profession. Every day the panorama of the world's daily history passed in review before him. His duties on this coast covered that thrilling period—our civil war. How much of heart and brain he gave to his duties, none but his associates can ever know. Nor can they. I have often heard some of our orators (whose character and virtues I reverence) praised for leading, shaping, and giving expression to the patriotic sentiment of the State, as though the fealty of California was on account of their labors and utterances; and I have repressed the thought (though I would not pluck a leaf from the chaplet of their fame),

"I knew a man who did more." His name was HENRY CLAY WATSON. Others, no doubt, did similar labor. But him I knew, and knew that night after night, year in and year out, his light was burning while you and I were asleep; knew that his lamp, which shed its light around our paths, was fed by his life, until its source was exhausted, and he too was asleep.

A few friendly hands have placed a modest monument above him, a few pious hands keep the sod fresh and clean, but how many are there who ever recall his name?

What a long July day it was. I wonder if the days are always as long as when we get up two hours early, and the nights as when we can't sleep? If so I am willing to compromise on three score and ten.

H. C. W. had positively consented to take a week of holidays, though Prussia had just declared war against Austria, and King and Emperor were sending him messages by telegraph every night. There were four of us. We had Mistered each other for years on the street, but the handles got knocked off our names before we got to Folsom. We lost our names before we got back and H. C. W. christened us Oldbuck, Hardtack Carrigan, Milton Tenderloin, and (himself) Winkle Jenkins. Our first day's journey was to Strawberry. How hot and dusty it was on the hurricane deck of the stage from Shingle up, until the sun got behind the mountains and we were winding around their sides in their great shadows. After sunset a fire in the huge fireplace at the hotel at Strawberry actually looked inviting, and we realized that we had left the world beneath us. It used to be a busy place—Strawberry—but it was quiet then—it may be dead now, for the locomotive "passed by on the other side."

After supper (the trout had been playing in South Fork within an hour) I went out to see the moon come up over the bald, gray peak that rises like a sharp pyramid and stands sentinel at "Manassas Gap." It was a beautiful

scene; grand, too, and solemn withal. The darkness seemed to settle into the treetops and on the ground, as the tops of the mountains were touched with light. Around the base of the "peak" was scattered a mountainous mass of broken stone, and on the other side of the gap was a denuded mountain, an immense truncated cone from which the mighty fragments might have been hurled at its revival.

"War between the Titans and the gods," thought I.

"There has been something powerfuler than nitro-glycerine about here."

I turned at the words and saw the "Judge"—whom Winkle immortalized in his columns as "Ramsdale Buoy."

He was a picture to look at, this Falstaff of the backwoods. To my unpractised eye he seemed six feet four in height, and four feet six in circumference. His heart and lungs were evidently as big as those of an ox, and had to have chest room. His face seemed small for his frame and his eyes small for his face. The latter were dark gray, of the fun-loving pattern. He was clean shaved, perhaps because he had little beard. Hair reddish, and cut close. He wore a cap; a blouse whose sleeves were too short, and butternut trowsers that had a similar infirmity in the legs. For this reason, perhaps, his hands and feet looked phenomenally large. "Brad" afterwards said the Buoy's garments were always scant, as no tailor could get enough for a pattern out of one bolt, and suggested that his boots were "laid out" by a civil engineer.

There was a peculiarity about the Buoy's voice. Orator Puff's had two tones—his had three. Usually it was a musical tenor, but it would sometimes break off into a fine treble, or drop into a bass which Forrest would have envied. I have seen the Buoy stop—as if in wonder where *that* voice came from.

"You are going up to Hope Valley a-fishing," said the Buoy.

"Yes."

"How many are there of you?"

"Four."

"Then there will be just a stage-load of us—Charley, Brad and I, and the Captain are going along. Charley is the best whip; Brad is the best shot, and I am the best—the best historian in the mountains. You know the Captain?"

"No."

"He is from Frisco and writes for the papers."

He went into the house. The Captain was sitting by the fire, telling a story of a sow that got drunk on brandy cherries. He described (not without humor) the amazement of the pigs at the unnatural condition of their mother, and pointed the moral—"ladies should never drink"—as he finished his toddy.

The Buoy looked at him as though taking his measure, and mentally soliloquized, I thought, "That may do for the plains, but the imagination soars on loftier wing in the mountains."

Brad was tall as the Buoy, but as thin as "Master Slender"—whom he resembled in nothing else.

When we started next morning, the Captain had the box with Charley. We had the Buoy and Brad inside, and one other—"Unknown." We had driven five or six miles when Buoy stopped the stage and said to "Unknown": "If you are going to that lake here is your place to get out. I 'll tell you the way so you can't miss it. Follow up that ravine about three miles till you come to a deserted cabin; veer about three points to the northeast and go up the side of the mountain a mile and a half till you come to a quartz boulder—whitish quartz—then go nearly due east over the top of the mountain, perhaps a matter of two miles, till you come to a big pine tree—some of the limbs broken by the snow; then make an

angle of forty-five degrees to the north; meander around for an hour or so until you get completely lost and you will find that lake."

Unknown looked puzzled. "Nobody ever found that lake until he got lost. If you could follow up that stream you would get there in time, but nobody ever did follow it. In my opinion a trout could not find its way through it. You had better take my chart."

We drove on, leaving Unknown looking as if he had achieved the last part of the problem first, and got lost at the start.

A few miles farther on we stopped to breathe the horses.

"Right here, two years ago," said the Buoy, "I saw the awfullest storm that ever blew on land. Jim Green had just opened his house in Hope Valley, and I had been over with the boys having a good time. It was the longest spree I ever heard of. Some of the boys have not got over it yet——."

"Taken up the first and second extensions," interrupted Brad.

"And some of them are dead."

"Struck it in the lower level," Brad parenthesized.

"I remember Jim had only one room in the loft—a square one with a door in each side. About daylight Tom Hunchbrug and Zeke Snyder went into this room to get a nap, and saw old man Garthwait, the driver, asleep in the bed. They went in at each door in succession. At the last Tom exclaimed, 'Zeke, are we drunk, or is old Garthwait asleep in every room in the house?'"

"We had got this far on our way back when that storm came up very sudden. We heard it for a few minutes roaring and crashing through the timber. The sky became black; we just had time to get our wagon round, take the top off, chock the wheels, and get the horses out

when the wind came, with torrents of rain. The pine trees bent like whipstocks and snapped like pipe-stems. Such sheets of lightning! I thought it would strike everything. You see that fence? The lightning knocked it down—a rail at a time."

"I wonder you escaped. You are a broad mark," said Brad.

"If you had been here I should have hoisted you for a lightning-rod," retorted the Buoy. "I was saved by my knowledge of science; I insulated myself by standing in a half-emptied champagne basket."

"You mean two baskets," buzzed the gad-fly, looking at the Buoy's feet.

"And holding up an empty bottle in each hand," pursued the Buoy.

"Ajax defying the lightning," I said mildly.

"Young man," the Buoy replied in his tragedy bass, "don't you call me a Jack again—I won't stand it."

I felt that I was snubbed and the two-penny classics insulted. The Buoy had mercy on my contrition, and went on.

"It lasted about an hour. I never want to see such another. It proved one thing to me—the old women are right; milk will curdle in a thunder-storm. You see I had been drinking milk punch, and it soured on my stomach."

"They should have put you in a hay press and made a cheese," Brad put in. "It would have taken the premium for size, and made Limburg smell like a rose."

It was one o'clock when we reached Jim Green's, in Hope Valley. Just before, the Buoy called a general council, and informed us that Jim was the cussedest man ever born on earth; that he was a regular snapper; had lost his front teeth, and his mouth opened and shut like a New Testament with the leaves torn out. That we would have to humor him—give him line. The Buoy thought he

could fix him all right, if he had time enough and a bottle of whisky. And he did.

Jim commenced by telling us there were no trout in the stream, no hay in the barn, no fire in the house, no beds up; that his wife was sick, and he was not very well himself. At the end of an hour, under the mollifying influence of the Buoy's treatment, he offered us the best he had—and he put it all in the bill.

Do you remember your sensations at catching your first trout—the electric tingle in your elbow when you felt him at the hook, the involuntary jerk and throw, your gratified surprise at landing him, and the blended feeling of pride, admiration, pity, and remorse as you took the cruel hook from his throat? I wonder if we should pity them less or spare them more if they were not beautiful—the trout, I mean.

We were seated around the wide fireplace that night when some one asked Jim if it was not very lonesome and dull when he was snowed in up there.

"Not so dull as you might suppose," he replied. "We have a good deal of amusement, setting bear-traps and such like. Besides, nobody is snowed in that can use snowshoes. We had a ball here last winter, and men, women, and children came from twenty miles around on snowshoes. Some came from Silver Mountain and Markleeville."

"I remember my first experience on snowshoes," said the Buoy, sending a whiff from his pipe across the room. "I 'd seen the boys on them, and it looked so easy I thought anybody could do it; that it was not a thing like skating and swimming, to be learned—it was simply riding down hill. I got a pair, bore heavy on the pole, and started down a pretty steep incline. The motion was a little swifter than I bargained for, but I managed to keep my perpendicular until I came to where the roads forked. One foot took one fork, the other the other——"

Brad—"Well, there was not room."

"There was a place in that snow that looked as if a sugar hogshead had rolled over it, and a pair of snowshoes to let at the bottom of the hill.

"You ought to see Snowshoe Thompson. He discounts them all. He is as tough as any old buffalo; hardy as a pine knot. He understands navigating snowshoes as well as a native Californian does managing horseflesh. You remember the side of the mountain at Hawley's grade?"

We remembered it. It was a perpendicular or overhanging precipice two thousand feet high.

"I have seen Snowshoe Thompson come down that quicker than a squirrel could jump from a tree."

Oldbuck—"Whe-ew!"

"You think that is fabulous."

"Fabulous is no name for it."

"Truth, sir, and truth is stranger than—history—and that is mighty strange sometimes. Now here is Jim Green, he is no slouch, I tell you, on snowshoes; and he don't grease the bottoms of them either, as they do up about Howland Flat."

"It takes a heap of knack," said Jim, "to guide yourself with the pole coming down a steep hill. You have to calculate ahead, for you can't turn a corner sharp. I have come down the hill over by the old slide so fast the pine trees looked like telegraph poles, and seemed to be as close together as bristles on the back of a mad hog."

"I have seen Thompson," said the Buoy, "jump a cut sixty feet wide, and go as if it were not there. Talk about your acrobats and flying trapeze! They had a snowshoe race over at Silver two years ago between Thompson and five or six Norwegians. There was a gap in the fence they had to go through near the end of the track, and the Norway fellows crowded Thompson out, but he jumped the fence and beat them in—distance, half a mile—time, eleven seconds and a quarter.

I took out a note-book and commenced to make some figures.

"What are you figuring at?" said the Buoy, in his ominous bass.

"I was trying to calculate how long it would take a stone to fall half a mile," I replied meekly.

"What has that to do with it, young vulgar fractions," he retorted, deeper and fiercer than ever. "Suppose you calculate how long it would take lightning to do it. I tell you," in his shrillest treble, "Thompson on snowshoes is lightning!"

I subsided, and never went near that velvety tiger-paw again.

Six years ago, going on seven—they have not been holiday years either, they have brought a good deal of toil and something of grief to the lives of those of us who are left. He who enjoyed that holiday week more than either of us (he had so few holidays) has been dead five years, going on six. The sketches he wrote of our trip contain descriptive passages equal, I think, to Irving's best style in that kind of writing. Will the *Union* republish them in its New Year paper? There are thousands of your old readers to whom they will be a grateful memorial of a man, the inscription from whose grave-stone I reverently copy:

"HENRY C. WATSON.

EDITOR OF 'SACRAMENTO UNION.'

DIED JUNE 24TH, 1867, AGED 36 YEARS."

GREELEY FOR PRESIDENT.

EDITORIAL IN "SACRAMENTO UNION," JULY 11, 1872.

Jerry Black is quoted as saying that, if this world and the two adjoining were searched, there could not be found a better candidate or worse President than Horace Greeley. The distinction as to requisite qualities is well taken, but,

whether his shall prove a name potent enough to conjure life into the Democratic party, can be told better after the election than before it. Fate, destiny, accident, luck, or whatever you call it, has played many a strange prank in affairs since the serpent interviewed Eve, but none more antic than when she marked Horace Greeley as a Democratic candidate for the Presidency, and found his credentials in sixty volumes of the *Tribune*. No man can hide from his destiny, and if the presidency or candidacy has determined upon a victim, not millions of reams of paper swathing him in infinite folds shall protect him from the arrows of fate.

There are many things which are amusing and seem absurd because they are novel and unexpected, and which custom reconciles to sobriety; but this latter-day conjecture grows more absurdly impossible and impossibly absurd to the imagination the more our understanding knows it is so. "Seeing is believing"; but in this instance the more we see the more we can't believe. Rhetoricians draw a distinction between the improbable possible and the possible improbable; but this is both, and it is neither and is true—and truth is stranger than fiction—and there is an end to homilies, and wise saws and modern instances are of no further use.

If the Democratic party should die and Greeley were appointed administrator, *de bonis non* (whatever that may mean); or if Greeley should die and bequeath his anatomy to the Democracy to grin the hate he could no longer speak, and become a kind of articulate symbol of the *memento mori* he has been shouting at Democratic feasts for thirty years, the thing could be reconciled to our ideas of eternal fitness. But dying is the last thing (as with other people) which either the party of the first part or the party of the second part propose to do, and the consummation of these nuptials, too incredible for the fancy, passes into the stranger realm of fact.

We might consider the matter, if it be not indeed to consider too curiously, after the chop-logic manner of an antique sermon (obsolete now) as first general head, in regard to the party; second general head, in regard to the man; and through each of these general divisions draw parallel subdivisions: First, as to ostensible motives; second, real motives; third, manner; fourth, probable result as to parties themselves, with a pendant as to the general effect and ultimate effect. We might indulge in speculations as to whether both parties will die, or either, and if either, which,—the man or the snake.

But still, through all the devious ways of metaphysics and the wide expanse of prophecy, we should continually recur to the central thought—what a game of blind-man's buff it is when the Democratic party with bandaged eyes catches a philosopher, shouts Horace Greeley, and finds a candidate for the Presidency. Was the philosopher willing to be caught? Did he slyly whisper his name to prevent the fatal mistake of a wrong guess? Did the Democracy know the philosopher as Falstaff the Prince from instinct? Was there any secret elective affinity between them, concealed from men but known to the supernal powers? Or has the devil cozened them both? If only one of the players is fooled, which is the dupe?

Surely the whirligig of time never brought in so keen a revenge as the Democratic party compelled by force of events to support Greeley, unless indeed it be when Greeley seeks that support.

But there is a sad side to all this. We are sorry for Greeley, and more sorry for—ourselves. We have found the clay feet of our idol of the tripod. Other papers have been more or less impersonal, but the *Tribune* has been Horace Greeley. For thirty years he has been a power in the land. He has been an educator of public sentiment. Boys and young men who commenced with the *Tribune* are strong men and old men now. Perhaps

no man has spoken so long or to so vast an audience. Few have spoken so well. Few have molded so many minds, suggested so many thoughts. His errors on the side of humanity have been more pardonable than the abstract logical right of others. If he "had died an hour ago he 'd lived a blessed time." Alas and alas, why was he not content to go into history as the great TRIBUNE of the American people? Why will men destroy what they are in a vain effort to be what they are not!

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